

BARRACK ROOM
BALLADS

DEPARTMENTAL
DITTIES

OTHER POEMS
AND STORIES

BOOK I

BARRACK ROOM BALLADS
'DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES
OTHER POEMS AND STORIES

By
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ARCADIA HOUSE
NEW YORK 1901

**PRINTED IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

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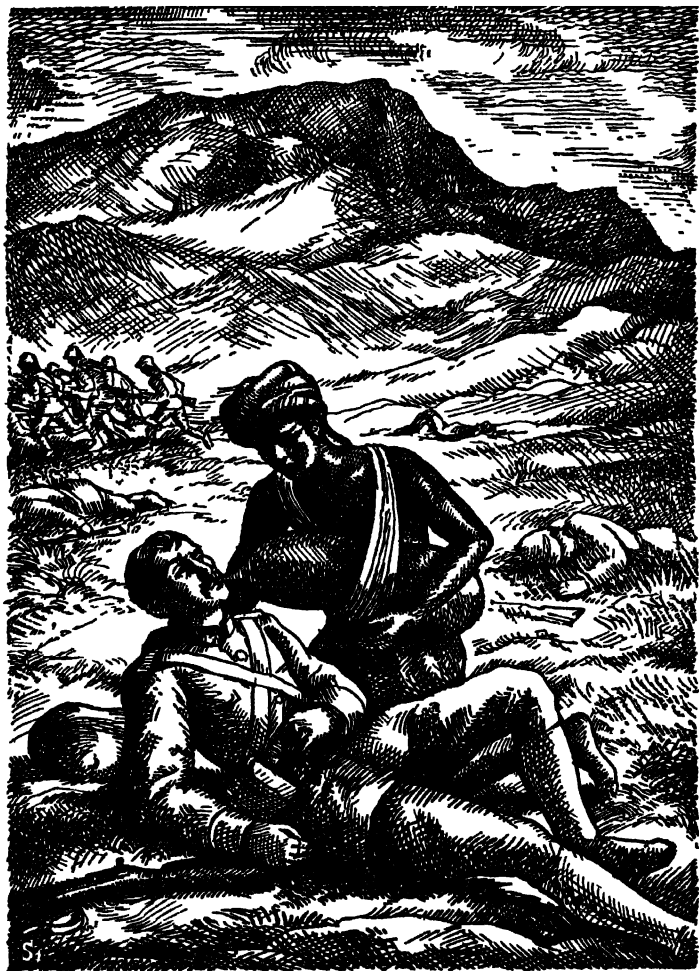
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BARRACK ROOM
BALLADS

DEPARTMENTAL
DITTIES

OTHER POEMS
AND STORIES



"GUNGA DIN"

—*Barrack Room Ballads* p 54

*I HAVE eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.*

*Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease,—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?*

*I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.*

GENERAL SUMMARY

WE are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
 India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew the longest bow,
Ran his brother down, you know,
 As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,
Met the Mammoth face to face
 On the lake or in the cave,
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew,
 Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
 Filched it from the artist—then,
Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
 Through the toil of other men.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
Favoritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
 Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
 Was a fraud of monstrous size
 On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
 New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning,
Is to-day official sinning,
 And shall be forevermore.

BARRACK ROOM BALLADS

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you
can 'ear the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're
hangin' him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his
stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?"
said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?"
says Files-on-Parade

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are
marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is
coffin on the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a
sneakin', shootin' hound—

O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'!

“’Is cot was right-’and cot to mine,” said Files-on-Parade.

“’E’s sleepin’ out an’ far to-night,” the Color-Sergeant said.

“I’ve drunk ’is beer a score o’ times,” said Files-on-Parade.

“’E’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,” the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deeever, you must
mark ’im to ’is place,

For ’e shot a comrade sleepin’—you must
look ’im in the face;

Nine ’undred of ’is county an’ the regi-
ment’s disgrace,

While they’re hangin’ Danny Deeever in the
mornin’.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever,
you can 'ear the quickstep play,

The regiment's in column, an' they're
marchin' us away;

Hlo! the young recruits are shakin', an'
they'll want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

“TOMMY”

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, “We serve no red-
coats here.”

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,

I outs into the street again, an' to myself
sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
“Tommy go away;”

But it's “Thank you, Mister Atkins,” when
the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the
band begins to play,

O it's “Thank you, Mister Atkins,” when
the band begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be,
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none
for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-
'alls,

But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove
me in the stalls

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy wait outside;"

But it's "Special train for Atkins," when
the trooper's on the tide,

The Troopship's on the tide, my boys,
etc.

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while
you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starva-
tion cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they're goin'
large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in
full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'croes" when the
drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys. etc.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no
blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like
you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into
plaster saints.

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Tommy fall be'ind;"
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when
there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, etc.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an'
fires, an' all:

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us ra-
tional.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove
it to our face

'The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's dis-
grace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the
guns begin to shoot:

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
anything you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet
that Tommy sees!

"FUZZY-WUZZY"

(Soudan Expeditionary Force.)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man;
We gives you your certifikit, an' if you
want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you when-
ever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the
missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course
we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't
'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz,
you bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,

So we must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'aded shield an' shovel-spear,

\ 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
friends which is no more,

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would
'elp you to deplore;

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll
call the bargain fair,

For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
crumpled up the square!



'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn
For the Regiment o' British Infantee.
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you
bruk a British square.

OONTS!

(Northern India Transport Train.)

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes
'im to perspire?

It isn't standin' up to charge or lyin' down to fire;
But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat
load.

O the *oont*,* O the *oont*, O the commis-
sariat *oont*!

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket
full o' snakes;

We packs 'im like a idol, an' you ought to
'ear 'im grunt,

An' when we get's 'im loaded up 'is blessed
girth-rope breaks.

*Camel: *oo* is pronounced like *u* in "bull," but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front."

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when
night is drorin' in,
An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin?
It ain't the chanst o' bein' rushed by Paythans
frum the 'ills,
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is blessed
frills!

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the hairy scary
oont!

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got
the night alarm;

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an'
'eads 'im off in front,

An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e
chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but
a fool.

The elephant's a gentleman, the baggage-mule's
a mule;

But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said
an' done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in
one.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the Gawd-
forsaken *oont*!

The 'umpy-lumpy, 'ummin'-bird a-sing-
where 'e lies,

'E's blocked the 'ole division from the rear-
guard to the front,

An' when we gets 'im up again—the beg-
gar goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight; 'e smells
most awful vile;

E'll lose 'imself forever if you let 'im stray a
mile;

'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the
'ole night through,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits
'isself in two.

Oh the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floppin',
droppin' *oont*!

When 'is long legs give from under an'
'is meltin' eye is dim,

The tribes is up be'ind us an' the tribes is
out in front,

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites
and crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done an' when the
roads is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the
shots be'ind,

O then we strips 'is saddle off, an' all 'is woes is
past:

'E thinks on us that used 'im so, an' gets revenge
at last.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floatin',
bloatin' *oont*!

The late lamented camel in the water-cut
he lies;

We keeps a mile behind 'im an' we keeps
a mile in front,

But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, and
then o' course we dies.

LOOT

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the
keeper's back,

If you've ever snigged the washin' from the
line,

If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin'
'aversack.

You will understand this little song o' mine.
But the service rules are 'ard, an' frum such we
are debarred,

For the same with British morals does not
suit (Cornet: Toot! toot!)—
W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is
marchin' clobber

With the—

(Chorus.) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo!

Loot! loot! loot!

'Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys
git up an' shoot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,
If you'd make 'em come again

Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo!
Lulu! Loot!

(*ff*) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo!
Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's
thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't
feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury him as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade
the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;
So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain
an' clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime
(Chorus.) With the loot, etc.

Now remember when you're 'acking round a
gilded Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-
rod

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.
When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water
on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot
(Cornet: Toot! toot!)—

When the ground begins to sink, shove your
baynick down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the—
(Chorus.) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!
'Ow the loot, etc.

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'untin' you must
always work in pairs—

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—
For a single man gits bottled on them twisty-
wisty stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobb 'im from be'ind.
When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems
beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute
(Cornet: Toot! toot!)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ouse-tops take
a look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.
(Chorus.) 'Ow the loot, etc.

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quarter-
master too,

If you only take the proper way to go;
I could never keep my pickin's but I've learned
you all I know—

An' don't you never say I told you so.
An' now I'll bid good-by, for I'm gettin' rather
dry,

An' I see another tunin' up to toot (Cornet:
Toot! toot!)—

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the
Widow's clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!

(Chorus.) Yes, the loot,
Bloomin' loot.

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

Whoop 'em forward with the Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Hecya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo!

Loot! loot! loot! loot!

“SNARLEYOW”

THIS 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps
Which is first among the women an' amazin' first
in war;
An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't remem-
ber now,
But Two's off-lead 'e answered to the name o'
Snarleyow.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;
But down in the lead, with the wheel at
the flog,
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped
dog!

They was movin' into action, they was needed
very sore,
To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps.
They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was tuckin'
down the brow,
When a tricky, trundlin' round-shot gave the
knock to Snarleyow.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost tore
in two,—
But 'e tried to follow after, as a well-trained 'orse
should do.
'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's
Brother squeals:
"Pull up, pull up for Snarleyow—is 'ead's be-
tween 'is 'eels!"

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels
was goin' round,
An' there aren't no "Stop, conductor!" when a
batt'ry's changin' ground.
Sez 'e: "I broke the beggar in, an' very sad I
feels,
But I couldn't pull up, not for *you*—your 'ead
between your 'eels!"

'E 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before a droppin'
shell
A little right the batt'ry and between the sections
fell;
An' when the smoke 'ad cleared away, before the
limber wheels,
There lay the Driver's Brother with 'is 'ead be-
tween 'is 'eels.

Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words was
very plain,

"For Gawd's own sake, get over me, an' put me
out o' pain!"

They saw 'is wounds was mortal, an' they judged
that it was best,

So they took an' drove the limber straight across
'is back an' chest.

The Driver 'e gave nothin' 'cept a little coughin'
grunt—

But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came to
"Action front!"

An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your
Monday 'ead,

'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun
to spread.

The moril of this story—it is plainly to be seen:
You 'aven't got no families when servin' of the
 Queen—

You 'aven't got no brothers, fathers, sisters,
 wives, or sons;

If you want to win your battles, take an' work
 your bloomin' guns!

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;
But down in the lead, with the wheel at the
 flog,
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped
 dog!

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

“SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,

Why don't you march with my true love?”

“We're fresh from off the ship, an' 'e's maybe
give the slip,

An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

New love! True love!

Best go look for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better
dry your eyes,

An' you'd best go look for a new love.

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

What did you see o' my true love?”

“I see 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle green,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did ye see no more o’ my true love?”

“I see ’im runnin’ by when the shots begun to
fly—
But you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did aught take ’arm to my true love?”

“I couldn’t see the fight, for the smoke it lay so
white—
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I’ll up an’ tend to my true love!”

“E’s lying on the dead with a bullet through ’is
’ead,
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

- “Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I’ll lie down an’ die with my true love!”
“The pit we dug’ll ’ide ’im an’ twenty men be-
side ’im—
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”
- “Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?”
“I bring a lock of ’air that ’e allus used to wear,
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”
- “Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
O then I know it’s true I’ve lost my true love!”
“An’ I tell you truth again—when you’ve lost the
feel o’ pain
You’d best take me for your true love.”

True love! New love!
Best take 'im for a new love.
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better
dry your eyes,
An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.

THE SONS OF THE WIDOW

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor

With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?

She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at
'ome,

An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses

There's 'er mark on the medical stores—

An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind
be'ind

That takes us to various wars.

(Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,

An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,

The men an' the 'orses what makes up
the forces

O' Missis Victorier's sons.

('Poor beggars!—Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' creation she owns:
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an'
the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones.)
Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperor
frown
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"
(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say
"Stop!")
Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank
an' the file,
An' open in forms with the guns.
(Poor beggars!—it's always them guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor

It's safest to let 'er alone:

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land

Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',

An' flop round the earth till you're dead;

But you won't get away from the tune that they
play

To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,

Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require

A speedy return to tneir 'ome.

(Poor beggars!—they'll never see 'ome!)

TROOPIN'

(Our Army in the East)

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea:
'Ere's September come again—the six-year men
are free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come
away

To where the ship's a-coalin' up that take us 'ome
to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Anne,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man.

The *Malabar's* in 'arbor with the *Jummer* at 'er
tail,

An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to
sail.

O the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome
to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold
an' wet an' rain,

All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not com-
plain;

They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their little
way—

But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin'
'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin'—winter's round again!
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old cam-
paign;

Ho, you poor recruits, but you've got to earn
your pay—

What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin'
there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer—
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English
beer;
The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got
to stay,
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop! we're
goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Anne,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man.

GUNGA DIN

THE *bhisti*, or water-carrier, attached to regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted of the Queen's servants. He is also appreciated by the men.

[THIS BALLAD IS EXTENSIVELY PLAGIARIZED]

You may talk o' gin an' beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boats of 'im that's
got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,

Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.
 He was "Din! Din! Din!
 You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga
 Din!
 Hi! *slippy hitherao!*
 Water, get it! *Hance lao!**
 You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

*Bring water swiftly.

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'cat would make your bloomin' eye-
brows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"*
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you
been?
You put some *juldce* in it,
Or I'll *marrow* you this minute**
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga
Din!"

*Mr. Atkins's equivalent for "O Brother!"

**Hit you.

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done,
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the
green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout:
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'cad,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!

'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is
spleen;

'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e's kickin'
all around:

For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga
Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a *dooli* lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone-
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drinks to pore damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!
Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian leather Gunga Din!
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you.
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga
Din!

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward
to the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she
thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-
bells they say:

Come you back, you British soldier: come you
back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay:

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from
Rangoon to Mandalay?

O the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as
Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white
cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's
foot;
 Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
 Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
 Plucky lot she cared for idols when I
 kissed 'er where she stud!
 On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun
was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kul-la-lo-lo!*"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek
agin my cheek

We useter watch the steamers and the *hathis*
pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy squdgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was
'arf afraid to speak!

On the road to Mandalay—

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
away,

An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk
to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-
year sodger tells:

“If you've 'eard the East a-calling, why, you
won't 'eed nothin' else.”

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'
the tinkly temple-bells!

On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever
in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea
to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they un-
derstand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot *do* they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner
greener land!
On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best
is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an'
a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that
I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the
sea—

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when
we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the
East

'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased
Ere 'e's fit to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
So-oldier *hof* the Queen!

Now all you recruities what's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:

A soldier what's fit for a soldier.
Fit, fit, fit for a soldier—

First, mind you steer clear o' the grog sellers'
huts,

For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out
your guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your
butts—

An' it's bad for the young British soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier—

When the cholera comes—as it will past a
doubt—

Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,

For the sickness comes in as the liquor dies out,

An' it crumples the young British soldier.

Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier—

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead;
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said.
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down
dead,

An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.

Fool, fool, fool of a soldier—

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor
blind;

Be handy and civil, and then you will find

As it's beer for the young British soldier.

Beer, beer, beer for the soldier—

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told—
For beauty won't help if your vittles is cold,
 An' love ain't enough for a soldier.
 'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier—

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be
 loath
To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing on
 my oath!—
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er; that's hell for
 them both,
 An' you're quit o' the curse of a soldier.
 Curse, curse, curse of a soldier—

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,
Don't look or take 'eed at the man that is struck:
Be thankful you're livin' an' trust to your luck,
 An' march to your front like a soldier.
 Front, front, front like a soldier.

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;
She's human as you are—you treat her as sich,
 An' she'll fight for the young British soldier.
 Fight, fight, fight for the soldier—

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine
The guns 'o the enemy wheel into line;
Shoot low at the limbers and don't mind the shine,
For noise never startles the soldier.
Start-, start-, startles the soldier—

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look
white,
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight;
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,
An' wait for supports like a soldier.
Wait, wait, wait, like a soldier—

When you're wounded an' left on Afghanistan's
plains,

An' the women come out to cut up your remains,
Jest roll to your rifle an' blow out your brains,

An' go to your Gawd like a soldier:

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

So-oldier *hof* the Queen.

SCREW-GUNS

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin'-cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beg-
gar forgets
It's only the pick o' the Army that handles the
dear little pets—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the
screw-guns they all love you.
So when we call round with a few guns, o'
course you wi' know what to do—hoo!
hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—
it's worse if you fights or you runs:
You can go where you please, you can skid
up the trees, but you don't get away
from the guns,

They send us along where the roads are, but
mostly we goes where they ain't;
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust
to the stick o' the paint;
We've chivied the Nava an' Lushai, we've give
the Afreedeman fits,
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we
guns that are built in two bits—Tss! Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns—

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an'
teaches 'im 'ow to be'ave,

If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an'
rattles 'im into 'is grave.

You've got to stand up to our business an' spring
without snatchin' or fuss.

D' you say that you sweat with the field-guns?

By God, you must lather with us—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's
a-moanin' below,

We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're
out on the rocks an' the snow,

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries
away to the plains

The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the
jinglety-jink o' the chains—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin' an'
a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath us as straight as
a beggar can spit;
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves
an' the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the
old gun in 'er place—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin'-cool,
I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule.
The monkey can say what our road was—the
wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.
Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out
drag-ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast!—
Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the
screw-guns they all love you!

So when we take tea with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—hoo!
hoo!

Just send in your Chief and surrender—
it's worse if you fights or you runs:

You may hide in the caves, they'll be only
your graves, but you don't get away
from the guns!

BELTS

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near to
Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark;
The first man dropped at Harrison's the last
forninst the Park.

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for
you!"
An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for
you!"

O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's on to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments
was out,

They called us “Delhi Rebels,” an’ we answered
“Threes about!”

That drew them like a hornet’s nest—we met
them good an’ large,

The English at the double an’ the Irish at the
charge.

Then it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—an’ I was in
it too;

We passed the time o’ day, an’ then the belts went
whirraru!

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the
storm

A *Freeman’s Journal Supplement* was all my uni-
form.

O it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the
Polis there,
The English were too drunk to know, the Irish
didn't care;
But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous
rose,
Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was tat-
thered clo'es.

For it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha'
raged till now,
But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' no-
body knew how;
'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we saw
the red blood run:
An' so we all was murderers that started out in
fun.

While it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—but that took
off the shine,
Wid each man whishperin' to his next: “ ’Twas
never work o’ mine!”
We went away like beaten dogs, an’ down the
street we bore him,
The poor dumb corpse that couldn’t see the bhoys
were sorry for him.
When it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street— it isn't over
yet,

For half of us are under guard wid punishmints
to get;

'Tis all a mericle to me as in the Clink I lie;

There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I wonder
why!

But it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
one for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
done for you!"

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town's by Kabul river—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

There I left my mate forever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river up an' brimmin', an' there's

'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford!

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Keep the crossin'-stakes beside you, an' they

will surely guide you

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun an' dust—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

I'd ha' sooner drowned fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

You can 'ear the 'orses thrashin', you can

'ear the men a-splashin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—

'Im that left me by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

It's none so bloomin' dry there, ain't you

never comin' nigh there,

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

'Fore I see 'im 'live an' well—

'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder—for their
boots'll pull 'em under,

By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

'Im an' 'arf my troop is down—

Down an' drowned by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't
no use o' callin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

ROUTE MARCHIN'

WE'RE marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny
plains,

A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind
the Rains.

Ho! get away, you bullock-man! you've 'eard the
bugle blowed—

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand
Trunk Road—

With its best foot first,

An' the road a-slidin' past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly
like the last;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is "Rowdy-dowdy-dow!"—

"*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy*
jow?"

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when
you see;

There's the peacock round the corner an' the
monkey up the tree;

An' there's that rummy silver-glass a-wavin' in
the wind,

An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-
sling be'ind.

While it's best foot first, etc.

At half past five's Revclly, an' our tents they
down must come,

Like a lot o' button mushrooms when you pick
'em up at 'ome.

But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column
starts,

While the women an' the kiddies sit an' shiver in
the carts.

An' it's best foot first, etc.

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes
an' sings,
An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other
things;
An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we won-
ders what they're at,
An' 'ow they would admire for to 'ear us sling the
bat.^{*}
An' it's best foot first, etc.

^{*}Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at
your ease,
To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-
'eaded trees—
For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't
no barrick-yards,
So the orlicers goes shootin' an' the men they
plays at cards.

Till it's best foot first, etc.

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always
grumblin' sore,—
There's worser things than marchin' from Um-
balla to Cawnpore;
An' if your 'eels are blistered, an' they feels to
'urt like 'ell,
You drop some tallow in your socks, an' that will
make 'em well.

For it's best foot first, etc.

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral
strand—

Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel,
and the Band.

Ho! get away, you bullock-man! you've 'eard the
bugle blowed—

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand
Trunk Road—

With its best foot first,

An' the road a-slidin' past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly
like the last;

While the big drum says,

With its "Rowdy-dowdy-dow!"

*"Kiko kissywarsti don't you hamsher argy
jow?"**

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

ARMY HEADQUARTERS

OLD is the song that I sing—
Old as my unpaid bills—
Old is the chicken that *kitmutgars* bring
Men at dâk-bungalows—old as the Hills.

AHASUERUS JENKINS of the "Operatic Own"
Was dowered with a tenor voice of super-Santley
tone.
His views on equitation were, perhaps, a trifle
queer;
He had no seat worth mentioning, but oh! he had
an ear.
He clubbed his wretched company a dozen times
a day,
He used to quit his charger in a parabolic way,
His method of saluting was the joy of all be-
holders,
But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his
shoulders.

He took two months to Simla when the year was
at the spring,
And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.
He warbled like a *bulbul*, but particularly at
Cornelia Agrippina who was musical and fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who, in turn,
controlled a Dept.,
Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing-birds
were kept
From April to October on a plump retaining fee,
Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the Indian
Treasury.
Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins used
to play;
He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was
false as they:
So when the winds of April turned the budding
roses brown,
Cornelia told her husband:—"Tom, you mustn't
send him down."

They haled him from his regiment which didn't
much regret him;
They found for him an office-stool, and on that
stool they set him,
To play with maps and catalogues three idle hours
a day,
And draw his plump retaining fee—which means
his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups are
brought,
Ahasuerus wailleth o'er the grand pianoforte;
And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath
waxen great,
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the State.

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN
INK

THIS ditty is a string of lies.
But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?

POTIPHAR GUBBINS, C. E.,
Stands at the top of a tree;
And I muse on my bed on the reasons that led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is seven years junior to me;
Each bridge that he makes he either buckles or
breaks,
And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is coarse as a chimpanzee;
And I can't understand why you gave him your
hand
Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is dear to the Powers that Be;
For They bow and They smile in an affable style
Which is seldom accorded to Me.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is certain as certain can be
Of a highly-paid post which is claimed by a host
Of seniors—including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,
Greatly inferior to Me.
What is the spell that you manage so well,
Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,
Let me inquire of thee,
Should I have riz to what Potiphar is,
Hadst thou been mated to me?

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE

THIS is the reason why Rustum Beg,
Rajah of Kolazai,
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,
Maketh the money to fly,
Vexeth a Government, tender and kind,
Also—but this is a detail—blind.

RUSTUM BEG of Kolazai—slightly backward native state—

Lusted for a C. S. I.,—so began to sanitate.

Built a Jail and Hospital—nearly built a City drain—

Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler was insane.

Strange departures made he then—yea, Depart-
ments stranger still,
Half a dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah with
a will,
Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a future
fine
For the State of Kolazai, on a strictly Western
line.

Rajah Rustum held his peace; lowered octroi dues
a half;
Organized a State Police; purified the Civil Staff;
Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal way;
Cut temptations of the flesh—also cut the Bukh-
shi's pay;

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,
By a Hookum hinting a supervision of *dasturi*;
Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly upside-
down;

When the end of May was nigh, waited his
achievement crown.

Then the Birthday Honors came. Sad to state
and sad to sec,

Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more
than C. I. E.!

.

Things were lively for a week in the State of
Kolazai.

Even now the people speak of that time regret-
fully.

How he disendowed the Jail—stopped at once the
City drain;

Turned to beauty fair and frail—got his senses
back again;

Doubled taxes, cesses, all; cleared away each
new-built *thana*;

Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb
Zenana;

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth and
honors manifold;

Clad himself in Eastern garb—squeezed his
people as of old.

Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will Rustum
Beg

Play to catch the Viceroy's eye. He prefers the
“simpkin” peg.

THE STORY OF URIAHA

"Now there were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor."

JACK BARRETT went to Quetta

Because they told him to.

He left his wife at Simla

On three-fourths his monthly screw:

Jack Barrett died at Quetta

Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta.

He didn't understand

The reason of his transfer

From the pleasant mountain-land:

The season was September,

And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,
And there gave up the ghost,
Attempting two men's duty
In that very healthy post;
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him
Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
Enjoy profound repose;
But I shouldn't be astonished
If now his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

THE POST THAT FITTED

THOUGH tangled and twisted the course of true love,
This ditty explains.
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the Lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary was
engaged to marry
An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called
"my little Carrie."
Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the
other way.
Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight paltry
dibs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scanty
furnished quarters—

Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge
Boffkin's daughters.

Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a
catch,

But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make
another match.

So they recognized the business, and, to feed and
clothe the bride,

Got him made a Something Something some-
where on the Bombay side.

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to
marry—

As the artless Sleary put it:—"Just the thing for
me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse of
a baser mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling
kind.

(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could
gather:—

“Pears’ shaving sticks will give you little taste
and lots of lather.”)

Frequently in public places his affliction used to
smite

Sleary with distressing vigor—always in the
Boffkins’ sight.

Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned
his ring,

Told him his “unhappy weakness” stopped all
thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened
holy joy,—

Epileptic fits don't matter in Political employ,—
Wired three short words to Carrie—took his
ticket, packed his kit—

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long,
lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—and
laughed until she wept—

Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched
epilept."

Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs.
Boffkin sits

Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's
fits.

PUBLIC WASTE

WALPOLE talks of "a man and his price."

List to a ditty queer—

The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice.

Resident-Engineer,

Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,

By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.

By the Laws of the Family Circle 'tis written in
letters of brass

That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage
the Railways of State,

Because of the gold on his breeks, and the sub-
jects wherein he must pass;

Because in all matters that deal not with Rail-
ways his knowledge is great.

Now Exeter Battleby Tring had labored from
boyhood to eld
On the Lines of the East and the West, and eke
of the North and South;
Many Lines had he built and surveyed—important the posts which he held;
And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb
when he opened his mouth.

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies jet-
tier still—
Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of study
and knowledge;
Never clanked sword by his side—Vauban he
knew not, nor drill—
Nor was his name on the list of the men who
had passed through the “College.”

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their little
tin souls,
Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no
spurs at his heels,
Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the
Government rolls
For the billet of "Railway Instructor to Little
Tin Gods on Wheels."

Letters not seldom they wrote him, "having the
honor to state,"
It would be better for all men if he were laid on
the shelf:
Much would accrue to his bank-book, and he con-
sented to wait
Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth for
himself.

“Special, well paid, and exempt from the Law of
the Fifty and Five,
Even to Ninety and Nine”—these were the terms
of the pact:

Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may Their
Highnesses thrive!)

Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping their
Circle intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who managed the Bahamo State Line,

(The which was one mile and one furlong—a
guaranteed twenty-inch gauge).

So Exeter Battelby Tring consented his claims to
resign,

And died, on four thousand a month, in the ninetyeth year of his age.

DELILAH

WE have another Viceroy now, those days are dead
and done,
Of Delilah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses Gunne.

DELILAH ABERYSWITH was a lady—not too
young—
With a perfect taste in dresses, and a badly-bitted
tongue,
With a thirst for information, and a greater
thirst for praise,
And a little house in Simla, in the Prehistoric
Days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman in
power,
Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of the
hour;
Any many little secrets, of a half-official kind,
Were whispered to Delilah, and she bore them
all in mind.

She patronized extensively a man, Ulysses Gunne,
Whose mode of earning money was a low and
shameful one.
He wrote for divers papers, which, as everybody
knows,
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the
crows.

He praised her "queenly beauty" first; and, later
on, he hinted

At the "vastness of her intellect" with compli-
ment unstinted.

He went with her a-riding, and his love for her
was such

That he lent her all his horses, and—she galled
them very much.

One day, THEY brewed a secret of a fine financial
sort;

It related to Appointments, to a Man and a Re-
port.

'Twas almost worth the keeping (only seven
people knew it),

And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and patiently
ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but—perhaps the wine
was red—

Perhaps an Aged Councilor had lost his aged
head—

Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright—Delilah's
whispers sweet—

The Aged Member told her what 'twere treason
to repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love
and flowers;

Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for several
hours;

Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped him
dance—

Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for his
chance.

The summer sun was setting, and the summer air
was still,
The couple went a-walking in the shade of Summer Hill,
The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-green
and gold,
Ulysses pleaded softly, and . . . that had
Delilah told!

Next morn, a startled Empire learnt the all-
important news;
Next week, the Aged Councilor was shaking in
his shoes;
Next month, I met Delilah, and she did not show
the least
Hesitation in affirming that Ulysses was a
"beast."

.

We have another Viceroy now, those days are
dead and done,
Of Delilah Aberyswith and most mean Ulysses
Gunne!

WHAT HAPPENED

HURREE CHUNDER MOOKERJEE, pride of Bow
Bazar,

Owner of a native press, "Barrishter-at-Lar,"
Waited on the Government with a claim to wear
Sabers by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked
wink,

Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to pen and
ink,

They are safer implements; but, if you insist,
We will let you carry arms wheresoe'er you list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gunsmith
and

Bought the tuber of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean,
and Bland.

Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-made
sword,

Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went
abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to
please,

Also gave permission to horrid men like these—
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai, down to kill or steal,
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner, Tantia the Bhil.

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the
Sikh,

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq Rafiq—
He was a Wahabi; last, little Boh Hla-oo.

Took advantage of the act—took a Snider too.

They were unenlightened men, Ballard knew them
not,

They procured their swords and guns chiefly on
the spot,

And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,
Made them slow to disregard one another's
rights.

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign parts
Said: "The good old days are back—let us go to
war!"

Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road, into
Bow Bazar.

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound
flail,

Chimbu Singh from Bikaner oiled his Tonk
jezail,

Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned with
glee

As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khyberee.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured saber, quoit, and
mace,

Abdul Huq, Wahabi, took the dagger from its
place,

While amid the jungle-grass danced and grinned
and jabbered

Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared the dah-blade from
the scabbard.

What became of Mookerjee? Soothly, who can
say?

Yar Mahommed only grins in a nasty way,
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is mute,
But the belts of them all simply bulge with loot.

What became of Ballard's guns? Afghans black
and grubby
Sell them for their silver weight to the men of
Pubbi;
And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-made
sword are
Hanging in a Marri camp just across the Border.

What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mahommed
Yar
Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow Bazar.
Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh—question land
and sea—
Ask the Indian Congress men—only don't ask
me!

PINK DOMINOES

"THEY are fools who kiss and tell"
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue

JENNY and Me were engaged, you see,
On the eve of the Fancy Ball;
So a kiss or two was nothing to you
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—
Pretty and pink but warm;
While I attended, clad in a splendid
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes exchanged,
Early that afternoon,
At Number Four to waltz no more,
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

(I wish you to see that Jenny and Me
Had barely exchanged our troth;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,
I fled to the gloom outside;
And a Domino came out also
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,
I slipped my arm around her;
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head, and the name she said
Was certainly not my own;
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame
She'd doffed her domino;
And I had embraced an alien waist—
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two
Dominoes pink, and one
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,
Our big political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,
And her eye was a blue cerulean;
And the name she said when she turned her head
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice*
Forbade us twain to marry,
That old Sir J., in his kindest way,
Made me his *Secretarry*?

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE

SHUN—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in't
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of ink
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in't.
There may be silver in the "blue-black"—all
I know of is the iron and the gall.

BOANERGES BLITZEN, servant of the Queen,
Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-been.
In a luckless moment he discovered men
Rise to high position through a ready pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued, therefore: "I
With the selfsame weapon can attain as high."
Only he did not possess, when he made the trial,
Wicked wit of C—lv—n, irony of L—I.

(Men who spar with Government need, to back
their blows,
Something more than ordinary journalistic
prose.)

Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,
Till an Indian paper found that he could write:
Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his
mark.

Certainly he scored it, bold and black and firm,
In that Indian paper—made his seniors squirm,
Quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless truth—
Was there ever known a more misguided youth?

When the Rag he wrote for praised his plucky
game,
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was Fame:
When the men he wrote of shook their heads and
swore,
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more.

Posed as young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,
Till he found promotion didn't come to him;
'Till he found that reprimands weekly were his
lot,
And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to win,
Boanerges Blitzen didn't care a pin:
Then it seemed to dawn on him something wasn't
right—
Boanerges Blitzen put it down to "spite."

Languished in a District desolate and dry;
Watched the Local Government yearly pass him
by;
Wondered where the hitch was; called it most
unfair.

.
That was seven years ago—and he still is there.

MUNICIPAL

"WHY is my District death-rate low?"

Said Binks of Hezabad.

"Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are

My own peculiar fad.

I learned a lesson once It ran

"Thus," quoth that most veracious man:—

It was an August evening, and, in snowy garments clad,

I paid a round of visits in the lines of Hezabad;

When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not like at all,

A commissariat elephant careering down the Mall.

I couldn't see the driver, and across my mind it rushed

That that Commissariat elephant had suddenly gone *musth*.

I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well get down,

So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for the town.

The buggy was a new one, and, praise Dykes,
it stood the strain,
Till the Waler jumped a bullock just above the
City Drain;
And the next that I remember was a hurricane
of squeals,
And the creature making toothpicks of my five-
foot patent wheels.

He seemed to want the owner, so I fled, distraught
with fear,
To the Main Drain sewage-outfall while he
snorted in my ear—
Reached the four-foot drain-head safely, and, in
darkness and despair,
Felt the brute's proboscis fingering my terror-
stiffened hair.

Heard it trumpet on my shoulder—tried to crawl
a little higher—
Found the Main-Drain sewage-outfall blocked,
some eight feet up, with mire;
And, for twenty reeking minutes, Sir, my very
marrow froze,

While the trunk was feeling blindly for a purchase
on my toes!

It missed me by a fraction, but my hair was turn-
ing gray

Before they called the drivers up and dragged the
brute away.

Then I sought the City Elders, and my words
were very plain.

They flushed that four-foot drain-head, and—
it never choked again.

You may hold with surface-drainage, and the
sue-for-garbage cure,

Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking coyly up
a sewer.

I believe in well-flushed culverts . . .

This is why the death-rate's small:

And, if you don't believe me, get *shikarred* your-
self. That's all.

A CODE OF MORALS

LEST you should think this story true,
I merely mention I
Evolved it lately. 'Tis a most
Unmitigated misstatement.

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep
his house in order,
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the
Afghan border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he
left he taught
His wife the working of the Code that sets the
miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature
made her fair;
So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph, the
pair.
At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her
counsel wise—
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's
homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet
clad and gold,
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal of
the old;
But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby the
ditty hangs)
That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-General
Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, that
tittipped on the way,
When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously
at play;
They thought of Border risings, and of stations
sacked and burnt—
So stopped to take the message down—and this
is what they learnt:—

“Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot” twice.
The General swore.

“Was ever General Officer addressed as ‘dear’
before?

‘My Love,’ i’ faith! ‘My Duck,’ Gadzooks! ‘My
darling popsy-wop!’

Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, who is on that
mountain top?"

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the gilded
Staff were still,
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that
message from the hill;
For, clear as summer's lightning flare, the husband's
warning ran:—
"Don't dance or ride with General Bangs—a most
immoral man."

(At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her
counsel wise—
But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at large
hath eyes.)
With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed
his wife
Some interesting details of the General's private
life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the shining
Staff were still,
And red and ever redder grew the General's
shaven gill.

And this is what he said at last (his feelings
matter not) :—

“I think we’ve tapped a private line. Hi! Threes
about there! Trot!”

All honor unto Bangs, for ne-er did Jones there-
after know,

By word or act official who read off that helio.;
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni
to Mooltan

They know the worthy General as “that most
immoral man.”

THE LAST DEPARTMENT

TWELVE hundred million men are spread
About this Earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will those luckless millions do?

“NONE whole or clean,” we cry, “or free from
stain

Of favor.” Wait awhile, till we attain

The Last Department, where nor fraud nor
fools,

Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favor, or Affection—what are these
To the grim Head who claims our services?

I never knew a wife or interest yet
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease;”

When leave, long over-due, none can deny;
When idleness of all Eternity

Becomes our furlough, and the marigold
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury.

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement,
Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,
 No longer Brown reverses Smith's appeals,
Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,
As mud between the beams thereof is wrought;
 And One who wrote on phosphates for the
 crops
Is subject-matter of his own Report.

(These be the glorious ends whereto we pass—
Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was;
 And He shall see the *mallie* steals the slab
For currie-grinder, and for goats the grass.)

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,
A draught of water, or a horse's fright—
 The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night.

For you or Me. Do those who live decline
The step that offers, or their work resign?
 Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.

BALLADS

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they
come from the ends of the earth!

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border
side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between
the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say
where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son
of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye
know where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is
into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place
to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird
can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai,
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right
swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly
plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never
a man is seen.”
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw
rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell,
and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they
bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits
not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as
he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut
of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the
whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show
now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown
dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare
like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged
his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as
a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never
a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,
their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the
mare like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful
heap fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—
small room was there to strive,

“’Twas only by favor of mine,” quoth he, “ye
rode so long alive:

There was not a rock of twenty mile, there was
not a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held
it low,

The little jackals that flee so fast, were feasting
all in a row:

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have
held it high,

The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good
to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry
my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than
a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when
all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy
brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl,
dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my
own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf
and gray wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed
or breath;

What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at
the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by
the blood of my clan:

Take up the mare of my father's gift—by God,
she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and
nuzzled against his breast,

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but
she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my tur-
quoise-studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-
end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he;
"will ye take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a
limb for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my
son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped
from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he
looked like a lance in rest.

“Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who leads
a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on
shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and
board and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate is to guard him with thy
head.

So thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and
all her foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the
peace of the Border-line,

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I
am hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
Blood on leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife,
and the wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's
boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with
the blood of the mountaineer.

“Ha’ done! ha’ done!” said the Colonel’s son.

“Put up the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-
night ’tis a man of the Guides!”

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the two
shall meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great
Judgment Seat;

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, tho’ they come
from the ends of the earth.

THE LAST SUTTEE

Not many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against suttee, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them disguised as the King's favorite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death

In his hold by Gungra hill.

All night we heard the death-gongs ring

For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,

All night beat up from the women's wing

A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,

The lords of the outer guard :

All night the cressets glimmered pale

On Ulwar saber and Tonk jezail,

Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,

That clinked in the palace yard.

In the Golden room on the palace roof

All night he fought for air :

And there was sobbing behind the screen,
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs:
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth
And robe him for the pyre.
The Boondi Queen beneath us cried:
“See, now, that we die as our mothers died
In the bridal-bed by our master’s side!
Out, women!—to the fire!”

We drove the great gates home apace:
White hands were on the sill:
But ere the rush of the unseen feet
Had reached the turn to the open street,
The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat—
We held the dove-cot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,
And laughing spoke from the wall:
Ohé they mourn here: let me by—
Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I?
When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,
And I seek another thrall.

“For I ruled the King as ne’er did Queen,
“To-night the Queens rule me!
Guard them safely, but let me go,
Or ever they pay the debt they owe
In scourge and torture!” She leaped below,
And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
On a North-bred dancing-girl:
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
And doomed to death at her drunken nod
And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his father’s place,
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand:
Where the gray apes swing, and the peacocks
preen

On fretted pillar and jeweled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the Queen
On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,
We set the logs aglow:
"Friend of the English, free from fear,
Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
Lord of the Desert of Bikaneer,
King of the Jungle,—go!"

All night the red flames stabbed the sky
With wavering wind-tossed spears:
And out of a shattered temple crept
A woman who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the King—but the great King slept,
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife—
Cold fear with hot desire—
When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breasts for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came
And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
The silent streets between,
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
And he was a baron old and gray,
And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said: "O shameless. put aside
The veil upon thy brow!
Who held the King and all his land
To the wanton will of a harlot's hand!
Will the white ash rise from the blistered brand?
Stoop down, and call him now!"

Then she: "By the faith of my tarnished soul,
All things I did not well
I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
And lay me down by my master's side
To rule in Heaven his only bride,
While the others howl in Hell.

"But I have felt the fire's breath,
And hard it is to die!
Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord

To sully the steel of a Thakur's sword
With base-born blood of a trade abhorred"—
And the Thakur answered, "Aye."

He drew and struck: the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast.
"I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame—
Sister of mine, pass, free from shame.
Pass with thy King to rest!"

The black log crashed above the white:
The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
On the heart of—the Boondi Queen!

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the
story told.

His mercy fills the Khyber hills—his grace is
manifold;

He has taken toll of the North and the South
—his glory reacheth far,

And they tell the tale of his charity from Balkh
to Kandahar.

BEFORE the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd and
Kaffir meet,

The Governor of Kabul dealt the Justice of the
Street,

And that was strait as running noose and swift
as plunging knife,

Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold
the longer life.

There was a hound of Hindustan had struck a
Euzufzai,

Wherefore they spat upon his face and led him
out to die.

It chanced the King went forth that hour when
throat was bared to knife;

The Kaffir groveled under-hoof and clamored for
his life.

Then said the King: "Have hope, O friend!
Yea, Death disgraced is hard;

Much honor shall be thine;" and called the Cap-
tain of the Guard.

Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble
saith,

And he was honored of the King—the which is
salt to Death;

And he was son of Daoud Shah the Reiver of the
Plains,

And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his
veins;

And 'twas to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell nor
Heaven could bind,

The King would make him butcher to a yelping
cur of hind.

"Strike!" said the King. "King's blood art thou
—his death shall be his pride!"

Then louder, that the crowd might catch: "Fear
not—his arms are tied!"

Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and
struck, and sheathed again.

“O man, thy will is done,” quoth he; “A King
this dog hath slain.”

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the North
and the South is sold,
The North and the South shall open their mouth
to a Ghilzai flag unrolled,
When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak, and
his dog-Heratis fly,
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
Wolves of the Abizai!

That night before the watch was set, when all
the streets were clear,

The Governor of Kabul spoke: “My King, hast
thou no fear?

“Thou knowest—thou hast heard,”—his speech
died at his master’s face.

And grimly said the Afghan King: “I rule the
Afghan race.

“My path is mine—see thou to thine—to-night
upon thy bed

Think who there be in Kabul now that clamor
for thy head.”

That night when all the gates were shut to City
and to Throne,

Within a little garden-house the King lay down
alone.

Before the sinking of the moon, which is the
Night of Night,

Yar Khan came softly to the King to make his
honor white.

The children of the town had mocked beneath his
horse's hoofs,

The harlots of the town had hailed him "butcher!"
from their roofs.

But as he groped against the wall, two hands upon
him fell,

The King behind his shoulder spoke: "Dead
man, thou dost not well!

'Tis ill to jest with Kings by day and seek a boon
by night;

And that thou bearest in thy hand is all too sharp
to write.

But three days hence, if God be good, and if
thy strength remain,

Thou shalt demand one boon of me and bless me
in thy pain.

For I am merciful to all, and most of all to
thee.

My butcher of the shambles, rest—no knife hast
thou for me!"

Abd'ur Rahman, the Durani Chief, holds
hard by the South and the North;
But the Ghilzai knows, ere the melting snows,
when the swollen banks break forth,
When the red coats crawl to the sungar wall,
and his Usbeg lances fail
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
Wolves of the Zuka Khayl!

They stoned him in the rubbish-field when dawn
was in the sky,
According to the written word, "See that he do
not die."

They stoned him till the stones were piled above
him on the plain,
And those the laboring limbs displaced they
tumbled back again.

One watched beside the dreary mound that veiled
the battered thing,
And him the King with laughter called the Herald
of the King.

It was upon the second night, the night of
Ramazan,
The watcher leaning earthward heard the message
of Yar Khan.

From shattered breast through shriveled lips
broke forth the rattling breath:
"Creature of God, deliver me from agony of
Death."

They sought the King among his girls, and risked
their lives thereby:
"Protector of the Pitiful, give orders that he
die!"

"Bid him endure until the day," a lagging an-
swer came;
"The night is short. and he can pray and learn to
bless my name."

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on the
day once more:
"Creature of God deliver me and bless the King
therefore!"

They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease
him of his pain,
And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he
blessed the King again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all the
world to sing,
So that the Outer Seas may know the mercy of
the King.

Abd'ur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the
story told.
He has opened his mouth to the North and the
South, they have stuffed his mouth with gold.
Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and sweet
his favors are.
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
from Balkh to Kandahar.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

WHEN springtime flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tentpeg answered to hammer-nose,
And the picketed ponies shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, bought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk

A savor of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.
The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali, the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
“Better is speech when the belly is fed.”
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.
Four things greater than all things are.—
Women and Horses and Power and War.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword

Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
And a gray-coat guard on the Helmund ford.
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he: "Of the Russians who can say?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a King of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
That unsought counsel is cursed of God
Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

"His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;
And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
For he carried the curse of an unstaunched speech.
Therewith madness—so that he sought
The favor of kings at the Kabul court;
And traveled, in hope of honor, far
To the line where the gray-coat squadrons are.
There have I journeyed too—but I
Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!

He hearked to rumor, and snatched at a breath
Of 'this one knoweth' and 'that one saith,'—
Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
Of a gray-coat coming, and sack of the South.
These have I also heard—they pass
With each new spring and the winter grass.
Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
Even to Kabul—in full durbar
The King held talk with his Chief in War.
Into the press of the crowd he broke,
And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

“Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled
As a mother might on a babbling child;
But those who would laugh restrained their
breath,
When the face of the King showed dark as death.
Evil it is in full durbar
To cry to a ruler of gathering War!
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
And he said to the boy: ‘They shall praise thy
zeal

So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
And the Russ is upon us even now?
Great is thy prudence—await them, thou.
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
Surely thy vigil is not for long.
The Russ is upon us, thy clamor ran?
Surely an hour shall bring their van.
Wait and watch. When the host is near,
Shout aloud that my men may hear.'

"Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a King of his enemies?
A guard was set that he might not flee—
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
When he shook at his death as he looked below.
By the power of God, who alone is great,
Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.
Then madness took him, and men declare
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

“Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a King of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
Of the gray-coat coming who can say?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
Two things greater than all things are,
The First is Love, and the second War.
And since we know not how War may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!”

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

THIS is the ballad of Boh Da Thone,
Erst a Pretender to Thecbaw's throne,
Who harried the district of Alalone:
How he met with his fate and the V. P. P.
At the hand of Harendra a Mukerji,
Senior Gomashta, G. B. T.

BOH DA THONE was a warrior bold,
His sword and his Snider were bossed with
gold,

And the Peacock Banner his henchmen bore
Was stiff with bullion but stiffer with gore.

He shot at the strong and he slashed at the
weak

From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak:

He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,
He filled old women with kerosene:

While over the water the papers cried,
"The patriot fights for his countryside!"

But little they cared for the Native Press,
The worn white soldiers in Khaki dress,

Who tramped through the jungle and camped in
the byre,

Who died in the swamp and were tombed in the
mire,

Who gave up their lives, at the Queen's Command.
For the Pride of their Race and the Peace of the
Land.

Now, first of the foemen of Boh Da Thone
Was Captain O'Neil of the "Black Tyrone,"

And his was a Company, seventy strong,
Who hustled that dissolute Chief along.

There were lads from Galway and Louth and
Meath

Who went to their death with a joke in their teeth,

And worshiped with fluency, fervor, and zeal
The mud on the boot-heels of "C'rook" O'Neil.

But ever a blight on their labors lay,
And ever their quarry would vanish away,

Till the sun-dried boys of the Black Tyrone
Took a brotherly interest in Boh Da Thone:

And, sooth, if pursuit in possession ends,
The Boh and his trackers were best of friends.

The word of a scout—a march by night—
A rush through the mist—a scattering fight—

A volley from cover—a corpse in the clearing—
The glimpse of a loin-cloth and heavy jade ear-
ring—

The flare of a village—the tally of slain—
And . . . the Boh was abroad “on the raid”
again!

They cursed their luck as the Irish will,
They gave him credit for cunning and skill,

They buried their dead, they bolted their beef,
And started anew on the track of the thief

Till, in place of the “Kalends of Greece,” men
said,
“When Crook and his darlings come back with
the head.”

They had hunted the Boh from the Hills to the
plain—

He doubled and broke for the hills again:

They had crippled his power for rapine and raid,
They had routed him out of his pet stockade,

And at last, they came, when the Day Star tired,
To a camp deserted—a village fired.

A black cross blistered the Morning-gold,
And the body upon it was stark and cold.

The wind of the dawn went merrily past,
The high grass bowed her plumes to the blast.

And out of the grass, on a sudden, broke
A spirtle of fire, a whorl of smoke—

And Captain O'Neil of the Black Tyrone
Was blessed with a slug in the ulna-bone—
The gift of his enemy Boh Da Thone.

(Now a slug that is hammered from telegraph-
wire

Is a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire.)

.

The shot-wound festered—as shot-wounds may
In a steaming barrack at Mandalay.

The left arm throbbed, and the captain swore,
“I’d like to be after the Boh once more!”

The fever held him—the Captain said,
“I’d give a hundred to look at his head!”

The Hospital punkahs creaked and whirled,
But Babu Harendra (Gomashta) heard.

He thought of the cane-brake, green and dank,
That girdled his home by the Dacca tank.

He thought of his wife and his High School son,
He thought—but abandoned the thought—of a
gun.

His sleep was broken by visions dread
Of a shining Boh with a silver head.

He kept his counsel and went his way,
And swindled the cartmen of half their pay.

.

And the months went on, as the worst must do,
And the Boh returned to the raid anew.

But the Captain had quitted the long-drawn strife,
And in far Simoorie had taken a wife.

And she was a damsel of delicate mold,
With hair like the sunshine and heart of gold,

And little she knew the arms that embraced
Had cloven a man from the brow to the waist:

And little she knew that the loving lips
Had ordered a quivering life's eclipse,

And the eye that lit at her lightest breath
Had glared unawed in the Gates of Death.

(For these be matters a man would hide,
As a general rule, from an innocent Pride.)

And little the Captain thought of the past,
And, of all men, Babu Harendra last.

.

But slow, in the sludge of the Kathun road,
The Government Bullock Train toted its load.

Speckless and spotless and shining with *ghee*,
In the rearmost cart sat the Babu-jee.

And ever a phantom before him fled
Of a scowling Boh with a silver head.

Then the lead-cart stuck, though the coolies
slaved,
And the cartmen flogged and the escort raved;

And out of the jungle, with yells and squeals,
Pranced Boh Da Thone, and his gang at his heels!

Then belching blunderbuss answered back
The Snider's snarl and the carbine's crack,

And the blithe revolver began to sing
To the blade that twanged on the locking-ring,

And the brown flesh blued where the bay'net
kissed,
As the steel shot back with a wrench and a twist,

And the great white bullocks with onyx eyes
Watched the souls of the dead arise,

And over the smoke of the fusillade
The Peacock Banner staggered and swayed.

Oh, gayest of scimmages man may see
Is a well-worked rush on the G. B. T.!

The Babu shook at the horrible sight,
And girded his ponderous loins for flight,

But Fate had ordained that the Boh should start
On a lone-hand raid of the rearmost cart,

And out of that cart, with a bellow of woe,
That Babu fell—flat on the top of the Boh!

For years had Harendra served the State,
To the growth of his purse and the girth of his
pêt—

There were twenty stone, as the tally-man knows,
On the broad of the chest of this best of Bohs.

And twenty stone from a height discharged
Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

Oh, short was the struggle—severe was the
shock—

He dropped like a bullock—he lay like a block;

And the Babu above him, convulsed with fear,
Heard the laboring life-breath hissed out in his
ear.

And thus in a fashion undignified
The princely pest of the Chindwin died.

Turn now to Simoorie where, lapped in his ease,
The Captain is petting the Bride on his knees,
Where the *whit* of the bullet, the wounded man's
scream

Are mixed as the mist of some devilish dream—

Forgotten, forgotten the sweat of the shambles
Where the hill daisy blooms and the gray monkey
gambols,

From the sword-belt set free and released from
the steel,

The Peace of the Lord is with Captain O'Neil.

Up the hill to Simoorie—most patient of
drudges—

The bags on his shoulder, the mail-runner trudges.

“For Captain O’Neil, *Sahib*. One hundred and
ten

Rupees to collect on delivery.”

Then

(Their breakfast was stopped while the screw-
jack and hammer

Tore wax-cloth, split teak-wood, and chipped out
the dammer;)

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napery’s snow,
With a crash and a thud, rolled—the Head of
the Boh!

And gummed to the scalp was a letter which ran:

“IN FIELDING FOR E SERVICE.

“*Encampment*,

“10th Jan.

“Dear Sir,—I have honor to send, as you said,
For final approval (see under) B’s Head;

“Was took by myself in most bloody affair.
By High Education brought pressure to bear.

“Now violate Liberty, time being bad,
“To mail V. P. P. (rupees hundred) Please add
“Whatever Your Honor can pass. Price of Blood
Much cheap at one hundred, and children want
food.

“So trusting Your Honor will somewhat restrain
True love and affection for Govt. Bullock Train,

“And show awful kindness to satisfy me,

“I am,

“Graceful Master,

“Your

“H. Mukerji.”

.

As the rabbit is drawn to the rattlesnake's power,
As the smoker's eye fills at the opium hour,

As a horse reaches up to the manger above,
As the waiting ear yearns for the whisper of love,

From the arms of the Bride, iron-visaged and
slow,

The Captain bent down to the Head of the Boh.

And e'en as he looked on the Thing where It lay
'Twixt the winking new spoons and the napkins'
array,

The freed mind fled back to the long-ago days—
The hand-to-hand scuffle—the smoke and the
blaze—

The forced march at night and the quick rush at
dawn—

The banjo at twilight, the burial ere morn—

The stench of the marshes—the raw, piercing
smell

When the overhand stabbing-cut silenced the
yell—

The oaths of his Irish hat surged when they
stood

Where the black crosses hung o'er the Kutta-
mow flood.

As a derelict ship drifts away with the tide
The Captain went out on the Past from his Bride,
Back, back, through the springs to the chill of the
year,

When he hunted the Boh from Maloon to Tsaleer.

As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through deep
water,

In his eye lit the passionless passion of slaughter,

And men who had fought with O'Neil for the life
Had gazed on his face with less dread than his
wife.

For she who had held him so long could not hold
him—

Though a four-month Eternity should have con-
trolled him—

But watched the twin Terror—the head turned to
head—

The scowling, scarred Black, and the flushed sav-
age Red—

The spirit that changed from her knowing and
flew to

Some grim hidden Past she had never a clue to.

But It knew as It grinned, for he touched it un-
fearing,

And muttered aloud, "So you kept that jade ear-
ring!"

Then nodded, and kindly, as friend nods to friend,
"Old man, you fought well, but you lost in the
end."

.

The visions departed, and Shame followed Pas-
sion,

"He took what I said in this horrible fashion,

"I'll write to Harendra!" With language un-
sainted

The Captain came back to the Bride . . .
who had fainted.

.

And this is a fiction? No. Go to Simoorie
And look at their baby, a twelve-month old Hourie,

A pert little, Irish-eyed Kathleen Mavournin—
She's always about on the Mall of a mornin'—

And you'll see, if her right shoul-der-strap is dis-
placed,

This: *Gules upon argent*, a Boh's Head, crased!

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF

O woe is me for the merry life
 I led beyond the Bar,
And a treble woe for my winsome wife
 That weeps at Shalimar.

They have taken away my long jezail,
 My shield and saber fine,
And heaved me into the Central jail
 For lifting of the kine.

The steer may low within the byre,
 The Jut may tend his grain,
But there'll be neither loot nor fire
 Till I come back again.

And God have mercy on the Jut
 When once my fetters fall,
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut
 When I am loosed from thrall.

It's woe to bend the stubborn back
 Above the grinchin' quern,

It's woe to hear the leg-bar clack
And jingle when I turn!

But for the sorrow and the shame,
The brand on me and mine,
I'll pay you back in leaping flame
And loss of the butchered kine.

For every cow I spared before
In charity set free,
If I may reach my hold once more
I'll reive an honest three!

For every time I raised the low
That scared the dusty plain,
By sword and cord, by torch and tow
I'll light the land in twain!

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,
Young *Sahib* with the yellow hair—
Lie close, lie close as khuttucks lie,
Fat herds below Bonair!

The one I'll shoot at twilight tide,
At dawn I'll drive the other;

The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,
The white man for his brother!

'Tis war, red war, I'll give you then,
War till my sinews fail,
For the wrong you have done to a chief
of men
And a thief of the Zukka Kheyl.

And if I fall to your hand afresh
I give you leave for the sin,
That you cram my throat with the foul
pig's flesh
And swing me in the skin!

THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS

THIS ballad appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American Pirate. It is founded on fact.

. . . At the close of a winter day,
Their anchors down, by London town, the Three
Great Captains lay.
And one was Admiral of the North from Solway
Firth to Skye,
And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all the
lands thereby,
And one was Master of the Thames from Lime-
house to Blackwall,
And he was Captain of the Fleet—the bravest of
them all.
Their good guns guard'd their great gray sides
that were thirty foot in the sheer,
When there came a certain trading-brig with news
of a privateer.
Her rigging was rough with the clotted drift that
drives in a Northern breeze,
Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that
spawns in the Eastern seas.
Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and
right she rolled.

And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and stared
at an empty hold.

"I ha' paid Port dues for your Law," quoth he,
"and where is the Law ye boast

If I sail unscathed from a heathen port to be
robbed on a Christian coast?

Ye have smoked the hives of the Laccadives as
we burn the lice in a bunk;

We tack not now to a Gallang prow or a plung-
ing Pei-ho junk;

I had no fear but the seas were clear as far as a
sail might fare.

Till I met with a lime-washed Yankee brig that
rode off Finisterre.

There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun ports
to screen the weight he bore

And the signals ran for a merchantman from
Sandy Hook to the Nore.

He would not fly the Rovers' flag—the bloody
or the black,

But now he floated the Gridiron and now he
flaunted the Jack.

He spoke of the Law as he crimped my crew—
he swore it was only a loan;

But when I would ask for my own again, he swore
it was none of my own.

He has taken my little parrakeets that nest be-
neath the Line,

He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-frails
and the green unripened pine;

He has taken my bale of dammer and spice I
won beyond the seas,

He has taken my grinning heathen gods—and
what should he want o' these?

My foremast would not mend his boom, my deck-
house patch his boats;

He has whittled the two this Yank Yahoo, to
peddle for shoepeg-oats.

I could not fight for the failing light and a rough
beam-sea beside,

But I hulled him once for a clumsy crimp and
twice because he lied.

Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work my
Christian harm,

I had run him up from his quarter-deck to trade
with his own yard-arm,

I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head, and
ripped them off with a saw,

And soused them in the bilgewater, and served
them to him raw;

I had flung him blind in a rudderless boat to rot
in the rocking dark;

I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for
his brother shark;

I had lapped him round with cocoa husk, and
drenched him with the oil,
And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze
above my spoil ;
I had stripped his hide from my hammock-side,
and tasseled his beard i' the mesh,
And spitted his crew on the live bamboo that
grows through the gangrened flesh ;
I had hove him down by the mangroves brown,
where the mud-reef sucks and draws,
Moored by the heel to his own keel to wait for
the land-crab's claws !
He is lazar within and lime without, ye can nose
him far enow,
For he carries the taint of a musky ship—the
reek of the slaver's dhow !”
The skipper looked at the tiering guns and the
bulwarks tall and cold,
And the Captains Three full courteously peered
down at the gutted hole,
And the Captains Three called courteously from
deck to scuttle-butt :
“Good Sir, we ha’ dealt with that merchantman
or ever your teeth were cut.
Your words be words of a lawless race, and the
Law it standeth thus :

He comes of a race that have never a Law, and
he never has boarded us.

We ha' sold him canvas and rope and spar—we
know that his price is fair,

And we know that he weeps for the lack of a
Law as he rides off Finisterre.

And since he is damned for a gallows-thief by
you and better than you,

We hold it meet that the English fleet should know
that we hold him true."

The skipper called to the tall taffrail: "And what
is that to me?

Did ever you hear of a privateer that rifled a
Seventy-three?

Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that
I lift l'ke a ship o' the Line?

He has learned to run from a shotted gun and
harry such craft as mine.

There is never a Law on the Cocos Keys to hold
a white man in,

But we do not steal the niggers' meal, for that
is a nigger's sin.

Must he have his Law as a quid to chew, or laid
in brass on his wheel?

Does he steal with tears when he buccaneers?
'Fore Gad, then, why does he steal?"

The skipper bit on a deep-sea word, and the word
it was not sweet,

For he could see the Captains Three had signaled
to the Fleet.

But three and two, in white and blue, the whim-
pering flags began:

"We have heard a tale of a foreign sail, but he
is a merchantman."

The skipper peered beneath his palm and swore
by the Great Horn Spoon,

"'Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless
my picaroon!"

By two and three the flags blew free to lash the
laughing air,

"We have sold our spars to the merchantman—we
know that his price is fair."

The skipper winked his Western eye, and swore
by a China storm:

"They ha' rigged him a Joseph's jury-coat to keep
his honor warm."

The halliards twanged against the tops, the bun-
ting bellied broad,

The skipper spat in the empty hold and mourned
for a wasted cord.

Masthead—masthead, the signal sped by the line
o' the British craft;

The skipper called to his Lascar crew, and put
her about and laughed:

"It's mainsail haul, my bully boys all—we'll out
to the seas again;

Ere they set us to paint their pirate saint, or scrub
at his grapnel-chain

It's fore-sheet free, with her head to the sea, and
the swing of the unbought brine—

We'll make no sport in an English court till we
come as a ship o' the Line,

Till we come as a ship o' the Line, my lads, of
thirty foot in the sheer,

Lifting again from the outer main with news of a
privateer;

Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for weft
of Admiralty,

Heaving his head for our dipsy-lead in sign that
we keep the sea.

Then fore-sheet home as she lifts to the foam—
we stand on the outward tack

We are paid in the coin of the white man's trade
—the bezant is hard, ay, and black.

The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the Kling
and the Orang-Laut

How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be
robbed in a Christian port;

How a man may be robbed in Christian port while
Three Great Captains there

Shall dip their flag to a slaver's rag—to show
that his trade is fair!"

THE BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHER-DOWN"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"

Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and staunchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run,
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
And once she fired and twice she fired,

Till the bow-gun dropped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
The deck-beams break below,
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again."
And he answered, "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile—
As ye shoot at the flying duck—
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below—
You can hear the hiss of helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runners jam."
And he answered, "Turn and go!"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
And grimly did she roll;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire,
When they war by the frozen Pole.

"Captain, the shells are falling fast,
And faster still fall we;
And it is not meet for English stock,
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock,
The death they cannot see."

"Lie down, lie down my bold A. B.,
We drift upon her beam;
We dare not ram for she can run;
And dare ye fire another gun,
And die in the peeling steam?"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
That carried an armor-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow,
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

"Captain, they lack us through and through;
The chilled steel bolts are swift!
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be."
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"

Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry, the fight is done,

They bid you send your sword."
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and bow.
They have asked for the steel. They shall have
it now;
Out cutlasses and board!"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"

Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,

From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare
to the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking "Clampherdown"

 Heaved up her battered side—
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
 And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the "Clampherdown"

 Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long-ago,
 And as it still shall be.

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

Seven men from all the world, back to Docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Cain:

Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away—
We that took the "Bolivar" out across the Bay!

WE put out from Sunderland loaded down with
rails;

We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo
shifted;

We put out from Sunderland—met the winter
gales—

Seven days and seven nights to the Start we
drifted,

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack
white as snow,

All the coals adrift a deck, half the rails
below

Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a
dray—

Out we took the "Bolivar," out across the
Bay!

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let
us by;

Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle
short;
Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead
fly;
Left The Wolf behind us with a two foot-list
to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out
her soul;
Clanging like a smithy-shop after every
roll;
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through
the spray—
So we threshed the "Bolivar" out across
the Bay!

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd
break;
Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand
the shock;
Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her
strake;
Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the
plummer-block.

Banged against the iron decks, bilges
choked with coal;
Flayed and frozen foot and hand, sick of
heart and soul;
'Last we prayed she'd buck herself into
Judgment Day—
Hi! we cursed the "Bolivar" knocking
round the Bay!
Oh! her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be
still—
Up and down and back we went, never time for
breath;
Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by
the heel,
And the stars ran down and round dancin'
at her death.
Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off be-
tween;
Heard the rotten rivets draw when she
took it green;
Watched the compass chase its tail like a
cat at play—
That was on the "Bolivar," south across
the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to
swell—

Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was
we—

Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand
hotel;

Cheered her from the "Bolivar," swampin' in
the sea.

Then a grayback cleared us out, then the
skipper laughed;

"Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—rig the
winches aft!

"Yoke the kicking rudder-head—get her
under way!"

So we steered her, pulley-haul, out across
the Bay!

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough 'cross Bilbao Bar.
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Luchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the
Eternal Sea!

Seven men from all the world back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Can:

Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we took the "Bolivar" safe across the Bay?

THE ENGLISH FLAG

Above the portico a flagstaff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.—DAILY PAPERS.

WINDS of the World, give answer? They are
whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only
England know?—

The poor little street-bred people that vapor and
fume and brag,

They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp
at the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster
anew with dirt?

An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's
shirt?

We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell
or share.

What is the flag of England? Winds of the
World, declare!

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-
shod vanguards go;

I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko
floe;

By the great North Lights above me I work the
will of God,

That the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger
fills with cod.

"I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my
doors with flame,

Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies
came;

I took the sun from their presence, I cut them
down with my blast,

And they died, but the Flag of England blew free
ere the spirit passed.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long
Arctic night,

The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the
Northern Light:

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
bergs to dare,

Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for
it is there!"

The South Wind sighed: "From The Virgins
my mid-sea course was ta'en

Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the
 long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked
 lagoon.

“Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer
 keys,
I walked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud
 in the breeze—
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English
 flag was flown.

“I have wrenched it free from the halliard to
 hang for a wisp on the Horn;
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned
 and rolled and torn;
I have spread its fold o’er the dying, adrift in a
 hopeless sea;
I have hauled it swift on the slaver, and seen
 the slave set free.

“My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling al-
 batross,

Where the lone wall fills with fire beneath the
Southern Cross.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
reefs to dare,

Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it
is there!"

The East Wind roared: "From the Kuriles, the
Bitter Seas, I come,

And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the
English home.

Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath
of my mad typhoon

I swept your close-packed Praya and beached
your best at Kowloon!

"The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas
before,

I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered
Singapore!

I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake
she rose,

And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with
the startled crows.

“Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl
wake,

But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died
for England's sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or
maid—

Because on the bones of the English the English
Flag is stayed.

“The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-
ass knows

The scared white leopard winds it across the
taintless snows.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
sun to dare,

Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it
is there!”

The West Wind called: “In squadrons the
thoughtless galleons fly

That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred
people die.

They make my might their porter, they make my
house their path,

Till I loose my neck from their rudder and overwhelm
them all in my wrath.

"I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn
from the hole;

They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-
bells toll,

For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud
with my breath,

And they see strange bows above them and the
two go locked to death.

"But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether
by dark or day,

I heave them whole to the conger or rip their
plates away,

First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking
sky,

Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag
goes by.

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen
dews have kissed—

The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the
mist.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
breath to dare,

Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth,
for it is there!"

"CLEARED"

(IN MEMORY OF A COMMISSION)

HELP for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit
hurt,

Help for an honorable clan sore trampled in the
dirt!

From Queenstown Bay to Donegal, O listen to
my song,

The honorable gentlemen have suffered grievous
wrong.

Their noble names were mentioned—O the burn-
ing black disgrace!—

By a brutal Saxon paper in an Irish shooting-
case;

They sat upon it for a year, then steeled their
heart to brave it,

And "coruscating innocence" the learned Judges
gave it.

Bear witness, Heaven, of that grim crime be-
neath the surgeon's knife,

The honorable gentleman deplored the loss of
life;

Bear witness of those chanting choirs that burk
and shirk and snigger,

No man laid hand upon the knife or finger to the
trigger!

Cleared in the face of all mankind beneath the
winking skies,

Like phoenixes from Phoenix Park (and what lay
there) they rise!

Go shout it to the emerald seas—give word to
Erin now,

Her honorable gentlemen are cleared—and this
is how:

They only paid the Moonlighter his cattle-
hocking price,

They only helped the murderer with council's best
advice,

But—sure it keeps their honor white—the learned
Court believes

They never gave a piece of plate to murderers and
thieves.

They never told the ramping crowd to card a
woman's hide,

They never marked a man for death—what fault
of theirs he died?—

They only said “intimidate,” and talked and went
away—

By God, the boys that did the work were braver
men than they!

Their sin it was that fed the fire—small blame to
them that heard—

The “bhoys” get drunk on rhetoric, and madden
at the word—

They knew whom they were talking at, if they
were Irish too,

The gentlemen that lied in Court, they knew and
well they knew.

They only took the Judas-god from Fenians out
of jail,

They only fawned for dollars on the blood-dyed
Clan-na-Gael.

If black is black or white is white, in black and
white it's down,

They're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to
the Crown.

"Cleared," honorable gentlemen. Be thankful it's
no more:

The widow's curse is on your house, the dead are
at your door.

On you the shame of open shame, on you from
North to South

The hand of every honest man flat-heeled across
your mouth.

"Less black than we were painted?"—Faith, no
word of black was said;

The lightest touch was human blood, and that,
ye know, runs red.

It's sticking to your fist to-day for all your sneer
and scoff,

And by the Judge's well-weighed word you can-
not wipe it off.

Hold up those hands of innocence—go, scare
your sheep together,

The blundering, tripping tups that bleat behind
the old bell-weather;

And if they snuff the taint and break to find another pen,

Tell them it's tar that glistens so, and daub them yours again!

"The charge is old?"—As old as Cain—as fresh as yesterday;

Old as the Ten Commandments, have ye talked those laws away?

If words are words, or death is death, or powder sends the ball,

You spoke the words that sped the shot—the curse be on you all.

"Our friends believe?" Of course they do—as sheltered women may;

But have they seen the shivering soul ripped from the quivering clay?

They!—If their own front door is shut, they'll swear the whole world's warm;

What do they know of dread of death or hanging fear of harm?

The secret half a country keeps, the whisper in the lane,

The shriek that tells the shot went home behind
the broken pane,
The dry blood crisping in the sun that scares the
honest bees,
And shows the "bhoys" have heard your talk—
what do they know of these?

But you—you know—ay, ten times more; the
secrets of the dead,
Black terror on the country-side by word and
whisper bred,
The mangled stallion's scream at night, the tail
cropped heifer's low.
Who set the whisper going first? You know,
and well you know!

My soul! I'd sooner lie in jail for murder plain
and straight,
Pure crime I'd done with my own hand for
money, lust, or hate,
Than take a seat in Parliament by fellow-felons
cheered,
While one of those "not provens" proved me
cleared as you are cleared.

Cleared—you that “lost” the League accounts—
go, guard our honor still,
Go, help to make our country’s laws that broke
God’s law at will—
One hand stuck out behind the back, to signal
“strike again”;
The other on your dress-shirt-front to show your
heart is clane.

If black is black or white is white, in black and
white it’s down,
You’re only traitors to the Queen and rebels to
the Crown.
If print is print or words are words, the learned
Court preprends:
We are not ruled by murderers, but only—by
their friends.

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser decreed,
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the
weak in their need
He sent a word to the people, who struggle, and
pant, and sweat,
That the straw might be counted fairly and the
tally of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled; from the
East and the West they drew—
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brunimagem, Clyde,
and Crewe.
And some were black from the furnace, and some
were brown from the soil,
And some were blue from the dye-vat; but all
were wearied of toil.

And the young King said, "I have found it, the
road to the rest ye seek
The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale
shall halt for the weak;

With the even tramp of an army where no man
breaks from the line,
Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond
of brotherhood—sign!"

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads
bowed thereby,
And a wail went up from the peoples: "Ay, sign
—give rest, for we die!"
And hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a fist
was cramped to scrawl,
When—the laugh of a blue eyed maiden ran clear
through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing as each one
saw Her plain—
Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary Jane.
And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the light
of the vision woke;
And the men drew back from the paper, as a
Yankee delegate spoke:

"There's a girl in Jersey City who works on the
telephone;

We're going to hitch our horses and dig for a
house of our own,

With gas and water connections, and steam-heat
through to the top;

And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work till
I drop."

And an English delegate thundered: "The weak
an' the lame be blowed!

I've a berth in the Sou'-West workshops, a home
in the Wandsworth Road;

And till the 'sociation has footed my buryin' bill,
I work for the kids an' the missus. Pull up'
I'll be damned if I will!"

And over the German benches the bearded whis-
per ran:

"Lager, der girls und der dollars, dey makes or
dey breaks a man.

If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der
girl deremit;

But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der
girl from Schmitt."

They passed one resolution: "Your sub-
committee believe

You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've
lightened the curse of Eve.

But till we are built like angels—with hammer
and chisel and pen,

We will work for ourself and a woman, forever
and ever. Amen."

Now t'is is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser h'ld—

The day that they razored the Grindstone, the
day that the Cat was belled,

The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the
Twisted Sands,

The day that the laugh of a maiden made light
of the Lords of Their Hands.

TOMLINSON

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in
Berkeley Square,
And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him
by the hair—
A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him
far away,
Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the
roar of the Milky Way,
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down
and done and cease
And they came to the Gate within the Wall where
Peter holds the keys.
“Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and an-
swer loud and high
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever
ye came to die—
The good that ye did for the sake of men in little
earth so lone!”
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a
rain-washed bone.
“O, I have a friend on earth,” he said, “that was
my priest and guide.
And well would he answer all for me if he were
by my side.”

—“For that ye strove in neighbor-love it shall be
written fair,

But now ye wait at Heaven's Gate and not in
Berkeley Square:

Though we called your friend from his bed this
night, he could not speak for you,

For the race is run by one and one and never by
two and two.”

Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little
gain was there,

For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he
saw that his soul was bare:

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up his tale and spoke of his
good in life.

“This I have read in a book,” he said, “and that
was told to me,

And this I have thought that another man
thought of a Prince in Muscovy ”

The good souls flocked like homing doves and
bade him clear the path,

And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness
and wrath.

“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,”
he said, “and the tale is yet to run:

By the worth of the body that once ye had, give
answer—what ha' ye done?"

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little
good it bore,

For the Darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and
Heaven's Gate before:

"Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed,
and this I have heard men say,

And this they wrote that another man wrote of
a cañ in Norrøway "

"Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed,
good lack ! Ye have hampered Heaven's Gate;

There's little room between the stars in idleness
to prate !

Oh, none may reach by hired speech of neighbor,
priest, and kin,

Through borrowed deed to God's good meed that
lies so far within ;

Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for
doom has yet to run,

And . . . the faith that ye share with
Berkeley Square uphold you, Tomlinson !"

.

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by
sun they fell

Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that
rim the mouth of Hell:

The first are red with pride and wrath, the next
are white with pain,

But the third are black with clinkered sin that
cannot burn again:

They may hold their path, they may leave their
path, with never a soul to mark,

They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease
in the Scorn of the Outer Dark

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it
nipped him to the bone,

And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there as
the light of his own hearthstone

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the des-
perate legions drew,

But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would
not let him through.

"Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must
pay?" said he,

"That ye rank yoursel' so fit for Hell and ask no
leave of me?

I am all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that ye should
give me scorn,

For I strove with God for your First Father the
day that he was born.

Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer
loud and high

The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever
you came to die."

And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against
the night

The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-
Mouth light;

And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw
beneath his feet

The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in
Hell-Mouth heat.

"Oh, I had a love on earth," said he, "that kissed
me to my fall,

And if ye would call my love to me I know she
would answer all."

—"All that ye did in love forbid it shall be writ-
ten fair,

But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not in
Berkeley Square:

Though we whistled your love from her bed to-
night, I trow she would not run,

For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for
one by one!"

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his
sin in life:

“Once I ha’ laughed at the power of Love and
twice at the grip of the Grave,

And thrice I ha’ patted my God on the head that
men might call me brave.”

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set
it aside to cool:

“Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on
the hide of a brain-sick fool?

I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolt-
head jest ye did

That I should waken my gentlemen that are sleep-
ing three on a grid.”

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there
was little grace,

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the
Fear of Naked Space.

“Nay, this I ha’ heard,” quo’ Tomlinson, “and
this was noised abroad,

And this I ha’ got from a Belgian book on the
word of a dead French lord.”

—“Ye ha’ heard, ye ha’ read, ye ha’ got, good
lack! And the tale begins afresh—

Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye or
the sinful lust of the flesh?"

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered,
"Let me in—

For I mind that I borrowed my neighbor's wife
to sin the deadly sin."

The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked
the fires high:

"Did ye read of that sin in a book?" said he; and
Tomlinson said, "Ay!"

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little
devils ran;

And he said, "Go husk this whimpering thief
that comes in the guise of a man:

Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and sieve
his proper worth:

There's sore decline in Adam's line if this be
spawn of earth."

Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face
the fire,

But weep that they bin too small to sin to the
height of their desire.

Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it
all abroad,

As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's foolish
hoard.

And back they came with the tattered Thing, as
children after play,

And they said: "The soul that he got from God
he has bartered clean away.

We have threshed a stook of print and book, and
winnowed a chattering wind

And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his we
cannot find:

We have handled him, we have dandled him, we
have seared him to the bone,

And sure if tooth and nail show truth he has no
soul of his own."

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and
rumbled deep and low:

"I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should
bid him go.

Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave
him place,

My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me
to my face;

They'd call my house a common stew and me a
careless host,

And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the
sake of a shiftless ghost."

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that
prayed to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought
of his own good name:

“Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye
down to fry:

Did ye think of that theft for yourself?” said he;
and Tomlinson said, “Ay!”

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his
heart was free from care:

“Ye have scarce the soul of a louse,” he said, “but
the roots of sin are there,

And for that sin should ye come in were I the
lord alone.

But sinful pride has rule inside—and mightier
than my own.

Honor and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each his
priest and whore:

Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they’d
torture sore.

Ye are neither spirit nor spirk,” he said; “ye are
neither book nor brute—

Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of
Man’s repute.

I’m all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that I should
mock your pain,

But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come
back again.

Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the grim
black stallions wait—

They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed, lest
ye come too late!

Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back
with an open eye,

And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever
ye come to die:

That the sin they do by two and two they must
pay for one by one—

And . . . the God that you took from a
printed book be with you, Tomlinson!"

THE GALLEY SLAVE

Oh, gallant was our galley from her carven
steering-wheel

To her figurehead of silver and her beak of ham-
mered steel;

The leg-bar chafed the ankle, and we gasped for
cooler air,

But no galley on the water with our galley could
compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts
were stepped in gold—

We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the
hold;

The white foam spun behind us, and the black
shark swam below,

As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we
made that galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we reveled now and
then—

If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought
and loved like men!

As we snatched her through the water, so we
snatched a minute's bliss,

And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the
lover's kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us in
the dark—

They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved
them to the shark—

We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the
galley sped,

We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn
our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-
bit gang were we—

The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters
of the sea!

By the hands that drove her forward as she
plunged and yawed and sheered,

Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there any-
thing we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it, and a wilder
never blew,

Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the
galley struggle through,

Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness,
Sorrow, Parting, Death?

Nay, our very babes would mock you, had they
time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley, and another takes
my place;

There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it stand
a little space.

I am free—to watch my messmates beating out
to open main,

Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle
sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of
clinging steel,

By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars
that never heal;

By eyes grown old with staring through the sun-
wash on the brine,

I am paid in full for service—would that service
still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe
the years bring forth,

Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers
of the North.

When the niggers break the hatches, and the
decks are gay with gore,

And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on
the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun,
or rocket-flare,

When the cry for help goes seaward, she will
find her servants there.

Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts
of years gone by,

To the bench that broke their manhood, they shall
lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted,
shipped away—

Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale
that day,

When the skies are black above them, and the
decks ablaze beneath,
And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-
knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave
to row once more—
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take
awhile his oar.
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her
service then?
God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have
lived and toiled with Men!

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER

A GREAT and glorious thing it is
To learn, for seven years or so,
The Lord knows what of that and this,
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—
The flying bullet down the Pass,
That whistles clear: "All flesh is grass."

Three hundred pounds per annum spent
On making brain and body meeter
For all the murderous intent
Comprised in "villainous saltpeter!"
And after—ask the Yusufzaies
What comes of all our 'logies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station:—
A canter down some dark defile—
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee *jessail*—
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

No proposition Euclid wrote,
 No formulæ the text-books know,
Will turn the bullet from your coat,
 Or ward the tulwar's downward blow.
Strike hard who cares—shoot straight who can—
The odds are on the cheaper man.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp
 Will pay for all the school expenses
Of any Kurrum Valley scam
 Who knows no word or moods and tenses,
But, being blessed with perfect sight,
Picks off our messmates left and right.

With home-bred hordes the hillsides teem,
 The troop-ships bring us one by one,
At vast expense of time and steam,
 To slay Afridis where they run.
The "captives of our bow and spear"
Are cheap—alas! as we are dear.

THE BETROTHED

“You must choose between me and your cigar.”

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie
and I are out.

We quarreled about Havanas—we fought o’er a
good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am
a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on
Maggie’s face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie’s a loving
lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must winkle, the truest
of loves must pass.

There’s peace in a Laranaga, there’s calm in a
Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and
thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe
and brown—

But I could not throw away Maggie for fear
o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and dour and
old—

With never another Maggie to purchase for love
or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been the dark
of the Days that Are,

And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the
butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep
in your pocket—

With never a new one to light tho' it's charred
and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a
while—

Here is a mild Manilla—there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought with
a ring,

Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a string?

Counselors cunning and silent—comforters true
and tried,

And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival
bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time
of woes,

Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my
eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in re-
turn,

With only a *Suttce's* passion—to do their duty
and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent
and dead,

Five times other fifties shall be my servants in-
stead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the
Spanish Main,

When they hear my harem is empty, will send me
my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food
for their mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the
showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will
I tempt their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who
read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my
Choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great
god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a
twelvemonth clear,
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of
seven years;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with
the cherry light

Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure
and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie
and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-
the Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave
me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow
the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should
abandon *you*?

A million surplus Maggie are willing to bear the
yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar
is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn
vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie
for spouse!

IN SPRINGTIME

My garden blazes brightly with the rosebush and
the peach,

And the *kōil* sings above it, in the *siris* by the
well,

From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's
chattering speech,

And the blue-jay screams and flutters where
the cherry *sat-bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the *kōil*'s
note is strange;

I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-
burdened bough.

Give me back the leafless woodlands where the
winds of Springtime range—

Give me back one day in England, for it's
Spring in England now!

Through the pines the gusts are blooming, o'er
the brown fields blowing chill,

From the furrow of the plowshare streams
the fragrance of the loam,

And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and the
jackdaw in the hill,

And my heart is back in England mid the
sights and sounds of Home.

But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of
rose and peach is;

Ah! *koi*l, little *koi*l, singing on the *siris* bough,
In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless
bell-like speech is—

Can *you* tell me aught of England or of
Spring in England now?

TWO MONTHS

IN JUNE

No hope, no change! The clouds have shut
us in

And through the cloud the sullen Sun strikes
down

Full on the bosom of the tortured Town.
Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease.
And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in
spite

Glares through the haze and mocks with watery
light
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.

Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The light-
nings fly
In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.

What Truce with Dawn? Look, from the aching sky,
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

IN SEPTEMBER

At dawn there was a murmur in the trees,
A ripple on the tank, and in the air
Presage of coming coolness—everywhere
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.
Up leapt the sun and smote the dust to gold,
And strove to parch anew the heedless land,
All impotently, as a King grown old
Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his
hand.

One after one, the lotos-petals fell,
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year
In mutiny against a furious sky;
And far-off Winter whispered: "It is well!
Hot Summer dies. Behold, your help is near,
For when men's need is sorest, then come I."

THE END

THE COURTING OF
DINAH SHADD

BOOK II

Introduction

It would be difficult to answer the general question whether the books of the world grow, as they multiply, as much better as one might suppose they ought, with such a lesson of wasteful experiment spread perpetually behind them. There is no doubt, however, that in one direction we profit largely by this education: whether or not we have become wiser to fashion, we have certainly become keener to enjoy. We have acquired the sense of a particular quality which is precious beyond all others—so precious as to make us wonder where, at such a rate, our posterity will look for it, and how they will pay for it. After tasting many essences we find freshness the sweetest of all. We yearn for it, we watch for it and lie in wait for it, and when we catch it on the wing (it flits by so fast we celebrate our capture with extravagance. We feel that after so much has come and gone it is more and more of a feat and a *tour de force* to be fresh. The tormenting part of the phenomenon is that, in any particular key, it can happen but once—by a sad failure of the law that inculcates the repetition of goodness. It is terribly a matter of accident; emulation and imitation have a fatal effect upon it. It is easy to see, therefore, what importance

the epicure may attach to the brief moment of its bloom. While that lasts we all are epicures.

This helps to explain, I think, the unmistakable intensity of the general relish for Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His bloom lasts, from month to month, almost surprisingly—by which I mean that he has not worn out even by active exercise the particular property that made us all so precipitately drop everything else to attend to him. He has many others which he will doubtless always keep; but a part of the potency attaching to his freshness, what makes it as exciting as a drawing of lots, is our instinctive conviction that he can not, in the nature of things, keep that; so that our enjoyment of him, so long as the miracle is still wrought, has both the charm of confidence and the charm of suspense. And then there is the further charm, with Mr. Kipling, that this same freshness is such a very strange affair of its kind—so mixed and various and cynical, and, in certain lights, so contradictory of itself. The extreme recentness of his inspiration is as enviable as the tale is startling that his productions tell of his being at home, domesticated and initiated, in this wicked and weary world. At times he strikes us as shockingly precocious, at others as serenely wise. On the whole, he presents himself as a strangely clever youth who has stolen the formidable mask of maturity and rushes about, making people jump with the deep sounds,

the sportive exaggerations of tone, that issue from its painted lips. He has this mark of a real vocation that different spectators may like him—must like him, I should almost say—for different things; and this refinement of attraction, that to those who reflect even upon their pleasures he has as much to say as to those who never reflect upon anything. Indeed there is a certain amount of room for surprise in the fact that, being so much the sort of figure that the hardened critic likes to meet, he should also be the sort of figure that inspires the multitude with confidence—for a complicated air is, in general, the last thing that does this.

By the critic who likes to meet such a bristling adventurer as Mr. Kipling I mean of course the critic for whom the happy accident of character, whatever form it may take, is more of a bribe to interest than the promise of some character cherished in theory—the appearance of justifying some foregone conclusion as to what a writer or a book “ought,” in the Ruskinian sense, to be; the critic, in a word, who has, *a priori*, no rule for a literary production but that it shall have genuine life. Such a critic (he gets much more out of his opportunities, I think, than the other sort) likes a writer exactly in proportion as he is a challenge, an appeal to interpretation, intelligence, ingenuity, to what is elastic in the critical mind—in proportion indeed as he may be a negation of things familiar and taken for granted. He feels in this

case how much more play and sensation there is for himself.

Mr. Kipling, then, has the character that furnishes plenty of play and of vicarious experience—that makes any perceptive reader foresee a rare luxury. He has the great merit of being a compact and convenient illustration of the surest source of interest in any painter of life—that of having an identity as marked as a window-frame. He is one of the illustrations, taken near at hand, that help to clear up the vexed question in the novel or the tale, of kinds, camps, schools, distinctions, the right way and the wrong way; so very positively does he contribute to the showing that there are just as many kinds, as many ways, as many forms and degrees of the “right,” as there are personal points in view. It is the blessing of the art he practices that it is made up of experience conditioned, infinitely, in this personal way—the sum of the feeling of life as reproduced by innumerable natures; natures that feel through all their differences, testify through their diversities. These differences, which make the identity, are of the individual; they form the channel by which life flows through him, and how much he is able to give us of life—in other words, how much he appeals to us—depends on whether they form it solidly.

This hardness of the conduit, cemented with a rare assurance, is perhaps the most striking idiosyncrasy of Mr. Kipling; and what makes it more

remarkable is that accident of his extreme youth which, if we talk about him at all, we can not affect to ignore. I can not pretend to give a biography or a chronology of the author of "Soldiers Three," but I can not overlook the general, the importunate fact that, confidently as he has caught the trick and habit of this sophisticated world, he has not been long of it. His extreme youth is indeed what I may call his window-bar—the support on which he somewhat rowdily leans while he looks down at the human scene with his pipe in his teeth; just as his other conditions (to mention only some of them), are his prodigious facility, which is only less remarkable than his stiff selection; his unabashed temperament, his flexible talent, his smoking-room manner, his familiar friendship with India—established so rapidly, and so completely under his control; his delight in battle, his "cheek" about women—and indeed about men and about everything; his determination not to be duped, his "imperial" fiber, his love of the inside view, the private soldier and the primitive man. I must add further to this list of attractions the remarkable way in which he makes us aware that he has been put up to the whole thing directly by life (miraculously, in his teens), and not by the communications of others. These elements, and many more, constitute a singularly robust little literary character (our use of the diminutive is altogether a note of endearment and enjoyment which, if it has the rattle of high

spirits and is in no degree apologetic or shrinking, yet offers a very liberal pledge in the way of good faith and immediate performance. Mr. Kipling's performance comes off before the more circumspect have time to decide whether they like him or not, and if you have seen it once you will be sure to return to the show. He makes us pick up our ears to the good news that in the smoking-room too there may be artists; and indeed to an intimation still more refined—that the latest development of the modern also may be, most successfully, for the canny artist to put his victim off his guard by imitating the amateur (superficially, of course) to the life.

These, then, are some of the reasons why Mr. Kipling may be dear to the analyst as well as, M. Renan says, to the simple. The simple may like him because he is wonderful about India, and India has not been "done;" while there is plenty left for the morbid reader in the surprises of his skill and the *floriture* of his form, which are so oddly independent of any distinctive literary note in him, any bookish association. It is as one of the morbid that the writer of these remarks (which doubtless only too shamefully betray his character) exposes himself as most consentingly under the spell. The freshness arising from a subject that—by a good fortune I do not mean to underestimate—has never been "done," is after all less of an affair to build upon than the freshness residing in the temper of the artist. Happy in-

deed is Mr. Kipling, who can command so much of both kinds. It is still as one of the morbid, no doubt—that is, as one of those who are capable of sitting up all night for a new impression of talent, of scouring the trodden field for one little spot of green—that I find our young author quite most curious in his air, and not only in his air, but in his evidently very real sense, of knowing his way about life. Curious in the highest degree and well worth attention is such an idiosyncrasy as this in a young Anglo-Saxon. We meet it with familiar frequency in the budding talents of France, and it startles and haunts us for an hour. After an hour, however, the mystery is apt to fade, for we find that the wondrous initiation is not in the least general, is only exceedingly special, and is, even with this limitation, very often rather conventional. In a word, it is with the ladies that the young Frenchman takes his ease, and more particularly with ladies selected expressly to make this attitude convincing. When *they* have let him off, the dimnesses too often encompass him. But for Mr. Kipling there are no dimnesses anywhere, and if the ladies are indeed violently distinct they are not only strong notes in a universal loudness. This loudness fills the ears of Mr. Kipling's admirers (it lacks sweetness, no doubt, for those who are not of the number), and there is really only one strain that is absent from it—the voice, as it were, of the civilized man: in whom I of course also include the civilized woman. But this

is an element that for the present one does not miss—every other note is so articulate and direct.

It is a part of the satisfaction the author gives us that he can make us speculate as to whether he will be able to complete his picture altogether (this is as far as we presume to go in meddling with the question of his future) without bringing in the complicated soul. On the day he does so, if he handles it with anything like the cleverness he has already shown, the expectation of his friends will take a great bound. Meanwhile, at any rate, we have Mulvaney, and Mulvaney is after all tolerably complicated. He is only a six-foot saturated Irish private, but he is a considerable pledge of more to come. Hasn't he, for that matter, the tongue of a hoarse siren, and hasn't he also mysteries and infinitudes almost Carlylese? Since I am speaking of him I may as well say that, as an evocation, he has probably led captive those of Mr. Kipling's readers who have most given up resistance. He is a piece of portraiture of the largest, vividest kind, growing and growing on the painter's hands without ever outgrowing them. I can't help regarding him, in a certain sense, as Mr. Kipling's tutelary deity—a landmark in the direction in which it is open to him to look furthest. If the author will only go as far in this direction as Mulvaney is capable of taking him (and the inimitable Irishman is, like Voltaire's Habakkuk, *capable de tout*), he may still discover a treasure and find a reward for the

services he has rendered the winner of Dinah Shadd. I hasten to add that the truly appreciative reader should surely have no quarrel with the primitive element in Mr. Kipling's subject-matter, or with what, for want of a better name, I may call his love of low life. What is that but essentially a part of his freshness? And for what part of his freshness are we exactly more thankful than for just this smart jostle that he gives the old stupid superstition that the amiability of a story-teller is the amiability of the people he represents—that their vulgarity, or depravity, or gentility, or fatuity are tantamount to the same qualities in the painter itself? A blow from which, apparently, it will not easily recover is dealt this infantine philosophy by Mr. Howells when, with the most distinguished dexterity and all the detachment of a master, he handles some of the clumsiest, crudest most human things in life—answering surely thereby the play-goers in the sixpenny gallery who howl at the representative of the villain when he comes before the curtain.

Nothing is more refreshing than this active, disinterested sense of the real; it is doubtless the quality for the want of more of which our English and American fiction has turned so woefully stale. We are ridden by the old conventionalities of type and small proprieties of observance—by the foolish baby-formula (to put it sketchily) of the picture and the subject. Mr. Kipling has all the air

of being disposed to lift the whole business off the nursery carpet, and of being perhaps even more able than he is disposed. One must hasten of course to parenthesize that there is not, intrinsically, a bit more luminosity in treating of low life and of primitive man than of those whom civilization has kneaded to a finer paste: the only luminosity in either case is in the intelligence with which the thing is done. But it so happens that, among ourselves, the frank, capable outlook, when turned upon the vulgar majority, the coarse, receding edges of the social perspective, borrows a charm from being new; such a charm as, for instance, repetition has already despoiled it of among the French—the hapless French who pay the penalty as well as enjoy the glow of living intellectually so much faster than we. It is the most inexorable part of our fate that we grow tired of everything, and of course in due time we may grow tired even of what explorers shall come back to tell us about the great grimy condition, or, with unprecedented items and details, about the gray middle state which darkens into it. But the explorers, bless them! may have a long day before that; it is early to trouble about reactions, so that we must give them the benefit of every presumption. We are thankful for any boldness and any sharp curiosity, and that is why we are thankful for Mr. Kipling's general spirit and for most of his excursions.

Many of these, certainly, are into a region not

to be designated as superficially dim, though indeed the author always reminds us that India is above all the land of mystery. A large part of his high spirits, and of ours, comes doubtless from the amusement of such vivid, heterogeneous material, from the irresistible magic of scorching suns, subject empires, uncanny religions, uneasy garrisons and smothered-up women—from heat and color and danger and dust. India is a portentous image, and we are duly awed by the familiarities it undergoes at Mr. Kipling's hand and by the fine impunity, the sort of fortune that favors the brave, of *his* want of awe. An abject humility is not his strong point, but he gives us something instead of it—vividness and drollery, the vision and the thrill of many things, the misery and strangeness of most, the personal sense of a hundred queer contacts and risks. And then in the absence of respect he has plenty of knowledge, and if knowledge, should fail him he would have plenty of invention. Moreover, if invention should ever fail him, he would still have the lyric string and the patriotic chord, on which he plays admirably; so that it may be said he is a man of resources. What he gives us, above all, is the feeling of the English manner and the English blood in conditions they have made at once so much and so little their own; with manifestations grotesque enough in some of his satiric sketches and deeply impressive in some of his anecdotes of individual responsibility.

His Indian impressions divide themselves into three groups, one of which, I think, very much outshines the others. First to be mentioned are the tales of native life, curious glimpses of custom and superstition, dusky matters not beholden of the many, for which the author has a remarkable *flair*. Then comes the social, the Anglo-Indian episode, the study of administrative and military types, and of the wonderful rattling, riding ladies who, at Simla and more desperate stations, look out for husbands and lovers; often, it would seem, and husbands and lovers of others. The most brilliant group is devoted wholly to the common soldier, and of this series it appears to me that too much good is hardly to be said. Here Mr. Kipling, with all his off-handedness, is a master; for we are held not so much by the greater or less oddity of the particular yarn—sometimes it is scarcely a yarn at all, but something much less artificial—as by the robust attitude of the narrator, who never arranges or glosses or falsifies, but makes straight for the common and the characteristic. I have mentioned the great esteem in which I hold Mulvaney—surely a charming man and one qualified to adorn a higher sphere. Mulvaney is a creation to be proud of, and his two comrades stand as firm on their legs. In spite of Mulvaney's social possibilities, they are all three finished brutes; but it is precisely in the finish that we delight. Whatever Mr. Kipling may relate

about them forever will encounter readers equally fascinated and unable to justify their faith.

Are not those literary pleasures after all the most intense which are the most perverse and whimsical, and even indefensible? There is a logic in them somewhere, but it often lies below the plummet of criticism. The spell may be weak in a writer who has every reasonable and regular claim, and it may be irresistible in one who presents himself with a style corresponding to a bad hat. A good hat is better than a bad one, but a conjurer may wear either. Many a reader will never be able to say what secret human force lays its hand upon him when Private Ortheris, having sworn "quietly into the blue sky," goes mad with homesickness by the yellow river and raves for the basest sights and sounds of London. I can scarcely tell why I think "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" a masterpiece (though, indeed, I can make a shrewd guess at one of the reasons), nor would it be worth while perhaps to attempt to defend the same pretension in regard to "On Greenhow Hill"—much less to trouble the tolerant readers of these remarks with a statement of how many more performances in the nature of "The End of the Passage" (quite admitting even that they might not represent Mr. Kipling at his best) I am conscious of a latent relish for. One might as well admit while one is about it that one has wept profusely over "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," the history of the "Dutch courage" of two

dreadful dirty little boys, who, in the face of Afghans scarcely more dreadful, saved the reputation of their regiment and perished, the least mawkishly in the world, in a squalor of battle incomparably expressed. People who know how peaceful they are themselves and have no bloodshed to reproach themselves with needn't scruple to mention the glamour that Mr. Kipling's intense militarism has for them, and how astonishing and contagious they find it, in spite of the unromantic complexion of it—the way it bristles with all sorts of uglinesses and technicalities. Perhaps that is why I go all the way even with "The Gadsbys"—the Gadsbys were so connected (uncomfortably, it is true) with the army. There is fearful fighting—or a fearful danger of it—in "The Man Who Would be King:" is that the reason we are deeply affected by this extraordinary tale? It is one of them, doubtless, for Mr. Kipling has many reasons, after all, on his side, though they don't equally call aloud to be uttered.

One more of them, at any rate, I must add to these unsystematized remarks—it is the one I spoke of a shrewd guess at in alluding to "The Courting of Dinah Shadd." The talent that produces such a tale is a talent eminently in harmony with the short story, and the short story is, on our side of the Channel and of the Atlantic, a mine which will take a great deal of working. Admirable is the clearness with which Mr. Kipling perceives this—perceives what innumerable chances

it gives, chances of touching life in a thousand different places, taking it up in innumerable pieces, each a specimen and an illustration. In a word, he appreciates the episode, and there are signs to show that this shrewdness will, in general, have long innings. It will find the detachable, compressible "case" and admirable, flexible form; the cultivation of which may well add to the mistrust already entertained by Mr. Kipling, if his manner does not betray him, for what is clumsy and tasteless in the time-honored practice of the "plot." It will fortify him in the conviction that the vivid picture has a greater communicative value than the Chinese puzzle. There is little enough "plot" in such a perfect little piece of hard representation as "The End of the Passage," to cite again only the most salient of twenty examples.

But I am speaking of our author's future, which is the luxury that I meant to forbid myself—precisely because the subject is so tempting. There is nothing in the world (for the prophet) so charming as to prophesy, and as there is nothing so inconclusive the tendency should be repressed in proportion as the opportunity is good. There is a certain want of courtesy to a peculiarly contemporaneous present even in speculating, with a dozen differential precautions, on the question of what will become in the later hours of the day of a talent that has got up so early. Mr. Kipling's actual performance is like a tremendous

walk before breakfast, making one welcome the idea of the meal, but consider with some alarm the hours still to be traversed. Yet if his breakfast is all to come, the indications are that he will be more active than ever after he has had it. Among these indications are the unflagging character of his pace and the excellent form, as they say in athletic circles, in which he gets over the ground. We don't detect him stumbling; on the contrary, he steps out quite as briskly as at first, and still more firmly. There is something zealous and craftsman-like in him which shows that he feels both joy and responsibility. A whimsical, wanton reader, haunted by a recollection of all the good things he has seen spoiled; by a sense of the miserable, or, at any rate, the inferior, in so many continuations and endings, is almost capable of perverting poetic justice to the idea that it would be even positively well for so surprising a producer to remain simply the fortunate, suggestive, unconfirmed and unqualified representative of what he has actually done. We can always refer to that.

HENRY JAMES.

THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD

I

ALL day I had followed at the heels of a pursuing army, engaged on one of the finest battles that ever camp of exercise beheld. Thirty thousand troops had by the wisdom of the government of India been turned loose over a few thousand square miles of country to practise in peace what they would never attempt in war. The Army of the South had finally pierced the center of the Army of the North, and was pouring through the gap hot-foot, to capture a city of strategic importance. Its front extended fanwise, the sticks being represented by regiments strung out along the line of route backward to the divisional transport columns, and all the lumber that trails behind an army on the move. On its right the broken left of the Army of the North was flying in mass, chased by the Southern horse and hammered by the Southern guns, till these had been pushed far beyond the limits of their last support. Then the flying Army of the North sat down to rest, while the commandant of the pursuing force tele-

graphed that he held it in check and observation.

Unluckily he did not observe that three miles to his right flank a flying column of Northern horse, with a detachment of Ghoorkhas and British troops, had been pushed round, as fast as the falling light allowed, to cut across the entire rear of the Southern Army, to break, as it were, all the ribs of the fan where they converged, by striking at the transport reserve, ammunition, and artillery supplies. Their instructions were to go in, avoiding the few scouts who might not have been drawn off by the pursuit, and create sufficient excitement to impress the Southern Army with the wisdom of guarding their own flank and rear before they captured cities. It was a pretty maneuver, neatly carried out.

Speaking for the second division of the Southern Army, our first intimation of it was at twilight, when the artillery were laboring in deep sand, most of the escort were trying to help them out, and the main body of the infantry had gone on. A Noah's ark of elephants, camels, and the mixed menagerie of an Indian transport train bubbled and squealed behind the guns, when there rose up from nowhere in particular British infantry to the extent of three companies, who sprung to the heads of the gunhorses, and brought all to a standstill amid oaths and cheers.

"How's that, umpire?" said the major commanding the attack, and with one voice the drivers

and limber gunners answered, "Hout!" while the colonel of artillery sputtered.

"All your scouts are charging our main body," said the major. "Your flanks are unprotected for two miles. I think we've broken the back of this division. And listen! there go the Ghoorkhas!"

A weak fire broke from the rear-guard more than a mile away, and was answered by cheerful howlings. The Ghoorkhas, who should have swung clear of the second division, had stepped on its tail in the dark, but, drawing off, hastened to reach the next line, which lay almost parallel to us, five or six miles away.

Our column swayed and surged irresolutely—three batteries, the divisional ammunition reserve, the baggage, and a section of hospital and bearer corps. The commandant ruefully promised to report himself "cut up" to the nearest umpire, and commending his cavalry and all other cavalry to the care of Eblis, toiled on to resume touch with the rest of the division.

"We'll bivouac here to-night," said the major. "I have a notion that the Ghoorkhas will get caught. They may want us to reform on. Stand easy till the transport gets away."

A hand caught my beast's bridle and led him out of the choking dust; a larger hand deftly canted me out of the saddle and two of the hugest hands in the world received me sliding. Pleasant is the lot of the special correspondent who falls

into such hands as those of Privates Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd.

"An' that's all right," said the Irishman, calmly. "We thought we'd find you somewheres here by. Is there anything of yours in the transport? Orth'ris'll fetch ut out."

Ortheris did "fetch ut out" from under the trunk of an elephant, in the shape of a servant and an animal, both laden with medical comforts. The little man's eyes sparkled.

"If the brutil an' licentious soldiery av these parts gets sight av the thruck," said Mulvaney, making practiced investigation, "they'll loot ev'ry-thing. They're bein' fed on iron-filin's an' dog biscuit these days, but glory's no compensation for a bellyache. Praise be, we're here to protect you, sorr. Beer, sausage, bread (soft, an' that's a cur'osity), soup in a tin, whisky by the smell av ut, an' fowls. Mother av Moses, but ye take the field like a confectioner! 'Tis scand'lus."

"'Ere's a orficer," said Ortheris, significantly. "When the sergent's done lushin', the privit may clean the pot."

I bundled several things into Mulvaney's haversack before the major's hand fell on my shoulder, and he said, tenderly: "Requisitioned for the Queen's service. Wolseley was quite wrong about special correspondents. They are the best friends of the soldier. Come an' take pot-luck with us to-night."

And so it happened amid laughter and shout-

ings that my well-considered commissariat melted away to reappear on the mess-table, which was a water-proof sheet spread on the ground. The flying column had taken three days' rations with it, and there be few things nastier than government rations—especially when government is experimenting with German toys. Erbswurst, tinned beef, of surpassing tinniness, compressed vegetables, and meat biscuits may be nourishing, but what Thomas Atkins wants is bulk in his inside. The major, assisted by his brother officers, purchased goats for the camp, and so made the experiment of no effect. Long before the fatigue-party sent to collect brushwood had returned, the men were settled down by their valises, kettles and pots had appeared from the surrounding country, and were dangling over fires as the kid and the compressed vegetables bubbled together; there rose a cheerful clinking of mess tins, outrageous demands for a "little more stuffin' with that there liver wing," and gust on gust of chaff as pointed as a bayonet and as delicate as a gun-butt.

"The boys are in a good temper," said the major. "They'll be singing presently. Well, a night like this is enough to keep them happy."

Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a gray shadow more unreal than the sky. We

could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry five leagues away to the left. A native woman in some unseen hut began to sing, the mail train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story.

The men, full fed, turned to tobacco and song—their officers with them. Happy is the subaltern who can win the approval of the musical critics in his regiment, and is honored among the more intricate step dancers. By him, as by him who plays cricket craftily, will Thomas Atkins stand in time of need when he will let a better officer go on alone. The ruined tombs of forgotten Mussulman saints heard the ballad of "Agra Town," "The Buffalo Battery," "Marching to Cabul," "The long, long Indian Day," "The Place Where the Punkah Coolie Died," and that crashing chorus which announces

"Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Firm hand, and eagle eye
Must he acquire who would aspire
To see the gray boar die"

To-day, of all those jovial thieves who appropriated my commissariat, and lay and laughed round that water-proof sheet, not one remains. They went to camps that were not of exercise, and

battles without umpires. Burmah, the Soudan, and the frontier fever and fight took them in their time.

I drifted across to the men's fires in search of Mulvaney, whom I found greasing his feet by the blaze. There is nothing particularly lovely in the sight of a private thus engaged after a long day's march, but when you reflect on the exact proportion of the "night majesty, dominion, and power" of the British Empire that stands on those feet, you take an interest in the proceedings.

"There's a blister—bad luck to ut!—on the heel," said Mulvaney. "I can't touch it. Prick ut out, little man."

Ortheris produced his housewife, eased the trouble with a needle, stabbed Mulvaney in the calf with the same weapon, and was incontinently kicked into the fire.

"I've bruk the best av my toes over you, ye grin-nin' child av disruption!" said Mulvaney, sitting cross-legged and nursing his feet; then, seeing me: "Oh, ut's you, sorr! Be welkim, an' take that maraudin' scut's place. Jock, hould him down on the cindhers for a bit."

But Ortheris escaped and went elsewhere as I took possession of the hollow he had scraped for himself and lined with his grea' oat. Learoyd, on the other side of the fire, grinned affably, and in a minute fell fast asleep.

"There's the height av politeness for you," said Mulvaney, lighting his pipe with a flaming branch.

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"But Jock's eaten half a box av your sardines at wan gulp, an I think the tin too. What's the best wid you, sorr; an' how did you happen to be on the losin' side this day when we captured you?"

"The Army of the South is winning all along the line," I said.

"Thin that line's the hangman's rope, savin' your presence. You'll learn to-morrow how we retreated to dhraw thim on before we made thim trouble, an' that's what a woman does. By the same token, we'll be attacked before the dawnin' an' ut would be betther not to slip your boots. How do I know that? By the light av pure reason. Here are three companies av us ever so far inside av the enemy's flank, an' a crowd av roarin', t'arin', an' squealin' cavalry gone on just to turn out the whole nest av thim. Av course the enemy will pursue by brigades like as not, an' then we'll have to run for ut. Mark my words. I am av the opinion av Polonius, whin he said: 'Don't fight wid ivry scut for the pure joy av fightin'; but if you do, knock the nose av him first an' frequent!' We ought to ha' gone on an' helped the Ghoorkhas."

"But what do you know about Polonius?" I demanded. This was a new side of Mulvaney's character.

"All that Shakespeare ever wrote, an' a dale more that the gallery shouted," said the man of war, carefully lacing his boots. "Did I not tell you av Silver's Theater in Dublin whin I was

younger than I am now, an' a patron av the drama? Ould Silver wud never pay actor, man or woman, their just dues, an' by consequence his comp'nies was collapsible at the last minut. Then the bhoys would clamor to take a part, an' oft as not ould Silver made them pay for the fun. Faith, I've seen Hamlut played wid a new black eye, an' the Queen as full as a cornucopia. I remember wanst Hogin, that 'listed in the Black Tyrone an' was shot in South Africa, he sejuiced ould Silver into givin' him Hamlut's part instid av me, that had a fine fancy for rhetoric in those days. Av course I wint into the gallery an' began to fill the pit wid other people's hats, an' I passed the time av day to Hogin walkin' through Denmark like a hamstrung mule wid a pall on his back. 'Hamlut,' sez I, 'there's a hole in your heel. Pull up your shtockin's, Hamlut,' sez I. 'Hamlut, Hamlut, for the love av decincy, dhrop that skull, an' pull up your shtockin's.' The whole house began to tell him that. He stopped his soliloquishms mid between. 'My shtockin's may be comin down, or they may not,' sez he, screwin' his eye into the gallery, for well he knew who I was; 'but afther the performance is over, me an' the Ghost'll trample the guts out av you, Terence, wid your ass's bray.' An' that's how I come to know about Hamlut. Eyah! Those days, those days! Did you iver have onendin' devilmint, an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?"

"Never without having to pay," I said.

"That's thrue. 'Tis mane, whin you considher on ut; but ut's the same wid horse or fut. A headache if you dhrink, an' a bellyache if you eat too much, an' a heartache to kape all down. Faith, the beast only gets the colic, an' he's the lucky man."

He dropped his head and stared into the fire, fingering his mustache the while. From the far side of the bivouac the voice of Corbet Nolan, senior subaltern of B Company, uplifted itself in an ancient and much-appreciated song of sentiment, the men moaning melodiously behind him:

"The north wind blew coldly, she dropped from that hour,
My own little Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen.
Kathleen, my Kathleen, Kathleen O Moore!"

with forty-five o's in the last word. Even at that distance you might have cut the soft South Irish accent with a shovel.

"For all we take we must pay; but the price is erred high," murmured Mulvaney when the chorists had ceased.

"What's the trouble?" I said gently, for I knew that he was a man of an inextinguishable sorrow.

"Hear now," said he. "Ye know what I am now. I know what I mint to be at the beginnin' av my service. I've tould you time an' again, an' what I have not, Dinah Shadd has. An' what am I? Oh, Mary Mother av Hiven! an ould dhrunken, untrustable baste av a privit that has seen the regiment change out from colonel to

drummer-boy, not wanst or twict, but scores av times! Ay, scores! An' me not so near gettin' promotion as in the furst. An' me livin' on an kapin' clear o' clink not by my own good conduct, but the kindness av some orf-cer-bhoy young enough to be son to me! Do I not know ut? Can I not tell whin I'm passed over at p'rade, tho' I'm rockin' full av liquor an' ready to fall in wan piece, such as even a suckin' child might see, bekase, 'Oh, 'tis only ould Mulvaney!' An' whin I'm let off in the ord'ly-room, through some thrick av the tongue an' a ready answer an' the ould man's mercy, is ut smilin' I feel whin I fall away an' go back to Dinah Shadd, thryin' to carry ut all off as a joke? Not I. 'Tis hell to me—dumb hell through ut all; an' next time whin the fit comes I will be as bad again. Good cause the reg'ment has to know me for the best soldier in ut. Better cause have I to know mesilf for the worst man. I'm only fit to tache the new drafts what I'll never learn myself; an' I am sure as tho' I heard ut, that the minut wan av these pii k-eyed recruits gets away from my 'Mind ye, now,' an' 'Listen to this, Jim, bhoy,' sure I am that the sergint houlds me up to him for a warnin.' So I tache, as they say at musketry instruction, by direct an' ricochet fire. Lord be good to me! for I have stud some trouble."

"Lie down and go to sleep," said I, not being able to comfort or advise. "You're the best man in the regiment, and, next to Ortheris, the biggest

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fool. Lie down, and wait till we're attacked. What force will they turn out? Guns, think you?"

"Thry that wid your lorr-els an' ladies, twistin' an' turnin' the talk, tho' you mint ut well. Ye cud say nothin' to help me; an' yet ye never knew what cause I had to be what I am."

"Begin at the beginning and go on to the end," I said, royally. "But rake up the fire a bit first." I passed Ortheris' bayonet for a poker.

"That shows how little you know what to do," said Mulvaney, putting it aside. "Fire takes all the heart out av the steel, an' the next time, maybe, that our little man is fightin' for his life his brad-awl'll break, an' so you'll 'ave killed him, m'anin' no more than to kape yourself warm. 'Tis a recruitie's thrick that. Pass the cl'anin'-rod, sorr."

I snuggled down, abashed, and after an interval the low, even voice of Mulvaney began.

II

"DID I ever tell you how Dinah Shadd came to be wife av mine?"

I dissembled a burning anxiety that I had felt for some months—ever since Dinah Shadd, the strong, the patient, and the infinitely tender, had, of her own good love and free will, washed a shirt for me, moving in a barren land where washing was not.

"I can't remember," I said, casually. "Was it before or after you made love to Annie Bragin, and got no satisfaction?"

The story of Annie Bragin is written in another place. It is one of the many episodes in Mulvaney's checkered career.

"Before—before—long before was that business av Annie Bragin an' the corp'ril's ghost. Never woman was the worse for me whin I had married Dinah. There's a time for all things, an' I know how to kape all things in place—barrin' dhrink, that kapes me in my place, wid no hope av comin' to be aught else."

"Begin at the beginning," I insisted, "Mrs. Mulvaney told me that you married her when you were quartered in Krab Bokhar barracks."

"An' the same is a cess-pit," said Mulvaney, piously. "She spoke thrue, did Dinah. 'Twas this way. Talkin' av thot, have ye iver fallen in love, sorr?"

I preserved the silence of the damned. Mulvaney continued:

"Then I will assume that ye have not. *I* did. In the days av my youth, as I have more than wanst tould you, I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the sowl av women. Niver man was hated as I have been. Niver man was loved as I—no, not within half a day's march av ut. For the first five years av my service, whin I was what 't wud give my sowl to be now, I tuk

whatever was widin my reach, an' digested ut, an' that's more than most men can say. Dhrink I tuk; an' ut did me no harm. By the hollow av Hiven, I could play wid four women at wanst, an' kape thim from findin' out anything about the other three, and smile like a full-blown marigold through ut all. Dick Coulhan, of the battery we'll have down on us to-night, could dhrive his team no better than I mine; an' I hild the worser cattle. An' so I lived an' so I was happy till afther that business wid Annie Bragin—she that turned me off as cool as a meat-safe, an' taught me where I stud in the mind av an honest woman. 'Twas no sweet dose to take.

"Afther that I sickened awhile an' tuk thought to my reg'mental work, conceiting mesilf I wud study an' be a sargint, an' a major-gineral twinty minutes afther that. But on top o' my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my sowl, an' me own opinion av mesilf cud not fill ut. Sez I to mesilf: 'Terence, you're a great man an' the best set up in the reg'ment. Go on an' get promotion.' Sez mesilf to me, 'What for?' Sez I to mesilf, 'For the glory av ut.' Sez mesilf to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arums av yours, Terence?' 'Go to the devil,' sez I to mesilf. 'Go to the married lines,' sez mesilf to me. ' 'Tis the same thing,' sez I to mesilf. 'Av you're the same man, ut is,' said mesilf to me. An' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did you iver feel that way, sorr?"

I snored gently, knowing that if Mulvaney were uninterrupted, he would go on. The clamor from the bivouac fires beat up to the stars as the rival singers of the companies were pitted against each other.

"So I felt that way, an' a bad time ut was. Wanst, bein' a fool, I went into the married lines, more for the sake av speakin' to our ould color-sergint Shadd than for any thruck wid wimmen-folk. I was a corp'ril then—rejuiced aftherwards; but a corp'ril then. I've got got a photograft av mesilf to prove ut. 'You'll take a cup av tay wid us?' sez he. 'I will that,' I sez; 'tho' tay is not my divarsion.' "'Twud be better for you if ut were,' sez ould Mother Shadd. An' she had ought to know, for Shadd, in the ind av his service, dhrank bung-full each night.

"Wid that I tuk off my gloves—there was pipe-clay in thim so that they stud alone—an' pulled up my chair, lookin' round at the china ornamentals an' bits av things in the Shadds' quarters. They were things that belonged to a woman, an' no camp kit, here to-day an' dishipated next. 'You're comfortable in this place, sergint,' sez I. "'Tis the wife that did ut, boy,' sez he, pointin' the stem av his pipe to ould Mother Shadd, an' she smacked the top av his bald head upon the compliment. 'That manes you want money,' sez she.

"An' thin—an' thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to her elbow, an' her hair in a gowlden

glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin' like stars on a frosty night, an' the tread of her two feet lighter than waste paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly-room when ut's emptied. Bein' but a shlip av a girl, she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me mustache an' looked at a picture forninst the wall. Never show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot heels."

"I suppose that's why you followed Annie Bragin till everybody in the married quarters laughed at you," said I, remembering that unhallowed wooing, and casting off the disguise of drowsiness.

"I'm layin' down the ginerall theory av the attack," said Mulvaney, driving his foot into the dying fire. "If you read the 'Soldier's Pocket-Book,' which never any soldier reads, you'll see that there are exceptions. When Dinah was out av the door (an' 'twas as tho' the sunlight had gone too), 'Mother av Hiven, sergint!' sez I, 'but is that your daughter?' 'I've believed that way these eighteen years,' sez ould Shadd, his eyes twinklin'. 'But Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion, like ivry other woman.' 'Tis wid yours this time, for a miracle,' sez Mother Shadd. 'Then why, in the name av fortune, did I never see her before?' sez I. 'Bekaze you've been thraipsin' round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez ould Mother

Shadd. 'I'll thraipse no more,' sez I. 'D'you mane that?' sez ould Mother Shadd, lookin' at me sideways, like a hen looks at a hawk whin the chickens are runnin' free. 'Try me, an' tell,' sez I. Wid that I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tea, an' wint out av the house as stiff as at ginerál p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery window. Faith, that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'lyrman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I went out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkhil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarters or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday mornin'! 'Twas 'Good-day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good-day t'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, an' divil a bit further could I get, bekase av the respect I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin' the trut', an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wud ha' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess av Clonmel in

those days. Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day—ould Dinah, an' never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' never makin' headway excipt through the eyes, that a little drummer-boy grinned in me face whin I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barricks,' sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-trigger those days, you will understand—an' 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbruk.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, howlin'. 'Dempsey which,' sez I, 'ye unwashed limb av Satan?' 'Of the Bobtailed Draghoons,' sez he. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child,' sez I, dhroppin' him, 'your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarters. I'm sorry I dhressed you down.'

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. I was mad to think that wid all my airs among women I shud ha' been ch'ated by a basin-faced fool av a cav'lyrman not fit to trust on a mule thrunk. Presintly I found him in our lines—the Bobtails was quartered next us—an' a tallowy, top-heavy son av a she-mule he was, wid his big brass spurs an' his plastrons on his epigastons an' all. But he niver flinched a hair.

"'A word wid you, Dempsey,' sez I. 'You've

walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.'

"'What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that, ye shovel-futted, clod-breakin', infantry lance-corp'ril.'

"Before I cud gyard, he had his gloved fist home on me cheek, an' down I went full sprawl. 'Will that content you?' sez he, blowin' on his knuckles for all the world like a Scots Greys orf'cer. 'Content?' sez I. 'For your own sake, man, take off your spurs, peel your jackut, and, onglowe. 'Tis the beginnin' av the overture. Stand up!' He stud all he knew, but he niver peeled his jackut, an' his shoulders had no fair play. I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on me cheek. What hope had he forninst me? 'Stand up!' sez I, time an' again, when he was beginnin' to quarter the ground an' gyard high an' go large. 'This isn't ridin'-school,' sez I. 'Oh, man, stand up, an' let me get at ye!' But whin I saw he wud be runnin' about, I grup his shtock in me left an' his waist-belt in me right, an' swung him clear to me right front, head undher, he hammerin' me nose till the wind was knocked out av him on the bare ground. 'Stand up,' sez I, 'or I'll kick your head into your chest.' An' I wud ha' done ut, too, so ragin' mad I was.

"'Me collar-bone's bruk,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.' So I helped him back."

"And was his collar-bone broken?" I asked,

for I fancied that only Learoyd could neatly accomplish that terrible throw.

"He pitched on his left shoulder-point. It was. Next day the news was in both barracks; an' whin I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek like all the reg'-mental tailors' samples, there was no 'Good mornin', corp'ril,' or aught else. 'An' what have I done, Miss Shadd,' sez I, very bould, plantin' mesilf forninst her, 'that ye should not pass the time of day?'

"'Ye've half killed rough-rider Dempsey,' sez she, her dear blue eyes fillin' up.

"'Maybe,' sez I. 'Was he a friend av yours that saw ye home four times in a fortnight?'

"'Yes,' sez she, very bould; but her mouth was down at the corners. 'An—an' what's that to you?'

"'Ask Dempsey,' sez I, purtendin' to go away.

"'Did you fight for me then, ye silly man?' she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

"'Who else?' sez I; an' I tuk wan pace to the front.

"'I wasn't worth ut,' sez she, fingerin' her apron.

"'That's for me to say,' sez I. 'Shall I say ut?'

"'Yes,' sez she, in a saint's whisper; an' at that I explained mesilf; an' she tould me what ivry man that is a man, an' many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

"'But what made ye cry at startin', Dinah, darlin'?' sez I.

“‘Your—your bloody cheek,’ sez she, duckin’ her little head down on my sash (I was duty for the day), an’ whimperin’ like a sorrowful angel.

“Now, a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an’ my first kiss wid it. Mother av innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an undher the eye, an’ a girl that lets a kiss come tumbleways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to ould Mother Shadd, like two little children, an’ she said it was no bad thing; an’ ould Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an’ Dinah ran away to her own room. That day I throd on rollin’ clouds. All earth was too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha’ picked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to me pipe, so magnificent I was. But I tuk recruits at squad-drill, an’ began with general battalion advance when I shud ha’ been balance-stoppin’ ’em. Eyah! that day! that day!”

A very long pause. “Well?” said I.

“It was all wrong,” said Mulvaney, with an enormous sigh. “An’ sure I know that ev’ry bit av ut was me own foolishness. That night I tuk maybe the half av three pints—not enough to turn the hair of a man in his natural sinses. But I was more than half dhrunk wid pure joy, an’ that canteen beer was so much whisky to me. I can’t tell how ut came about, but *bekase* I had no thought for any wan except Dinah, *bekase* I

hadn't slipped her little white arms from me neck five minutes, *bekase* the breath av her kiss was not gone from my mouth, I must go through the married lines on me way to quarters, an' I must stay talkin' to a red-headed Mullingar heifer av a girl, Judy Sheehy, that was daughter to Mother Sheehy, the wife av Nick Sheehy, the canteen sergint—the black curse av Shielygh be on the whole brood that are above groun' this day!

“‘An’ what are ye houldin’ your head that high for, corp’ril?’ sez Judy. ‘Come in an’ thry a cup av tay,’ she sez, standin’ in the doorway.

“‘Bein’ an onbustable fool, an’ thinkin’ av anythin’ but tay, I wint.

“‘Mother’s at canteen,’ sez Judy, smoothin’ the hair av hers that was like red snakes, an’ lookin’ at me cornerways out av her green cat’s eyes. “‘Ye will not mind, corp’ril?’

“‘I can endure,’ sez I. ‘Ould Mother Sheehy bein’ no divarsion av mine, nor her daughter too.’ Judy fetched the tea-things an’ put thim on the table, leanin’ over me very close to get them square. I dhrew back, thinkin’ of Dinah.

“‘Is ut afraid you are av a girl alone?’ sez Judy.

“‘No,’ sez I. ‘Why should I be?’

“‘That rests wid the girl,’ sez Judy, dhrawin’ her chair next to mine.

“‘Thin there let ut rest,’ sez I; an’ thinkin’ I’d been a trifle onpolite, I sez, ‘The tay’s not quite

sweet enough for me taste. Put your little finger in the cup, Judy; 'twill make ut necthar.'

" 'What's necthar?' sez she.

" 'Somethin' very sweet,' sez I; an' for the sinful life av me I wud not help lookin' at her out av the corner av my eye, as I was used to look at a woman.

" 'Go on wid ye, corp'ril,' sez she. 'You're a flirt.'

" 'On me sowl I'm not,' sez I.

" 'Then you're a cruel handsome man, an' that's worse,' sez she, heavin' big sighs an' lookin' cròss-ways.

" 'You know your own mind,' sez I.

" 'Twud be better for me if I did not,' she sez.

" 'There's a dale to be said on both sides av that,' sez I, not thinkin'.

" 'Say your own part av ut, then, Terence, darlin',' sez she; 'for begad I'm thinkin' I've said too much or too little fo an honest girl;' an' wid that she put her arm round me neck an' kissed me.

" 'There's no more to be said afther that,' sez I, kissin' her back again. Oh, the mane scut that I was, my head ringin' wid Dinah Shadd! How does ut come about, sorr, that whin a man has put the comether on wan women he's sure bound to put ut on another? 'Tis the same thing at musketry. Wan day ev'ry shot goes wide or into the bank, an' the next—lay high, lay low, sight or snap,—ye can't get off the bull's-eye for ten shots runnin'."

"That only happens to a man who has had a good deal of experience; he does it without thinking," I replied.

"Thankin' you for the compliment, sorr, ut may be so; but I'm doubtin' whether you mint ut for a compliment. Hear, now. I sat there wid Judy on my knee, tellin' me all manner av nonsense, an' only sayin' 'yes' an' 'no,' when I'd much better ha' kept tongue betune teeth. An' that was not an hour afther I had left Dinah. What I was thinkin' av I cannot say.

"Presently, quiet as a cat, ould Mother Sheehy came in velvet-dhrunk. She had her daughter's red hair, but 'twas bald in patches, an' I cud see in her wicked ould face, clear as lightnin', what Judy wud be twenty year to come. I was for jumpin' up, but Judy niver moved.

"Terence has promust, mother,' sez she, an' the cowl'd sweat bruk out all over me.

"Ould Mother Sheehy sat down of a heap, an' began playin' wid the cups. 'Thin you're a well-matched pair,' she sez, very thick. 'for he's the biggest rogue that iver spoiled the queen's shoe-leather, an'—'

"'I'm off, Judy,' sez I. 'Ye should not talk nonsense to your mother. Get her to bed, girl.'

"'Nonsense?' sez the ould woman, prickin' up her ears like a cat, an' grippin' the table-edge. "'Twill be the most nonsinsical nonsense for you, ye grinnin' badger, if nonsense 'tis. Git clear, you. I'm goin' to bed.'

"I ran out into the dhark, me head in a stew an' me heart sick, but I had sinse enough to see that I'd brought ut all on mesilf. 'It's this to pass the time av day to a panjandhrum of hell-cats,' sez I. 'What I've said an' what I've not said do not matther. Judy an' her dam will hould me for a promust man, an' Dinah will give me the go, an' I deserve ut. I will go an' get dhrunk,' sez I, 'an' forgit about ut, for 'tis plain I'm not a marryin' man.'

"On me way to canteen I ran against Lascelles, color sergint that was av E Comp'ny—a hard, hard man, wid a tormint av a wife. 'You've the head av a drowned man on your shoulders,' sez he, 'an' you're goin' where you'll get a worse wan. Come back,' sez he. 'Let me go,' sez I. 'I've thrown me luck over the wall wid me own hand.' 'Then that's not the way to get ut back,' sez he. 'Have out wid your throuble, ye fool-bhoy.' An' I tould him how the mather was.

"He sucked his lower lip. 'You've been thrapped,' sez he. 'Ju Sheehy wud be the betther for a man's name to hers as soon as she can. An' ye thought ye'd put the comether on her. That's the naturil vanity av the baste. Terence, you're a big born fool, but you're not bad enough to marry into that comp'ny. If you said anythin', an' for all your protestations I'm sure you did—or did not, which is worse—eat ut all. Lie like the father av all lies, but come out av ut free av Judy. Do I not know what ut is to marry a woman

that was the very spit av Judy when she was young? I'm gettin' ould, an' I've larnt patience; but you, Terence, you'd raise hand on Judy an' kill her in a year. Never mind if Dinah gives you the go; you've desarved ut. Never mind if the whole reg'mint laughs at you all day. Get shut av Judy an' her mother. They can't dhrag you to church, but if they do, they'll dhrag you to hell. Go back to your quarthers an' lie down,' sez he. Thin, over his shoulder, 'You *must* ha' done with thim.'

"Nixt day I wint to see Dinah; but there was no tucker in me as I walked. I knew the throuble wud come soon enough widout any handlin' av mine, an' I dreaded ut sore.

"I heard Judy callin' me, but I hild straight on to the Shadds' quarthers, an' Dinah wud ha' kissed me, but I hild her back.

"'When all's said, darlin',' sez I, 'you can give ut me if you will, tho' I misdoubt 'twill be so easy to come by thim.'

"I had scarce begun to put the explanation into shape before Judy an' her mother came to the door. I think there was a veranda, but I'm forgettin'.

"'Will ye not step in?' sez Dinah, pretty and polite, though the Shadds had no dealin's with the Sheehys. Ould Mother Shadd looked up quick, an' she was the fust to see the throuble, for Dinah was her daughter.

"'I'm pressed for time to-day,' sez Judy, as

bold as brass; 'an' I've only come for Terence—my promust man. 'Tis strange to find him here the day afther the day.'

"Dinah looked at me as though I had hit her, an' I answered straight:

" 'There was some nonsinse last night at the Sheehys' quarthers, an' Judy's carryin' on the joke, darlin', ' sez I.

" 'At the Sheehys' quarthers?' sez Dinah, very slow; an' Judy cut in wid:

" 'He was there from nine till tin, Dinah Shadd, an' the betther half av that time I was sittin' on his knee, Dinah Shadd. Ye may look an' ye may look an' ye may look me up an' down, but ye won't look away that Terence is my promust man. Terence, darlin', 'tis time for us to be comin' home.'

"Dinah Shadd never said word to Judy. 'Ye left me at half-past eight,' sez she to me, 'an' I never thought that ye'd leave me for Judy, promises or no promises. C. back wid her, you that have to be fetched by a girl! I'm done with you,' sez she; and she ran into her own room, her mother followin'. So I was alone to spake with those two women, and at liberty to spake me sentiments.

" 'Judy Sheehy,' sez I, 'if you made a fool av me betune the lights, you shall not do ut in the day. I never promised you words, or lines.'

" 'You lie!' sez old Mother Sheehy; 'an' may ut choke you where you stand!' She was far gone in drink.

“‘An’ tho’ ut choked me where I stud I’d not change,’ sez I. ‘Go home, Judy. I take shame for a decent girl like you dhraggin’ your mother out barcheaded on this errand. Hear, now, and have ut for an answer. I gave me word to Dinah Shadd yesterday, an’, more blame to me I was with you last night talkin’ nonsinse, but nothin’ more. You’ve chosen to thry to hould me on ut. I will not be held thereby for anythin’ in the world. Is that enough?’

“Judy went pink all over. ‘An’ I wish you joy av the perjury,’ sez she. ‘You’ve lost a woman that would ha’ wore her hand to the bone for your pleasure; an’ ’dced, Terence, ye were not thrapped.’ . . . Lascelles must ha’ spoken plain to her. ‘I am such as Dinah is—’dced I am! Ye’ve lost a fool av a girl that’ll never look at you again, an’ ye’ve lost what ye niver had—your common honesty. If you manage your men as you manage your love-makin’, small wondher they call you the worst corp’ril in the comp’ny. Come away, mother,’ sez she.

“But divil a foot would the ould woman budge! ‘D’you hould by that?’ sez she, peerin’ up under her thick gray eyebrows.

“‘Ay, an’ wud,’ said I, ‘tho’ Dinah gave me the go twinty times. I’ll have no thruck with you or yours,’ sez I. ‘Take your child away, ye shameless woman!’

“‘An’ am I shameless?’ sez she, bringin’ her

hands up above her head. 'Thin what are you, ye lyin' schamin' weak-kneed, dhirty-souled son of a sutler? Am I shameless? Who put the open shame on me an' my child that we shud go beggin' through the lines in daylight for the broken word of a man? Double portion of my shame be on you, Terence Mulvancy, that think yourself so strong! By Mary and the saints, by blood and water, an' by ivry sorrow that came into the world since the beginnin', the black blight fall on you and yours, so that you may niver be free from pain for another when ut's not your own! May your heart bleed in your breast drop by drop wid all your friends laughin' at the bleedin'! Strong you think yourself? May your strength be a cuise to you to dhrive you into the devil's hands against your own will! Clear-eyed you are? May your eyes see clear ivry step av the dark path you take till the hot cinders av hell put thim out! May the ra, 'n' dry thirst in my own ould bones go to you, that you shall never pass bottle full nor glass empty! God preserve the light av your understandin' to you, my jewel av a bhoy, that ye may niver forget what you mint to be an' do when you're wallowin' in the muck! May ye see the betther and follow the worse as long as there's breath in your body, an' may ye die quick in a strange land, walkin' your death before ut takes you, an' onable to stir hand or fut!

"I heard a scufflin' in the room behind, and thin

Dinah Shadd's hand dhropped into mine like a roseleaf into a muddy road.

"'The half av that I'll take,' sez she, 'an' more too, if I can. Go home, ye silly-talkin' woman—go home and confess.'

"'Come away! Come away!' sez Judy, pullin' her mother by the shawl. "'Twas none av Terence's fault. For the love av Mary, stop the talkin'!"

"'An' you!' said ould Mother Sheehy, spinnin' round forninst Dinah. 'Will ye take the half av that man's load? Stand off from him, Dinah Shadd, before he takes you down too—you that look to be a quarthermaster sergint's wife in five years. Ye look too high, child. Ye shall wash for the quarthermaster sergint, whin he pl'ases to give you the job out av charity; but a privit's wife ye shall be to the end, an' ivry sorrow of a privit's wife ye shall know, an' niver a joy but wan, that shall go from you like the tide from a rock. The pain of bearin' ye shall know, but niver the pleasure of givin' the breast; an' you shall put away a man-child into the common ground wid niver a priest to say a prayer over him, an' on that man-child ye thall think ivry day av your life. Think long, Dinah Shadd, for you'll have another tho' you pray till your knees are bleedin'. The mothers av children shall mock you behind your back whin you're wringin' over the wash-tub. You shall know what ut is to take a dhrunken husband home an' see him go to the gyard-room.

Will that plase you, Dinah Shadd, that won't be seen talkin' to my daughter? You shall talk to worse than Judy before all's over. The sergint's wives shall look down on you, contemptuous daughter av a sergint, an' you shall cover ut all up wid a smilin' face whin your heart's burstin'. Stand off him, Dinah Shadd, for I've put the Black Curse of Shiclygh upon him, an' his own mouth shall make ut good.'

"She pitched forward on her head an' began foammin' at the mouth. Dinah Shadd ran out with water, an' Judy dhragged the ould woman into the veranda till she sat up.

"'I'm old an' forlorn,' she sez, tremblin' an' cryin', 'an' 'tis like I say a dale more than I mane.'

"'When you're able to walk—go,' says ould Mother Shadd. 'This house has no place for the likes av you, that have cursed my daughter.'

"'Eyah!' said the c 'd woman. 'I hard words break no bones, an' Dinah Shadd'll kape the love av her husband till my bones are green corn. Judy, darlin', I misremember what I came here for. Can you lend us the bottom av a taycup av tay, Mrs. Shadd?'

"But Judy dhragged her off, cryin' as tho' her heart would break. An' Dinah Shadd an' I, in ten minutes we had forgot ut all."

"Then why do you remember it now?" said I.

"Is ut like I'd forgit? Ivry word that wicked ould woman spoke fell throe in my life afther-

wards; an' I cud ha' stud ut all—stud ut all, except when little Shadd was born. That was on the line av march three months afther the regiment was taken wid cholera. We were betune Umballa an' Kalka thin, an' I was on picket. When I came off, the women showed me the child, an' ut turned on uts side an' died as I looked. We buried him by the road, an' Father Victory was a day's march behind wid the heavy baggage, so the comp'ny captain read prayer. An' since then I've been a childless man an' all else that ould Mother Sheehy put upon me an' Dinah Shadd. What do you think, sorr?"

I thought a good deal, but it seemed better then to reach out for Mulvaney's hand. This demonstration nearly cost me the use of three fingers. Whatever he knows of his weaknesses, Mulvaney is entirely ignorant of his strength.

"But what do you think?" he insisted, as I was straightening out the crushed member.

My reply was drowned in yells and outcries from the next fire, where ten men were shouting for "Orth'ris!" "Privit Orth'ris!" "Mistah Or-ther-is!" "Deah Boy!" "Cap'n Orth'ris!" "Field-Marshal Orth'ris!" "Stanley, you pennu'orth o' pop, come 'ere to your own comp'ny!" And the Cockney, who had been delighting another audience with recondite and Rabelaisian yarns, was shot down among his admirers by the major force.

"You've crumpled my dress-shirt 'orrid," said

he; "an' I shan't sing no more to this 'ere bloomin' drawin'-room."

Learoyd, roused by the confusion, uncoiled himself, crept behind Ortheris, and raised him aloft on his shoulders.

"Sing, ye bloomin' hummin'-bird!" said he; and Ortheris, beating time on Learoyd's skull, delivered himself, in the raucous voice of the Ratcliffe Highway, of the following chaste and touching ditty:

"My girl she give me the go oncet,
When I was a London lad,
An' I went on the drunk for a fortnight,
An then I went to the bad
The queen she gave me a shillin',
To fight for 'er over the seas;
But gov'ment built me a fever-trap,
An Injia gave me disease.

Chorus—"Ho! don't you 'eed what a girl says,
An' don't ye go for the beer;
But I was an ass when I was at grass,
An' that is why I'm 'ere.

"I fired a shot at an Afghan;
The beggar 'e fired again;
An' I lay on my bed with a 'ole in my 'ead,
An' missed the next campaign!
I up with my gun at a Burman
Who carried a bloomin' *dah*,
But the cartridge stuck, an' i' bay'nit bruk,
An' all I got was the scar.

Chorus.—"Ho! don't you aim at a Afghan
When you stand on the sky-line clear;

An' don't you go for a Burman
If none o' your friends is near.

"I served my time for a corp'ral,
An' wetted my stripes with pop,
For I went on the bend with an intimate friend,
An' finished the night in the shop.
I served my time for a sergeant;
The colonel 'e sez 'No!
The most you'll be is a full C. B.*
An'—very next night 'twas so.

Chorus—"Ho! don't you go for a corp'ral,
Unless your 'ead is clear;
But I was an ass when I was at grass,
An' that is why I'm 'ere.

"I've tasted the luck o' the army
In barrack an' camp an' clint,
An' I lost my tip through the bloomin' trip
Along o' the women an' drink
I'm down at the heel o' my service,
An' when I am laid on the shelf,
My very wust friend from beginning to end,
By the blood of a mouse, was myself.

Chorus.—"Ho! don't you 'eed what a girl says,
An' don't you go for the beer.
But I was an ass when I was at grass,
An' that is why I'm 'ere."

"Ay, listen to our little man now, singin' and shoutin' as tho' trouble had never touched him! D'ye remember when he went mad with the home-sickness?" said Mulvaney, recalling a never-to-be-forgotten season when Ortheris waded through the deep waters of affliction and behaved abom-

*Confined to barracks.

inably. "But he's talkin' the bitter truth, tho'. Eyah!

" 'My very worst friend from beginning to end,
By the blood of a mouse, was meself.' "

Hark out!" he continued, jumping to his feet. "What did I tell you, sorr?"

Ft!l! spt!l! whitt!l! went the rifles of the picket in the darkness, and we heard their feet rushing toward us as Ortheris tumbled past me and into his great-coat. It is an impressive thing, even in peace, to see an armed camp spring to life with clatter of accouterments, click of Martini levers, and blood-curdling speculations as to the fate of missing boots. "Pickets dhruven in," said Mulvaney, staring like a buck at bay into the soft, clinging gloom. "Stand by an' kape close to us. If 'tis cav'ry, they may blundher into the fires."

Ti—ra ra! ta—ta—la! sung the thrice-blessed bugle, and the rush to the square began. There is much rest and peace in the heart of a square if you arrive in time and are not trodden upon too frequently. The smell of leather belts, fatigue uniform, and unpacked humanity is comforting.

A dull grumble, that seemed to come from every point of the compass at once, struck our listening ears, and little thrills of excitement ran down the faces of the square. Those who can judge so learnedly about judging distances by sound should hear cavalry on the move at night. A high-pitched yell on the left told us that the disturbers were

friends—the cavalry of the attack, who had missed their direction in the darkness, and were feeling blindly for some sort of support and camping-ground. The difficulty explained, they jingled on.

“Double pickets out there; by your arms lie down and sleep the rest,” said the major, and the square melted away as the men scrambled for their places by the fires.

When I woke I saw Mulvaney, the night-dew gemming his mustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vulture tearing his liver.

THE MAN WHO WAS

LET it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians, as he said—who appeared to get his bread by serving the czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice the same. He was a handsome young Oriental, with a taste for wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Budukhsan, Chitral, Beloochistan, Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated, and shown everything that was to be seen; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that

men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated, after the manner of the Russians, with little enameled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task or case by the Black Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy and mixed drinks of all kinds, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner, that foreigner is certain to be a superior man. This was the argument of the Black Tyrones, but they were ever an unruly and self-opinionated regiment, and they allowed junior subalterns of four years service to choose their wines. The spirits were always purchased by the colonel and a committee of majors. And a regiment that would so behave may be respected but can not be loved.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. There was a brandy that had been purchased by a cultured colonel a few years after the battle of Waterloo. It has been maturing ever since, and it was a marvelous brandy at the purchasing. The memory of that liquor would cause men to weep as they lay dying in the teak forests of Upper Burmah or the slime of the Irrawaddy. And there was a port which was notable; and there was a champagne of an obscure brand,

which always came to mess without any labels, because the White Hussars wished none to know where the source of supply might be found. The officer on whose head the champagne-choosing lay was forbidden the use of tobacco for six weeks previous to sampling.

This particularity of detail is necessary to emphasize the fact that that champagne, that port, and, above all, that brandy—the green and yellow and white liqueurs did not count—was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were—"My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized, after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You can not reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday-school, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently

and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little, information about his own Sotnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organization of her Majesty's White Hussars. And, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived at their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors who were already married, she was not going to content herself with one of them. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment—being by nature contradictory—and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer, the senior captain, to Little Mildred, the last subaltern, and he could have given her four thousand a year and a title. He was a viscount and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of

large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars, but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentleman of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had only met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars "children of the devil," and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money-belts. The regiment possessed carbines, beautiful Martini-Henry carbines, that would cob a bulle' into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and, since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver—seven and one half pounds of rupees, or sixteen pounds and a few shillings each, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snake-haired thieves that crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from arm-racks; and in the

hot weather, when all the doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them first for their own family vendettas, and then for contingencies. But in the long cold nights of the Northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—government must make it good—but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one night-thief who managed to limp away bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps, the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

Then they gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded them. They were lighter men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab

frontier force and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess-plate was on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five dead officers in a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, maikhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Thibet, and the daily risk of his life on ledge, snow-slide, and glassy grass-slope.

The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long, lathy down-countrymen could account for in a

fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the First Toast of Obligation, when the colonel, rising, said: "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered: "The Queen, God Bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess-bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be, by land or by sea. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can understand what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. It all comes to the same in the end, as the enemy said when he was wriggling on a lance-point. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered a native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the alien, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with blue-and-silver turban atop and the big black top-boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his saber, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch and dropped into

a vacant chair amid shouts of "*Rung ho! Hira Singh!*" (which being translated means "Go in and win!"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel: "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on your own ground, y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize.") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! hear, hear, indeed! Bravo! H'sh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt, and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we shall play it out side by side, though *they*"—again his eye sought Dirkovitch—"though *they*,

I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that rang like a musket-butt on flag-stones, he sat down amid shoutings.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenseless left side. It is notable that Dirkovitch "reached back," after the American fashion—a gesture that set the captain of the Lushkar team wondering how Cossack officers were armed at mess. Then there was a scuffle and a yell of pain.

"Carbine-stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it sounded as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel, testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess-sergeant fled out into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastway 'e was crawlin' toward the barracks, sir, past the main-road sentries; an' the sentry 'e says, sir—"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another liqueur glass of brandy.

"*What* does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business—"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much-privileged subaltern. He put his arm round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine

thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long-drawn vernacular oath. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep '*Al! Al!*' Nor is he of Hindoostan, for they weep '*Oh! Ho!*' He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say '*Ow! Ow!*' "

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure, that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!' " said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the on-looker to close at the top.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been mishandled."

Now the adjutant loved his rifles. They were to him as his grandchildren—the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's made

that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room, this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night," said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with Little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. Outside, the wheels of the first of those bidden to the festivities crunched the roadway.

"Oh, my God!" said the man in the chair, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eye as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say: "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last, and he looked at Dirkovitch as he moved. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips

moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam, in this present imperfect world, can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he has been digged and descended thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, preface all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the

brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring, which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three springs each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantel-piece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantel-piece, with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then, as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse—yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural: "Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

He could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly: "Where is *our* horse?"

There is no saying what happened after that. There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven and thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantel-piece; it clattered on the ledge, as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered toward the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair. The band began to play the "River of Years" waltz, and the laughter from the gardens came into the tobacco-scented mess-room. But nobody, even the youngest, was thinking of waltzes. They all spoke to one another something after this fashion: "The drum-horse hasn't hung over the mantel-piece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking into his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats, please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to Little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess-sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the

colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in Little Mildred's chair and said, hoarsely: "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprung to his feet and answered, without hesitation: "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom in a few messes to drink the queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling urbanely, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and groveled at his feet. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but

Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated—also, his face changed. He said something that sounded like "Shto ve takete;" and the man, fawning, answered "Chetyre."

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental, with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there."

He nodded toward the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no man said a word. They breathed

heavily, leaning forward in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg and learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer, get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room where the rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude: "Therefore I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Another growl, which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood to weigh insults to Russian colonels just then.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. So, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I can not understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was

an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars lively exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason—*missing*.' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him—first," chorused the mess.

"Poor devil! I suppose he never had the chance afterward. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?"

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone: "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few ele-

mentary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the queen's toast. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowed alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table-edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers glorious—true friends and hospitable. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little—little thing. So little, is it not? The Czar! Posh! I snap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But the Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much?—millions that have done nothing—not one thing. Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do: and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!" He waved his hand im-

periously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be, brother-soldier—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or—" he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old people," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wroth? Let's make the poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away three days later, when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple, and always genial—went away, too, by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-bye, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*, my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes; but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want—cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated—"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

"I'm sorry for Mr Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again"

ON GREENHOW HILL

"Ohé ahmed din! Shafiz Ullah ahoo! Baha-dur Khan, where are you? Come out of the tents, as I have done, and fight against the English. Don't kill your own kin! Come out to me!"

The deserter from a native corps was crawling round the outskirts of the camp, firing at intervals, and shouting invitations to his old comrades. Misled by the rain and the darkness, he came to the English wing of the camp, and with his yelping and rifle practice disturbed the men. They had been making roads all day, and were tired.

Ortheris was sleeping at Learoyd's feet. "Wot's all that?" he said, thickly. Learoyd snored, and a Snider bullet ripped its way through the tent wall. The men swore. "It's that bloomin' deserter from the Aurangabadis," said Ortheris. "Git up, someone, an' tell 'em 'e's come to the wrong shop."

"Go to sleep, little man," said Mulvaney, who was steaming nearest the door. "I can't rise an' expaytiate with him. 'Tis rainin' intrenchin' tools outside."

"'Tain't because you bloomin' can't. It's cause you bloomin' won't, ye long, limpy, lousy, lazy beggar you. 'Ark to 'im 'owling!"

"Wot's the good of argyfyng? Put a bullet into the swine? 'E'c keepin' us awake!" said another voice.

A subaltern shouted angrily, and a dripping sentry whined from the darkness.

"'Tain't no good, sir. I can't see 'im. 'E's 'idin' somewhere down 'ill."

Ortheris tumbled out of his blanket. "Shall I try to get 'im, sir?" said he.

"No," was the answer; "lie down. I won't have the whole camp shooting all round the clock. Tell him to go and pot his friends."

Ortheris considered for a moment. Then, putting his head under the tent wall, he called, as a 'bus conductor calls in a block, "'Igher up, there! 'Igher up!"

The men laughed, and the laughter was carried down wind to the deserter, who, hearing that he had made a mistake, went off to worry his own regiment half a mile away. He was received with shots, for the Aurangabadis were very angry with him for disgracing their colors.

"An' that's all right," said Ortheris, withdrawing his head as he heard the hiccough of the Sniders in the distance. "S'elp me Gawd, tho', that man's not fit to live—messin' with my beauty-sleep this way."

"Go out and shoot him in the morning, then," said the subaltern, incautiously. "Silence in the tents now! Get your rest, men!"

Ortheris lay down with a happy little sigh, and

in two minutes there was no sound except the rain on the canvas and the all-embracing and elemental snoring of Learoyd.

The camp lay on a bare ridge of the Himalayas, and for a week had been waiting for a flying column to make connection. The nightly rounds of the deserter and his friends had become a nuisance.

In the morning the men dried themselves in hot sunshine and cleaned their grimy accouterments. The native regiment was to take its turn of road-making that day while the Old Regiment loafed.

"I'm goin' to lay fer a shot at that man," said Ortheris, when he had finished washing out his rifle. "'E comes up the water-course every evenin' about five o'clock. If we go and lie out on the north 'ill a bit this afternoon we'll get 'im."

"You're a bloodthirsty little mosquito," said Mulvaney, blowing blue clouds into the air. "But I suppose I will have to come wid you. Where's Jock?"

"Gone out with the Mixed Pickles 'cause 'e thinks 'isself a bloomin' marksman," said Ortheris, with scorn.

The "Mixed Pickles" were a detachment of picked shots, generally employed in clearing spurs of hills when the enemy were too impertinent. This taught the young officers how to handle men, and did not do the enemy much harm. Mulvaney and Ortheris strolled out of camp, and passed the Aurangabadis going to their road-making.

"You've got to sweat to-day," said Ortheris, genially. "We're going to get your man. You didn't knock 'im out last night by any chance, any of you?"

"No. The pig went away mocking us. I had one shot at him," said a private. "He's my cousin, and I ought to have cleared our dishonor. But good-luck to you."

They went cautiously to the north hill, Ortheris leading, because, as he explained, "this is a long-range show, an' I've got to do it." His was an almost passionate devotion to his rifle, whom, by barrack-room report, he was supposed to kiss every night before turning in. Charges and scuffles he held in contempt, and, when they were inevitable, slipped between Mulvaney and Leary, bidding them to fight for his skin as well as their own. They never failed him. He trotted along, questing like a hound on a broken trail, through the wood of the north hill. At last he was satisfied, and threw himself down on the soft pine-needle slope that commanded a clear view of the water-course and a brown bare hillside beyond it. The trees made a scented darkness in which an army corps could have hidden from the sun-glare without.

"'Ere's the tail o' the wood," said Ortheris. "'E's got to come up the water-course, 'cause it gives 'im cover. We'll lay 'ere. 'Tain't not 'arf so bloomin' dusty neither."

He buried his nose in a clump of scentless white

violets. No one had come to tell the flowers that the season of their strength was long past, and they had bloomed merrily in the twilight of the pines.

"This is something like," he said, luxuriously. "Wot a 'evinly clear drop for a bullet acrost. How much d' you make it, Mulvaney?"

"Seven hunder. Maybe a trifle less, bekase the air's so thin."

Wop! wop! wop! went a volley of musketry on the rear face of the north hill.

"Curse them Mixed Pickles firin' at nothin'! They'll scare 'arf the country."

"Thry a sightin' shot in the middle of the row," said Mulvaney, the man of many wiles. "There's a red rock yonder he'll be sure to pass. Quick!"

Ortheris ran his sight up to six hundred yards and fired. The bullet threw up a feather of dust by a clump of gentians at the base of the rock.

"Good enough!" said Ortheris, snapping the scale down. "You snick your sights to mine, or a little lower. You're always firin' high. But remember, first shot to me. Oh, Lordy! but it's a lovely afternoon."

The noise of the firing grew louder, and there was a tramping of men in the wood. The two lay very quiet, for they knew that the British soldier is desperately prone to fire at anything that moves or calls. Then Learoyd appeared, his tunic ripped across the breast by a bullet, looking ashamed of himself. He flung

down on the pine-needles, breathing in snorts.

"One o' them damned gardeners o' th' Pickles," said he, fingering the rent. "Firin' to th' right flank, when he knowed I was there. If I knew who he was I'd 'a' ripped the hide off 'un. Look at ma tunic!"

"That's the spishil trustability av a marksman. Train him to hit a fly wid a stiddy rest at seven hunder, an' he'll loose on anythin' he sees or hears up to th' mile. You're well out av that fancy-firin' gang, Jock. Stay here."

"Bin firin' at the bloomin' wind in the bloomin' treetops," said Ortheris, with a chuckle. "I'll show you some firin' later on."

They wallowed in the pine-needles, and the sun warmed them where they lay. The Mixed Pickles ceased firing and returned to camp, and left the wood to a few scared apes. The water-course lifted up its voice in the silence and talked foolishly to the rocks. Now and again the dull thump of a blasting charge three miles away told that the Aurangabadis were in difficulties with their road-making. The men smiled as they listened, and lay still soaking in the warm leisure. Presently Learoyd, between the whiffs of his pipe:

"Seems queer—about 'im yonder—desertin' at all."

"'E'll be a bloomin' side queerer when I've done with 'im," said Ortheris. They were talking in whispers, for the stillness of the wood and the desire of slaughter lay heavy upon them.

"I make no doubt he had his reasons for desertin'; but, my faith! I make less doubt ivry man has good reason for killin' him," said Mulvaney.

"Happen there was a lass tewed up wi' it. Men do more than more for th' sake of a lass."

"They make most av us 'list. They've no manner av right to make us desert."

"Ah, they make us 'list, or their fathers do," said Learoyd, softly, his helmet over his eyes.

Ortheris' brows contracted savagely. He was watching the valley. "If it's a girl, I'll shoot the beggar twice over, an' second time for bein' a fool. You're blasted sentimental all of a sudden. Thinkin' o' your last near shave?"

"Nay, lad; ah was but thinkin' o' what had happened."

"An' fwhat has happened, ye lumberin' child av calamity, that you're lowing like a cow-calf at the back av the pasture, an' suggestin' invidious excuses for the man Stanley's goin' to kill. Ye'll have to wait another hour yet, little man. Spit it out, Jock, an' bellow melojus to the moon. It takes an earthquake or a bullet graze to fetch aught out av you. Discourse, Don Juan! The a-moors of Lotharius Learoyd. Stanley, kape a rowlin' rig'mental eye on the valley."

"It's along o' yon hill there," said Learoyd, watching the bare sub-Himalayan spur that reminded him of his Yorkshire moors. He was speaking more to himself than his fellows. "Ay," said he; "Rumbolds Moor stands up ower Skipton

town, an' Greenhow Hill stands up ower Pately Brigg. I reckon you've never heard tell o' Greenhow Hill, but yon bit o' bare stuff, if there was nobbut a white road mindin' is like ut, strangely like. Moors an' moors—moors wi' never a tree for shelter, an' gray houses wi' flag-stone rooves, and pewits cryin', an' a windhover goin' to and fro just like these kites. And cold! a wind that cuts you like a knife. You could tell Greenhow Hill folk by the red-apple color o' their cheeks an' nose tips, an' their blue eyes, driven into pin-points by the wind. Miners mostly, burrowin' for lead i' th' hillsides, followin' the trail of th' ore vein same as a field-rat. It was the roughest minin' I ever seen. Yo'd come on a bit o' creakin' wood windlass like a well-head, an' you was let down i' th' bight of a rope, fendin' yoursen off the side wi' one hand, carryin' a candle stuck in a lump o' clay with t'other, an' clickin' hold of a rope with t'other hand."

"An' that's three of them," said Mulvaney. "Must be a good climate in those parts."

Learoyd took no heed.

"An' then yo' came to a level, where you crept on your hands an' knees through a mile o' windin' drift, an' you come out into a cave-place as big as Leeds Town-hall, with a engine pumpin' water from workin's, 'at went deeper still. It's a queer country, let alone minin', for the hill is full of those natural caves, an' the rivers an' the becks

drops into what they call pot-holes, an' come out again miles away."

"Wot was you doin' there?" said Ortheris.

"I was a young chap then, an' mostly went wi' 'osses, leadin' coal and lead ore; but at th' time I'm tellin' on I was drivin' the wagon team i' the big sumph. I didn't belong to that countryside by rights. I went there because of a little difference at home, an' at fust I took up wi' a rough lot. One night we'd been drinkin', and I must ha' hed more than I could stand, or happen th' ale was none so good. Though i' them days, by for God, I never seed bad ale." He flung his arms over his head and gripped a vast handful of white violets. "Nah," said he, "I never seed the ale I could not drink, the 'bacca I could not smoke, nor the lass I could not kiss. Well, we mun have a race home, the lot on us. I lost all th' others, an' when I was climbin' ower one of them walls built o' loose stones, I comes down into the ditch, stones an' all, 'an broke my arm. Not as I knowed much about it, for I fell on th' back o' my head, an' was knocked stupid like. An' when I come to mysen it were mornin', an' I were lyin' on the settle i' Jesse Roantree's house-place, an' 'Liza Roantree was settin' sewin'. I ached all ower, and my mouth were like a lime-kiln. She gave me a drink out of a china mug wi' gold letters—'A Present from Leeds,'—as I looked at many and many a time after. 'Yo're to lie still while Doctor Warbottom comes, because your arm's broken, an'

father has sent a lad to fetch him. He found yo' when he was goin' to work, an' carried you here on his back,' sez she. 'Oa!' sez I; an' I shet my eyes, for I felt ashamed o' mysen. 'Father's gone to his work these three hours, an' he said he'd tell 'em to get somebody to drive the train.' The clock ticked an' a bee comed in the house, an' they rung i' my head like mill wheels. An' she give me another drink an' settled the pillow. 'Eh, but yo're young to be gettin' drunk an' such like, but yo' won't do it again, will yo?' 'Noa,' sez I. 'I wouldn't if she'd not but stop they mill-wheels clatterin'.' "

"Faith, it's a good thing to be nursed by a woman when you're sick!" said Mulvaney. "Dirt cheap at the price av twenty broken heads."

Ortheris turned to frown across the valley. He had not been nursed by many women in his life.

"An' then Doctor Warbottom comes ridin' up, an' Jesse Roantree along with 'im. He was a high-larned doctor, but he talked wi' poor folks same as theirsens. 'What's tha bin agaate on naa?' he sings out. 'Brekkin tha thick head?' An' he felt me all over. 'That's none broken. Tha' nobbut knocked a bit sillier than ordinary, an' that's daaft eneaf.' An' soa he went on, callin' me all the names he could think on, but settin' my arm, wi' Jesse's help, as careful as could be. 'Yo' mun let the big oaf bide here a bit, Jesse,' he says, when he had strapped me up an' given me a dose o' physic; 'an' you an' 'Liza will tend him, though

he's scarcelins worth the trouble. An' tha'll lose tha work,' sez he, 'an' tha'll be upon th' Sick Club for a couple o' months an' more. Doesn't tha think tha's a fool?"

"But whin was a young man, high or low, the other av a fool, I'd like to know?" said Mulvaney. "Sure, folly's the only safe way to wisdom, for I've thried it."

"Wisdom!" grinned Ortheris, scanning his comrades with uplifted chin. "You're bloomin' Solomons, you two, ain't you?"

Learoyd went calmly on, with a steady eye like an ox chewing the cud. "And that was how I comed to know 'Liza Roantree. There's some tunes as she used to sing—aw, she were always singin'—that fetches Greenhow Hill before my eyes as fair as yon brow across there. And she would learn me to sing bass, an' I was to go to th' chapel wi' 'em where Jesse and she led the singin', th' old man playin' the fiddle. He was a strange chap, old Jesse, fair mad wi' music, an' he made me promise to learn the big fiddle when my arm was better. It belonged to him, and it stood up in a big case alongside o' th' eight-day clock, but Willie Satterthwaite, as played it in the chapel, had gotten deaf as a door-post, and it vexed Jesse, as he had to rap him ower his head wi' th' fiddle-sticks to make him give ower sawin' at th' right time.

"But there was a black drop in it all, an' it was a man in a black coat that brought it. When th'

Primitive Methodist preacher came to Greenhow, he would always stop wi' Jesse Roantree, an' he laid hold of me from th' beginning. It seemed I wor a soul to be saved, an' he meant to do it. At th' same time I jealoused 'at he were keen o' savin' 'Liza Roantree's soul as well, an' I could ha' killed him many a time. An' this went on till one day I broke out, an' borrowed th' brass for a drink from 'Liza. After fower days I come back, wi' my tail between my legs, just to see 'Liza again. But Jesse were at home, an' th' preacher—th' Reverend Amos Barraclough. 'Liza said naught, but a bit o' red come into her face as were white of a regular thing. Says Jesse, tryin' his best to be civil: 'Nay, lad, it's like this. You've gotten to choose which way it's goin' to be. I'll ha' nobody across ma doorsteps as goes a-drinkin', an' borrows my lass's money to spend i' their drink. Ho'd tha tongue, 'Liza,' sez he when she wanted to put in a word 'at I were welcome to th' brass, an' she were none afraid that I wouldn't pay it back. Then the reverend cuts in, secin' as Jesse were losin' his temper, an' they fair beat me among them. But it were 'Liza, as looked an' said naught, as did more than either o' their tongues, an' soa I concluded to get converted."

"Fwhat!" shouted Mulvaney. Then, checking himself, he said, softly: "Let be! Let be! Sure the Blessed Virgin is the mother of all religion an' most women; an' there's a dale av piety in a girl if the men would only let it stav there. I'd

ha' been converted myself under the circumstances."

"Nay, but," pursued Learoyd, with a blush, "I meant it."

Ortheris laughed as loudly as he dared, having regard to his business at the time.

"Ay, Ortheris, you may laugh, but you didn't know yon preacher Barraclough—a little white-faced chap wi' a voice as 'ud wile a bird off an a bush, and a way o' layin' hold of folks as made them think they'd never had a live man for a friend before. You never saw him, an'—you never seed 'Liza Roantree—never seed 'Liza Roantree. . . . Happen it was as much 'Liza as th' preacher and her father, but anyways they all meant it, an' I was fair shamed o' mysen, an' so become what they called a changed character. And when I think on, it's hard to believe as yon chap going to prayer-meetin's chapel, and class-meetin's were me. But I never had naught to say for mysen, though there was a deal o' shoutin', and old Sammy Strother, as were almost clemmed to death and doubled up with the rheumatics, would sing out, 'joyful! joyful!' and 'at it were better to go up to heaven in a coal-basket than down to hell i' a coach an' six. And he would put his poor old claw on my shoulder, sayin': 'Doesn't tha feel it, tha great lump? Doesn't tha feel it?' An' sometimes I thought I did, and then again I thought I didn't an' how was that?"

"The iverlastin' nature av mankind," said

Mulvaney. "An', furthermore, I misdoubt you were built for the Primitive Methodians. They're a new corps anyways. I hold by the Ould Church, for she's the mother of them all—ay, an' the father, too. I like her bekase she's most remarkable regimental in her fittings. I may die in Honolulu, Nova Zambra, or Cape Cayenne, but wherever I die, me bein' fwhat I am, a priest handy, I go under the same orders an' the same words an' the same unction as tho' the pope himself come down from the dome av St. Peter's to see me off. There's neither high nor low, nor broad nor deep, not betwixt nor between with her, an' that's what I like. But mark you, she's no manner av Church for a wake man, bekase she takes the body and the soul av him, onless he has his proper work to do. I remember when my father died, that was three months comin' to his grave; begad he'd ha' . old the sheebeen above our heads for ten minutes' quittance of purgathory. An' he did all he could. That's why I say it takes a strong man to deal with the Ould Church, an' for that reason you'll find so many women go there. An' that same's a conundrum."

"Wot's the use o' worritin' 'bout these things?" said Ortheris. "You're bound to find all out quicker nor you want to, any'ow." He jerked the cartridge out of the breech-lock into the palm of his hand. "'Ere's my chaplain," he said, and made the venomous black-headed bullet bow like a marionette. "'E's goin' to teach a man all

about which is which, an' wot's true, after all, before sundown. But wot 'appened after that, Jock?"

"There was one thing they boggled at, and almost shut th' gate i' my face for, and that were my dog Blast, th' only one saved out o' a litter o' pups as was blowed up when a keg o' minin' powder loosed off in th' storekeeper's hut. They liked his name no better than his business, which was fightin' every dog he comed across; a rare good dog, wi' spots o' black and pink on his face, one ear gone, and lame o' one side wi' being driven in a basket through an iron roof, a matter of half a mile.

"They said I mun give him up 'cause 'he were worldly and low; and would I let mysen be shut out of heaven for the sake of a dog? 'Nay,' say I, 'if th' door isn't wide enough for th' pair on us, we'll stop outside, or we'll none be parted.' And th' preacher spoke up for Blast, as had a likin' for him from th' first—I reckon that was why I come to like th' preacher—and wouldn't hear o' changin' his name to Bless, as some o' them wanted. So th' pair on us became reg'lar chapel members. But it's hard for a young chap o' my build to cut tracks from the world, th' flesh, an' the devil all av a heap. Yet I stuck to it for a long time, while th' lads as used to stand about th' town-end an' lean ower th' bridge, spittin' into th' beck o' a Sunday, would call after me, 'Sitha, Learoyd, when's tha bean to preach, 'cause we're

comin to hear that.' 'Ho'd tha jaw! He hasn't gotten th' white choaker on to morn,' another lad would say, and I had to double my fist hard i' th' bottom of my Sunday coat, and say to mysen, 'If 'twere Monday and I warn't a member o' the Primitive Methodists, I'd leather all th' lot of yond'.' That was th' hardest of all—to know that I could fight and I mustn't fight."

Sympathetic grunts from Mulvaney.

"So what wi' singin', practicin', and class-meetin's, and th' big fiddle, as made me take between my knees, I spent a deal o' time i' Jesse Roanfree's house-place. But often as I was there, th' preacher fared to me to go oftener, and both th' old an' th' young woman were pleased to have him. He lived i' Pately Briggs, as were a goodish step off, but he come. He come all the same. I liked him as well or better as any man I'd ever seen i' one way, and yet I hated him wi' all my heart i' t'other, and we watched each other like cat and mouse, but civil as you please, for I was on my best behavior, and he was that fair and open that I was bound to be fair with him. Rare and good company he was, if I hadn't wanted to wring his cliver little neck half of the time. Often and often when he was goin' from Jesse's I'd set him a bit on the road."

"See 'im 'ome, you mean?" said Ortheris.

"Aye. It's a way we have i' Yorkshire o' seein' friends off. Yon was a friend as I didn't want to come back, and he didn't want me to come back

neither, and so we'd walk together toward Pately, and then he'd set me back again, and there we'd be twal two i' o'clock the mornin' settin' each other to an' fro like a blasted pair o' pendulums twixt hill and valley, long after th' light had gone out i' 'Liza's window, as both on us had been looking at, pretending to watch the moon."

"Ah!" broke in Mulvaney, "ye'd no chanst against the maraudin' psalm-singer. They'll take the airs an' the graces, instid av the man, nine times out av ten, an' they only find the blunder later—the wimmen."

"That's just where yo're wrong," said Learoyd, reddening under the freckled tan of his cheek.

"I was th' first wi' Liza, an' yo'd think that were enough. But th' parson were a steady-gaited sort o' chap, and Jesse were strong o' his side, and all th' women i' the congregation dinned it to 'Liza 'at she were fair fond to take up wi' a wastrel ne'er-do-weel like me, as was scarcelins respectable, and a fighting-dog at his heels. It was all very well for her to be doing me good and saving my soul, but she must mind as she didn't do herself harm. They talk o' rich folk bein' stuck up an' genteel, but for cast-iron pride o' respectability, there's naught like poor chapel folk. It's as cold as th' wind o' Greenhow Hill—aye, and colder, for 'twill never change. And now I come to think on it, one of the strangest things I know is 'at they couldn't abide th' thought o' soldiering.

There's a vast o' fightin' i' th' Bible, and there's

a deal of Methodists i' th' army; but to hear chapel folk talk yo'd think that soldierin' were next door, an' t'other side, to hangin'. I' their meetin's all their talk is o' fightin'. When Sammy Strother were struck for summat to say in his prayers, he'd sing out: 'The sword o' th' Lord and o' Gideon.' They were allus at it about puttin' on th' whole armor o' righteousness, an' fightin' the good fight o' faith. And then, atop o' 't all, they held a prayer-meetin' ower a young chap as wanted to 'list, and nearly deafened him, till he picked up his hat and fair ran away. And they'd tell tales in th' Sunday-school o' bad lads as had been thumped and brayed for bird-nesting o' Sundays and playin' truant o' week-days, and how they took to wrestlin', dog-fightin', rabbit-runnin', and drinkin', till at last, as if 'twere a hepitaph on a grave-stone, they damned him across th' moors wi' it, an' then he went and 'listed for a soldier, an' they'd all fetch a deep breath, and throw up their eyes like a hen drinkin'."

"Fwhy is it?" said Mulvaney, bringing down his hands on his thigh with a crack. "In the name av God, fwhy is it? I've seen it, tu. They cheat an' they swindle, an' they lie an' they slander, an' fifty things fifty times worse; but the last an' the worst, by their reckonin', is to serve the Widdy honest. It's like the talk av childer—seein' things all round."

"Plucky lot of fightin' good fights of whatsername they'd do if we didn't see they had a quiet

place to fight in. And such fightin' as theirs is! Cats on the tiles. T'other callin' to which to come on. I'd give a month's pay to get some o' them broad-backed beggars in London sweatin' through a day's road-makin' an' a night's rain. They'd carry on a deal afterward—same as we're supposed to carry on. I've bin turned out of a measly 'arf license pub. down Lambeth way, full o' greasy kebmén, 'fore now," said Ortheris with an oath.

"Maybe you were dhrunk," said Mulvaney, soothingly.

"Worse nor that. The Forders were drunk. I was wearin' the queen's uniform."

"I'd not particular thought to be a soldier i' them days," said Learoyd, still keeping his eye on the bare hill opposite, "but his sort o' talk put it i' my head. They was so good, th' chapel folk, that they tumbled ower t'other side. But I stuck to it for 'Liza's sake, specially as she was learning me to sing the bass part in a horotorio as Jesse were getting up. She sung like a throstle hersen, and we had practisn's night after night for a matter of three months."

"I know what a horotorio is," said Ortheris, pertly. "It's a sort of chaplain's sing-song—words all out of the Bible, and hullabalajah choruses."

"Most Greenhow Hill folks played some instrument or t'other, an' they all sung so you might have heard them miles away, and they was so

pleased wi' the noise they made they didn't fair to want anybody to listen. The preacher sung high seconds when he wasn't playin' the flute, an' they set me, as hadn't got far with big fiddle, again Willie Satterthwaite, to jog his elbow when he had to get a' gate playin'. Old Jesse was happy if ever a man was, for he were th' conductor an' th' first fiddle an' th' leadin' singer, beatin' time wi' his fiddle-stick, till at times he'd rap with it on the table, and cry out: 'Now, you mun all stop; it's my turn.' And he'd face round to his front, fair sweatin' wi' pride, to sing the tenor solos. But he were grandest i' th' chorus waggin' his head, flinging his arms round like a windmill, and singin' hisself black in the face. A rare singer were Jesse.

"Yo' see, I was not o' much account wi' 'em all exceptin' to Eliza Roantree, and I had a deal o' time settin' quiet at meeting and horotorio practises to hearken their talk, and if it were strange to me at beginnin', it got stranger still at after, when I was shut in, and could study what it meant.

"Just after th' horotories come off, 'Liza, as had allus been weakly like, was took very bad. I walked Doctor Warbottom's horse up and down a deal of times while he were inside, where they wouldn't let me go, though I fair ached to see her.

"'She'll be better i' noo, lad—better i' noo,' he used to say. 'Tha mun ha' patience.' Then they

said if I was quiet I might go in, and th' Reverend Amon Barraclough used to read to her lyin' propped up among th' pillows. Then she began to mend a bit, and they let me carry her on th' settle, and when it got warm again she went about same as afore. Th' preacher and me and Blast was a deal together i' them days, and i' one way we was rare good comrades. But I could ha' stretched him time and again with a good-will. I mind one day he said he would like to go down into th' bowels o' th' earth, and see how th' Lord had builded th' framework o' the everlastin' hills. He was one of them chaps as had a gift o' sayin' things. They rolled off the tip of his clever tongue, same as Mulvaney here, as would ha' made a rale good preacher if he had nobbut given his mind to it. I lent him a suit o' miner's kit as almost buried th' little man, and his white face, down i' th' coat collar and hat flap, looked like the face of a boggart, and he cowered down i' th' bottom o' the wagon. I was drivin' a tram as led up a bit of an incline up to th' cave where the engine was pumpin', and where th' ore was brought up and put into th' wagons as went down o' themselves, me puttin' th' brake on and th' horses a-trottin' after. Long as it was daylight we were good friends, but when we got fair into th' dark, and could nobbut see th' day shinin' at the hole like a lamp at a street end, I feelled downright wicked. My religion dropped all away from me when I looked back at him as were always

comin' between me and Eliza. The talk was 'at they were to be wed when she got better, an' I couldn't get her to say yes or nay to it. He began to sing a hymn in his thin voice, and I came out wi' a chorus that was all cussin' an' swearin' at my horses, an' I began to know how I hated him. He were such a little chap, too. I could drop him wi' one hand down Garstang's copperhole—a place where th' beck slithered ower edge on a rock, and fell wi' a bit of a whisper into a pit as rope i' Greenhow could plump."

Again Learoyd rooted up the innocent violets. "Aye, he should see th' bowels o' th' earth an' never naught else. I could take him a mile or two along th' drift, and leave him wi' his candle doused to cry hallelujah, wi' none to hear him and say amen. I was to lead him down the ladderway to th' drift where Jesse Roantree was workin', and why shouldn't he slip on th' ladder, wi' my feet on his fingers till they loosed grip, and I put down wi' my heel? If I went fust down th' ladder I could click hold on him and chuck him over my head, so as he should go squashin' down the shaft, breakin' his bones at ev'ry timberin', as Bill Appleton did when he was fresh, and hadn't a bone left when he brought to th' bottom. Niver a blasted leg to walk from Pately. Niver an arm to put round 'Liza Roantree's waist. Niver no more—niver no more."

The thick lips curled back over the yellow teeth, and that flushed face was not pretty to look upon.

Mulvaney nodded sympathy, and Ortheris, moved by his comrade's passion, brought up the rifle to his shoulder, and searched the hillsides for his quarry, muttering ribaldry about a sparrow, a spout, and a thunder-storm. The voice of the water-course supplied the necessary small-talk till Learoyd picked up his story.

"But it's none so easy to kill a man like you. When I'd give up my horses to th' lad as took my place, and I was showin' th' preacher th' workin's, shoutin' into his ear across th' clang o' th' pumpin' engines, I saw he was afraid o' naught; and when the lamp-light showed his black eyes, I could feel as he was masterin' me again. I were no better nor Blast chained up short and growlin' i' the depths of him while a strange dog went safe past.

"'Th'art a coward and a fool,' I said to mysen: an' wrestled i' my mind again' him till, when we come to Garstang's copper-hole, I laid hold o' the preacher and lifted him up over my head and held him into the darkest on it. 'Now, lad,' I says, 'it's to be one or t'other on us—thee or me—for 'Liza Roantree. Why, isn't thee afraid for thysen?' I says, for he were still i' my arms as a sack. 'Nay; I'm but afraid for thee, my poor lad, as knows naught,' says he. I set him down on th' edge, an' th' beck run stiller, an' there was no more buzzin' in my head like when th' bee come through th' window o' Jesse's house. 'What dost tha mean?' says I.

“ ‘I’ve often thought as thou ought to know,’ says he, ‘but ’twas hard to tell thee. ’Liza Roantree’s for neither on us, nor for nobody o’ this earth. Doctor Warbottom says—and he knows her, and her mother before her—that she is in a decline, and she cannot live six months longer. He’s known it for many a day. Steady, John! Steady!’ says he. And that weak little man pulled me further back and set me again’ him, and talked it all over quiet and still, me turnin’ a bunch o’ candles in my hand, and counting them over and over again as I listened. A deal on it were th’ regular preachin’ talk, but there were a vast lot as made me begin to think as he were more of a man than I’d ever given him credit for, till I were cut as deep for him as I were for mysen.

“Six candles we had, and we crawled and climbed all that day while they lasted, and I said to mysen: ‘ ’Liza Roantree hasn’t six months to live.’ And when we came into th’ daylight again we were like dead men to look at, an’ Blast come behind us without so much as waggin’ his tail. When I saw ’Liza again she looked at me a minute, and says: ‘Who’s telled tha? For I see tha knows.’ And she tried to smile as she kissed me, and I fair broke down.

“You see, I was a young chap i’ them days, and had seen naught o’ life, let alone death, as is allus a-waitin’. She telled me as Doctor Warbottom said as Greenhow air was too keen, and

they were goin' to Bradford, to Jesse's brother David, as worked i' a mill, and I mun hold up like a man and a Christian, and she'd pray for me well; and they went away, and the preacher that same back end o' th' year were appointed to another circuit, as they call it, and I were left alone on Greenhow Hill.

"I tried, and I tried hard, to stick to th' chapel, but 'tweren't th' same thing at all after. I hadn't 'Liza's voice to follow i' th' singin', nor her eyes a-shinin' acrost their heads. And i' th' class-meetings they said as I mun have some experiences to tell, and I hadn't a word to say for mysen.

"Blast and me moped a good deal, and happen we didn't behave ourselves over well, for they dropped us, and wondered however they'd come to take us up. I can't tell how we got through th' time, while i' th' winter I gave up my job and went to Bradford. Old Jesse were at th' door o' th' house, in a long street o' little houses. He'd been sendin' th' children 'way as were clatterin' their clogs in th' causeway, for she were asleep.

"'Is it thee?' he says; 'but you're not to see her. I'll none have her wakened for a nowt like thee. She's goin' fast, and she mun go in peace. Thou'lt never be good for naught i' th' world, and as long as thou lives thou'll never play the big fiddle. Get away, lad, get away!' So he shut the door softly i' my face.

"Nobody never made Jesse my master, but it

seemed to me he was about right, and I went away into the town and knocked up against a recruiting sergeant. The old tales o' th' chapel folk came buzzin' into my head. I was to get away, and this were th' regular road for the likes o' me. I 'listed there and then, took th' Widow's shillin', and had a bunch o' ribbons pinned i' my hat.

"But next day I found my way to David Roan-tree's door, and Jesse came to open it. Says he: 'Thou's come back again wi' th' devil's colors flyin'—thy truc colors, as I always telled thee.'

"But I begged and prayed of him to let me see her nobbust to say good-by, till a woman calls down th' stairway—she says, 'John Learoyd's to come up.' Th' old man shift aside in a flash, and lays his hand on my arm, quite gentle like. 'But thou'lt be quiet, John,' says he, 'for she's rare and weak. Thou wast allus a good lad.'

"Her eyes were alive wi' light, and her hair was thick on the pillow round her, but her cheeks were thin—thin to frighten a man that's strong. 'Nay, father, yo' mayn't say th' devil's colors. Them ribbons is pretty.' An' she held out her hands for th' hat, an' she put all straight as a woman will wi' ribbons. 'Nay, but what they're pretty,' she says. 'Eh, but I'l ha' liked to see thee i' thy red coat. John, for thou wast allus my own lad—my very own lad, and none else.'

"She lifted up her arms, and they came round my neck i' a gentle grip, and they slacked away,

and she seemed fainting. 'Now yo' mun get away, lad,' says Jesse, and I picked up my hat and I came down-stairs.

"Th' recruiting sergeant were waitin' for me at th' corner public-house. 'Yo've seen your sweetheart?' says he. 'Yes, I've seen her,' says I. 'Well, we'll have a quart now, and you'll do your best to forget her,' says he, bein' one o' them smart, bustlin' chaps. 'Aye, sergeant,' says I. 'Forget her.' And I've been forgettin' her ever since."

He threw away the wilted clump of white violets as he spoke. Ortheris suddenly rose to his knees, his rifle at his shoulder, and peered across the valley in the clear afternoon light. His chin cuddled the stock, and there was a twitching of the muscles of the right cheek as he sighted. Private Stanley Ortheris was engaged on his business. A speck of white crawled up the water-course.

"See that beggar? Got 'im."

Seven hundred yards away, and a full two hundred down the hillside, the deserter of the Aurangabadis pitched forward, rolled down a red rock, and lay very still, with his face in a clump of blue gentians, while a big raven flapped out of the pine wood to make investigation.

"That's a clean shot, little man," said Mulvaney.

Learoyd thoughtfully watched the smoke clear away.

"Happen there was a lass tewed up wi' him, too," said he. Ortheris did not reply. He was staring across the valley, with the smile of the artist who looks on the completed work. For he saw that it was good.

BIMI

THE orang-outang in the big iron cage lashed to the sheep-pen began the discussion. The night was stiflingly hot, and as Hans Breitmann and I passed him, dragging our bedding to the forepeak of the steamer, he roused himself and chattered obscenely. He had been caught somewhere in the Malayan Archipelago, and was going to England to be exhibited at a shilling a head. For four days he had struggled, yelled, and wrenched at the heavy iron bars of his prison without ceasing, and had nearly slain a Lascar incautious enough to come within reach of the great hairy paw.

"It would be well for you, mine friend, if you was a liddle seasick," said Hans Breitmann, pausing by the cage. "You haf too much Ego in your Cosmos."

The orang-outang's arm slid out negligently from between the bars. No one would have believed that it would make a sudden snake-like rush at the German's breast. The thin silk of the sleeping-suit tore out: Hans stepped back unconcernedly, to pluck a banana from a bunch hanging close to one of the boats.

"Too much Ego," said he, peeling the fruit and offering it to the caged devil, who was rending the silk to tatters.

Then we laid out our bedding in the bows, among the sleeping Lascars, to catch any breeze that the place of the ship might give us. The sea was like smoky oil, except where it turned to fire under our forefoot and whirled back into the dark in smears of dull flame. There was a thunder-storm some miles away: we could see the glimmer of the lightning. The ship's cow, distressed by the heat and the smell of the ape-beast in the cage, lowed unhappily from time to time in exactly the same key as the lookout man at the bows answered the hourly call from the bridge. The trampling tune of the engines was very distinct, and the jarring of the ash-lift, as it was tipped into the sea, hurt the procession of hushed noise. Hans lay down by my side and lighted a good-night cigar. This was naturally the beginning of conversation. He owned a voice as soothing as the wash of the sea, and stores of experiences as vast as the sea itself; for his business in life was to wander up and down the world, collecting orchids and wild beasts and ethnological specimens for German and American dealers. I watched the glowing end of his cigar wax and wane in the gloom, as the sentences rose and fell, till I was nearly asleep. The orang-outang, troubled by some dream of the forest of his freedom, began to yell like a soul in purgatory,

and to wrench madly at the bars of the cage.

"If he was out now dere would not be much of us left, hereabouts," said Hans lazily. "He screams good. See, now, how I shall tame him when he stops himself."

There was a pause in the outcry, and from Hans' mouth came an imitation of a snake's hiss, so perfect that I almost sprung to my feet. The sustained murderous sound ran along the deck, and the wrenching at the bars ceased. The orang-outang was quaking in an ecstasy of pure terror.

"Dot stop him," said Hans. "I learned dot trick in Mogoung Tanjong when I was collecting liddle monkeys for some peoples in Berlin. Efery one in der world is afraid of der monkeys—except der snake. So I blay snake against monkey, and he keep quite still. Dere was too much Ego in his Cosmos. Dot is der soul-custom of monkeys. Are you asleep, or will you listen, and I will tell a tale dot you shall not pelief?"

"There's no tale in the wide world that I can't believe," I said.

"If you have learned pelief you haf learned somedings. Now I shall try your pelief. Good! When I was collecting dose liddle monkeys—it was in '79 or '80, und I was in der island of der Archipelago—over dere in der dark"—he pointed southward to New Guinea generally—"Mein Gott! I would sooner collect life red devils than liddle monkeys. When dey do not bite off your

thumbs dey are always dying from nostalgia—home-sick—for dey haf der imperfect soul, which is midway arrested in defelopment—und too much Ego. I was dere for nearly a year, und dere I found a man dot was called Bertran. He was a Frenchman, und he was a goot man—naturalist to the bone. Dey said he was an escaped convict, but he was a naturalist, und dot was enough for me. He would call all her life beasts from der forest, und dey would come. I said he was St. Francis of Assisi in a new dransmigration produced, und he laughed und said he haf never preached to der fishes. He sold them for tripang—*bêche-de-mer*.

“Und dot man, who was king of beasts-tamer men, he had in der house shush such anoder as dot devil-animal in der cage—a great orang-outang dot thought he was a man. He haf found him when he was a child—der orang-outang—und he was child and brother and opera comique all round to Bertran. He had his room in dot house—not a cage, but a room—mit a bed and sheets, and he would go to bed and get up in der morning and smoke his cigar und eat his dinner mit Bertran, und walk mit him hand-in-hand, which was most horrible. Herr Gott! I haf seen dot beast throw himself back in his chair and laugh when Bertran haf made fun of me. He was *not* a beast; he was a man, and he talked to Bertran, und Bertran comprehended, for I have seen dem. Und he was always politeful to me except when I talk to long

to Bertran und say noddings at all to him. Den he would pull me away—dis great, dark devil, mit his enormous paws—shush as if I was a child. He was not a beast, he was a man. Dis I saw pe-fore I know him three months, und Bertran he haf saw the same; and Bimi, der orang-outang, haf understood us both, mit his cigar between his big-dog teeth und der blue gum.

“I was dere a year, dere und at der oder is-lands—somedimes for monkeys and somedimes for butterflies und orchits. One time Bertran say to me dot he will be married, because he haf found a girl dot was goot, and he inquired if this marrying idea was right. I would not say, pe-cause it was not me dot was going to be married. Den he go off courting der girl—she was a half-caste French girl—very pretty. Haf you got a new light for my cigar? Oof! Very pretty. Only I say: ‘Haf you thought of Bimi? If he pulls me away when I talk to you, what will he do to your wife? He will pull her in pieces. If I was you, Bertran, I would gif my wife for wed-ding present der stuff figure of Bimi.” By dot time I had learned somedings about der monkey peoples. ‘Shoot him?’ says Bertran. ‘He is your beast,’ I said; ‘if he was mine he would be shot now.’

“Den I felt at der back of my neck der fingers of Bimi. Mein Gott! I tell you dot he talked through dose fingers. It was der deaf-and-dumb alphabet all gocomplete. He slide his hairy arm

round my neck, and he tilt up my chin und look into my face, shust to see if I understood his talk so well as he understood mine.

“‘See now dere!’ says Bertran, ‘und you would shoot him while he is cuddling you? Dot is der Teuton ingrate!’

“But I knew dot I had made Bimi a life’s enemy, pecause his fingers haf talk murder through the back of my neck. Next dime I see Bimi dere was a pistol in my belt, und he touch it once, and I open der breech to show him it was loaded. He haf seen der liddle monkeyys killed in der woods, and he understood.

“So Bertran he was married, and he forgot clean about Bimi dot was skippin’ alone on her beach mit der half of a human soul in his belly. I was see him skip, und he took a big bough und thrash der sand till he haf made a great hole like a grave. So I says to Bertran: ‘For any sakes, kill Bimi. He is mad mit der jealousy.’

“Bertran haf said: ‘He is not mad at all. He haf obey and love my wife, und if she speaks he will get her slippers,’ und he looked at his wife across der room. She was a very pretty girl.

“Den I said to him: ‘Dost thou pretend to know monkeyys und dis beast dot is lashing himself mad upon der sands, pecause you do not talk to him? Shoot him when he comes to der house, for he haf der light in his eyes dot means killing—und killing.’ Bimi come to der house, but dere was no light in his eyes. It was all put away, cunning

—so cunning—and he fetch der girl her slippers, and Bertran turn to me und say: ‘Dost thou know him in nine months more dan I haf known him in twelve years? Shall a child stab his fader? I have fed him, und he was my child. Do not speak this nonsense to my wife or to me any more.’

“Dot next day Bertran came to my house to help me make some wood cases for der specimens, und he tell me dot he haf left his wife a liddle while mit Bimi in der garden. Den I finish my cases quick, und I say: ‘Let us go to your house und get a trink.’ He laugh und say: ‘Come along, dry mans.’

“His wife was not in der garden, und Bimi did not come when Bertran called. Und his wife did not come when he called, und he knocked at her bedroom door und dot was shut tight—locked. Den he look at me, und his face was white. I broke down der door mit my shoulder, und der thatch of der roof was torn into a great hole, und der sun came in upon der floor. Haf you ever seen paper in der waste-basket, or cards at whist on der table scattered? Dere was no wife dot could be seen. I tell you dere was noddings in dot room dot might be a woman. Dere was stuff on der floor, und dot was all. I looked at dese things und I was very sick; but Bertran looked a liddle longer at what was upon the floor und der walls, und der hole in der thatch. Den he pegan to laugh, soft and low, und I knew und thank Gott dot he was mad. He nefer cried, he nefer prayed.

He stood still in der doorway und laugh to himself. Den he said: 'She haf locked herself in dis room, and he haf torn up der thatch. *Fi donc*. Dot is so. We will mend der thatch und wait for Bimi. He will surely come.'

"I tell you we waited ten days in dot house, after der room was made into a room again, and once or twice we saw Bimi comin' a liddle way from der woods. He was afraid pecause he haf done wrong. Bertran called him when he was come to look on the tenth day, and Bimi come skip-ping along der beach und making noises, mit a long piece of black hair in his hands. Den Bertran laugh and say, '*Fi donc!*' shust as if it was a glass broken upon der table; und Bimi come nearer, und Bertran was honey-sweet in his voice and laughed to himself. For three days he made love to Bimi, pecause Bimi would not let himself be touched. Den Bimi come to dinner at der same table mit us, und der nair on his hands was all black und thick mit—mit what had dried on his hands. Bertran gave him sangaree till Bimi was drunk and stupid, und den——

Hans paused to puff at his cigar.

"And then?" said I.

"Und den Bertran kill him with his hands, und I go for a walk upon der beach. It was Bertran's own piziness. When I come back der ape he was dead, und Bertran he was dying abofe him; but still he laughed a liddle und low, and he was quite content. Now you know der formula of der

strength of the orang-outang—it is more as seven to one in relation to man. But Bertran, he haf killed Bimi mit sooch dings as Gott gif him. Dot was der mericle.”

The infernal clamor in the cage recommenced. “Aha! Dot friend of ours haf still too much Ego in his Cosmos. Be quiet, thou!”

Hans hissed long and venomously. We could hear the great beast quaking in his cage.

“But why in the world didn’t you help Bertran instead of letting him be killed?” I asked.

“My friend,” said Hans, composedly stretching himself to slumber, “it was not nice even to mine-self dot I should lif after I had seen dot room wit der hole in der thatch. Und Bertran, he was her husband. Goot-night, und sleep well.”

NAMGAY DOOLA

ONCE upon a time there was a king who lived on the road to Thibet, very many miles in the Himalaya Mountains. His kingdom was 11,000 feet above the sea, and exactly four miles square, but most of the miles stood on end, owing to the nature of the country. His revenues were rather less than £400 yearly, and they were expended on the maintenance of one elephant and a standing army of five men. He was tributary to the Indian government, who allowed him certain sums for keeping a section of the Himalaya-Thibet road in repair. He further increased his revenues by selling timber to the railway companies, for he would cut the great deodar trees in his own forest and they fell thundering into the Sutlej River and were swept down to the Plains, 300 miles away, and became railway ties. Now and again this king, whose name does not matter, would mount a ring-streaked horse and ride scores of miles to Simlatown to confer with the lieutenant-governor on matters of state, or assure the viceroy that his sword was at the service of the queen-empress. Then the viceroy would cause a ruffle of drums to be sounded and the ring-streaked horse and the cavalry of the state—two men in tatters—and the herald who bore the Silver Stick

before the king would trot back to their own place, which was between the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier and a dark birch forest.

Now, from such a king, always remembering that he possessed one veritable elephant and could count his descent for 1,200 years, I expected, when it was my fate to wander through his dominions, no more than mere license to live.

The night had closed in rain, and rolling clouds blotted out the lights of the villages in the valley. Forty miles away, untouched by cloud or storm, the white shoulder of Dongo Pa—the Mountain of the Council of the Gods—upheld the evening star. The monkeys sung sorrowfully to each other as they hunted for dry roots in the fern-draped trees, and the last puff of the day-wind brought from the unseen villages the scent of damp wood smoke, hot cakes, dripping undergrowth, and rotting pine-cones. That smell is the true smell of the Himalayas, and if it once gets into the blood of a man he will, at the last, forgetting everything else, return to the Hills to die. The clouds closed and the smell went away, and there remained nothing in all the world except chilling white mists and the boom of the Sutlej River.

A fat-tailed sheep, who did not want to die, bleated lamentably at my tent-door. He was scuffling with the prime minister and the director-general of public education, and he was a royal gift to me and my camp servants. I expressed

my thanks suitably and inquired if I might have audience of the king. The prime minister readjusted his turban—it had fallen off in the struggle—and assured me that the king would be very pleased to see me. Therefore I dispatched two bottles as a foretaste, and when the sheep had entered upon another incarnation, climbed up to the king's palace through the wet. He had sent his army to escort me, but it stayed to talk with my cook. Soldiers are very much alike the world over.

The palace was a four-roomed, white-washed mud-and-timber house, the finest in all the Hills for a day's journey. The king was dressed in a purple velvet jacket, white muslin trousers, and a saffron-yellow turban of price. He gave me audience in a little carpeted room opening off the palace court-yard, which was occupied by the elephant of state. The great beast was sheeted and anchored from trunk to tail, and the curve of his back stood out against the sky line.

The prime minister and the director-general of public instruction were present to introduce me; but all the court had been dismissed lest the two bottles aforesaid should corrupt their morals. The king cast a wreath of heavy, scented flowers round my neck as I bowed, and inquired how my honored presence had the felicity to be. I said that through seeing his auspicious countenance the mists of the night had turned into sunshine, and that by reason of his beneficent sheep his

good deeds would be remembered by the gods. He said that since I had set my magnificent foot in his kingdom the crops would probably yield seventy per cent. more than the average. I said that the fame of the king had reached to the four corners of the earth, and that the nations gnashed their teeth when they heard daily of the glory of his realm and the wisdom of his moon-like prime minister and lotus-eyed director-general of public education.

Then we sat down on clean white cushions, and I was at the king's right hand. Three minutes later he was telling me that the condition of the maize crop was something disgraceful, and that the railway companies would not pay him enough for his timber. The talk shifted to and fro with the bottles. We discussed very many quaint things, and the king became confidential on the subject of government generally. Most of all he dwelt on the shortcomings of one of his subjects, who, from what I could gather, had been paralyzing the executive.

"In the old days," said the king, "I could have ordered the elephant yonder to trample him to death. Now I must e'en send him seventy miles across the hills to be tried, and his keep for that time would be upon the state. And the elephant eats everything."

"What be the man's crimes, Rajah Sahib?" said I.

"Firstly. he is an 'outlander', and no man of

my own people. Secondly, since of my favor I gave him land upon his coming, he refuses to pay revenue. Am I not the lord of the earth, above and below—entitled by right and custom to one-eighth of the crop? Yet this devil, establishing himself, refuses to pay a single tax . . . and he brings a poison spawn of babies.”

“Cast him into jail,” I said.

“Sahib,” the king answered, shifting a little on the cushions, “once and only once in these forty years sickness came upon me so that I was not able to go abroad. In that hour I made a vow to my God that I would never again cut man or woman from the light of the sun and the air of God, for I perceived the nature of the punishment. How can I break my vow? Were it only the lopping off of a hand or a foot, I should not delay. But even that is impossible now that the English have rule. One or another of my people”—he looked obliquely at the director-general of public education—“would at once write a letter to the viceroy, and perhaps I should be deprived of that ruffle of drums.”

He unscrewed the mouthpiece of his silver water-pipe, fitted a plain amber one, and passed the pipe to me. “Not content with refusing revenue,” he continued, “this out-cider refuses also to beegar” (this is the corvee or forced labor on the roads), “and stirs my people up to the like treason. Yet he is, if so he wills, an expert log-snatcher. There is none better or bolder among

my people to clear a block of the river when the logs stick fast."

"But he worships strange gods," said the prime minister, deferentially.

"For that I have no concern," said the king, who was as tolerant as Akbar in matters of belief. "To each man his own god, and the fire or Mother Earth for us all at the last. It is the rebellion that offends me."

"The king has an army," I suggested. "Has not the king burned the man's house, and left him naked to the night dews?"

"Nay. A hut is a hut, and it holds the life of a man. But once I sent my army against him when his excuses became wearisome. Of their heads he brake three across the top with a stick. The other two men ran away. Also the guns would not shoot."

I had seen the equipment of the infantry. One-third of it was an old muzzle-loading fowling-piece with ragged rust holes where the nipples should have been; one-third a wire-bound match-lock with a worm-eaten stock, and one-third a four-bore flint duck gun, without a flint.

"But it is to be remembered," said the king, reaching out for the bottle, "that he is a very expert log-snatcher and a man of a merry face. What shall I do to him, sahib?"

This was interesting. The timid hill-folk would as soon have refused taxes to their king as offer-

ings to their gods. The rebel must be a man of character.

"If it be the king's permission," I said, "I will not strike my tents till the third day, and I will see this man. The mercy of the king is godlike, and rebellion is like unto the sin of witchcraft. Moreover, both the bottles, and another, be empty."

"You have my leave to go," said the king.

Next morning the crier went through the state proclaiming that there was a log-jam on the river and that it behooved all loyal subjects to clear it. The people poured down from their villages to the moist, warm valley of poppy fields, and the king and I went with them.

Hundreds of dressed deodar logs had caught on a snag of rock, and the river was bringing down more logs every minute to complete the blockade. The water snarled and wrenched and worried at the timber, while the population of the state prodded at the nearest logs with poles, in the hope of easing the pressure. Then there went up a shout of "Namgay Doola! Namgay Doola!" and a large, red-haired villager hurried up, stripping off his clothes as he ran.

"That is he. That is the rebel!" said the king. "Now will the dam be cleared."

"But why has he red hair?" I asked, since red hair among hill-folk is as uncommon as blue or green.

"He is an outlander," said the king. "Well done! Oh, well done!"

Namgay Doola had scrambled on the jam and was clawing out the butt of a log with a rude sort of a boat-hook. It slid forward slowly, as an alligator moves, and three or four others followed it. Then green water spouted through the gaps. Then the villagers howled and shouted and leaped among the logs, pulling and pushing the obstinate timber, and the red head of Namgay Doola was chief among them all. The logs swayed and chafed and groaned as fresh consignments from up-stream battered the now weakening dam. It gave way at last in a smother of foam, racing butts, bobbing black heads, and a confusion indescribable, as the river tossed everything before it. I saw the red head go down with the last remnants of the jam and disappear between the great grinding tree trunks. It rose close to the bank, and blowing like a grampus, Namgay Doola wiped the water out of his eyes and made obeisance to the king.

I had time to observe the man closely. The virulent redness of his shock head and beard was most startling, and in the thicket of hair twinkled above high cheek-bones two very merry blue eyes. He was in deed an outlander, but yet a Thibetan in language, habits and attire. He spoke the Lepcha dialect with an indescribable softening of the gutturals. It was not so much a lisp as an accent.

"Whence comest thou?" I asked wondering.

"From Thibet." He pointed across the hills and grinned. That grin went straight to my heart. Mechanically I held out my hand, and Namgay Doola took it. No pure Thibetan would have understood the meaning of the gesture. He went away to look for his clothes, and as he climbed back to his village, I heard a joyous yell that seemed unaccountably familiar. It was the whooping of Namgay Doola.

"You see now," said the king, "why I would not kill him. He is a bold man among my logs, but," and he shook his head like a schoolmaster, "I know that before long there will be complaints of him in the court. Let us return to the palace and to justice."

It was that king's custom to judge his subjects every day between eleven and three o'clock. I heard him do justice equitably on weighty matters of trespass, slander and a little wife-stealing. Then his brow clouded and he summoned me.

"Again it is Namgay Doola," he said, despairingly. "Not content with refusing revenue on his own part, he has bound half his village by an oath to the like treason. Never before has such a thing befallen me! Nor are my taxes heavy."

A rabbit-faced villager, with a blush-rose stuck behind his ear, advanced trembling. He had been in Namgay Doola's conspiracy, but had told everything and hoped for the king's favor.

"Oh, kings!" said I, "if it be the king's will, let this matter stand over till the morning. Only the

gods can do right in a hurry, and it may be that yonder villager has lied."

"Nay, for I know the nature of Namgay Doola; but since a guest asks, let the matter remain. Wilt thou, for my sake, speak harshly to this red-headed outlander? He may listen to thee."

I made an attempt that very evening, but for the life of me I could not keep my countenance. Namgay Doola grinned so persuasively and began to tell me about a big brown bear in a poppy field by the river. Would I care to shoot that bear? I spoke austere on the sin of detected conspiracy and the certainty of punishment. Namgay Doola's face clouded for a moment. Shortly afterward he withdrew from my tent, and I heard him singing softly among the pines. The words were unintelligible to me, but the tune, like his liquid, insinuating speech, seemed the ghost of something strangely familiar.

"Dir hane mard-i-yemen dir
To weecree ala gee,"

crooned Namgay Doola again and again, and I racked my brain for that lost tune. It was not till after dinner that I discovered some one had cut a square foot of velvet from the center of my best camera cloth. This made me so angry that I wandered down the valley in the hope of meeting the big brown bear. I could hear him grunting like a discontented pig in a poppy field as I waited shoulder deep in the dew-dripping Indian corn to catch him after his meal. The moon was at

full and drew out the scent of the tasseled crop. Then I heard the anguished bellow of a Himalayan cow—one of the little black crummies no bigger than Newfoundland dogs. Two shadows that looked like a bear and her cub hurried past me. I was in the act of firing when I saw that each bore a brilliant red head. The lesser animal was trailing something rope-like that left a dark track on the path. They were within six feet of me, and the shadow of the moonlight lay velvet-black on their faces. Velvet-black was exactly the word, for by all the powers of moonlight they were masked in the velvet of my camera-cloth. I marveled, and went to bed.

Next morning the kingdom was in an uproar. Namgay Doola, men said, had gone forth in the night and with a sharp knife had cut off the tail of a cow belonging to the rabbit-faced villager who had betrayed him. It was sacrilege unspeakable against the holy cow! The state desired his blood, but he had retreated into his hut, barricaded the doors and windows with big stones, and defied the world.

The king and I and the populace approached the hut cautiously. There was no hope of capturing our man without loss of life, for from a hole in the wall projected the muzzle of an extremely well-cared-for gun—the only gun in the state that could shoot. Namgay Doola had narrowly missed a villager just before we came up.

The standing army stood.

It could do no more, for when it advanced pieces of sharp shale flew from the windows. To these were added from time to time showers of scalding water. We saw red heads bobbing up and down within. The family of Namgay Doola were aiding their sire. Blood-curdling yells of defiance were the only answer to our prayers.

"Never," said the king, puffing, "has such a thing befallen my state. Next year I will certainly buy a little cannon." He looked at me imploringly.

"Is there any priest in the kingdom to whom he will listen?" said I, for a light was beginning to break upon me.

"He worships his own god," said the prime minister. "We can but starve him out."

"Let the white man approach," said Namgay Doola from within. "All others I will kill. Send me the white man."

The door was thrown open and I entered the smoky interior of a Thibetan hut crammed with children. And every child had flaming red hair. A fresh-gathered cow's tail lay on the floor, and by its side two pieces of black velvet—my black velvet—rudely hacked into the semblance of masks.

"And what is this shame, Namgay Doola?" I asked.

He grinned more charmingly than ever. "There is no shame," said he. "I did but cut off the tail of that man's cow. He betrayed me. I was

mind to shoot him, sahib, but not to death. Indeed, not to death; only in the legs."

"And why at all, since it is the custom to pay revenue to the king? Why at all?"

"By the god of my father, I can not tell," said Namgay Doola.

"And who was thy father?"

"The same that had this gun." He showed me his weapon, a Tower musket, bearing date 1832 and the stamp of the Honorable East India Company.

"And thy father's name?" said I.

"Timlay Doola," said he. "At the first, I being then a little child, it is in my mind that he wore a red coat."

"Of that I have no doubt; but repeat the name of thy father twice or thrice."

He obeyed, and I understood whence the puzzling accent in his speech came "Thimla Dhula!" said he excitedly. "To this hour I worship his god."

"May I see that god?"

"In a little while—at twilight time."

"Rememberest thou aught of thy father's speech?"

"It is long ago. But there was one word which he said often. Thus, 'Shun!' Then I and my brethren stood upon our feet, our hands to our sides, thus."

"Even so. And what was thy mother?"

"A woman of the Hills. We be Lepchas of

Darjiling, but me they call an outlander because my hair is as thou seest."

The Thibetan woman, his wife, touched him on the arm gently. The long parley outside the fort had lasted far into the day. It was now close upon twilight—the hour of the Angelus. Very solemnly the redheaded brats rose from the floor and formed a semicircle. Namgay Doola laid his gun aside, lighted a little oil-lamp, and set it before a recess in the wall. Pulling back a whisp of dirty cloth, he revealed a worn brass crucifix leaning against the helmet badge of a long-forgotten East India Company's regiment. "Thus did my father," he said, crossing himself clumsily. The wife and children followed suit. Then, all together, they struck up the wailing chant that I heard on the hill-side:

"Dir hane niard-i-yemen dir
To weeree ala gee."

I was puzzled no longer. Again and again they sung, as if their hearts would break, their version of the chorus of "The Wearing of the Green":

"They're hanging men and women, too,
For the wearing of the green."

A diabolical inspiration came to me. One of the brats, a boy about eight years old—could he have been in the fields last night?—was watching me as he sang. I pulled out a rupee, held the coin between finger and thumb, and looked—only looked—at the gun leaning against the wall. A

grin of brilliant and perfect comprehension overspread his porringer-like face. Never for an instant stopping the song, he held out his hand for the money, and then slid the gun to my hand. I might have shot Namgay Doola dead as he chanted, but I was satisfied. The inevitable blood-instinct held true. Namgay Doola drew the curtain across the recess. Angelus was over.

"Thus my father sung. There was much more, but I have forgotten, and I do not know the purport of even these words, but it may be that the god will understand. I am not of this people, and I will not pay revenue."

"And why?"

Again that soul-compelling grin. "What occupation would be to me between crop and crop? It is better than scaring bears. But these people do not understand."

He picked the masks off the floor and looked in my face as simply as a child.

"By what road didst thou attain knowledge to make those deviltries?" I said, pointing.

"I can not tell. I am but a Lepcha of Darjiling, and yet the stuff——"

"Which thou hast stolen," said I.

"Nay, surely. Did I steal? I desired it so. The stuff—the stuff. What else should I have done with the stuff?" He twisted the velvet between his fingers.

"But the sin of maiming the cow—consider that."

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"Oh, sahib, the man betrayed me; the heifer's tail waved in the moonlight, and I had my knife. What else should I have done? The tail came off ere I was aware. Sahib, thou knowest more than I."

"That is true," said I. "Stay within the door. I go to speak to the king." The population of the state were ranged on the hill-side. I went forth and spoke.

"Oh, king," said I, "touching this man, there be two courses open to thy wisdom. Thou canst either hang him from a tree—he and his brood—till there remains no hair that is red within thy land."

"Nay," said the king. "Why should I hurt the little children?"

They had poured out of the hut and were making plump obeisances to everybody. Namgay Doola waited at the door with his gun across his arm.

"Or thou canst, discarding their impiety of the cow-maiming, raise him to honor in thy army. He comes of a race that will not pay revenue. A red flame is in his blood which comes out at the top of his head in that glowing hair. Make him chief of thy army. Give him honor as may befall and full allowance of work, but look to it, oh, king, that neither he nor his hold a foot of earth from thee henceforward. Feed him with words and favor, and also liquor from certain bottles that thou knowest of, and he will be a

bulwark of defense. But deny him even a tuftlet of grass for his own. This is the nature that God has given him. Moreover, he has brethren——”

The state groaned unanimously.

“But if his brethren come they will surely fight with each other till they die; or else the one will always give information concerning the other. Shall he be of thy army, oh, king? Choose.”

The king bowed his head, and I said: “Come forth, Namgay Doola, and command the king’s army. Thy name shall no more be Namgay in the mouths of men, but Patsay Doola, for, as thou hast truly said, I know.”

Then Namgay Doola, new-christened Patsay Doola, son of Timlay Doola—which is Tim Doolan—clasped the king’s feet, cuffed the standing army, and hurried in an agony of contrition from temple to temple making offerings for the sin of the cattle-maiming.

And the king was so pleased with my perspicacity that he offered to sell me a village for £20 sterling. But I buy no village in the Himalayas so long as one red head flares between the tail of the heaven-climbing glacier and the dark birch forest.

I know that breed.

THE INCARNATION OF KRISHNA MULVANEY

ONCE upon a time, and very far from this land, lived three men who loved each other so greatly that neither man nor woman could come between them. They were in no sense refined, nor to be admitted to the outer door-mats of decent folk, because they happened to be private soldiers in her majesty's army; and private soldiers of that employ have small time for self-culture. Their duty is to keep themselves and their accouterments specklessly clean, to refrain from getting drunk more often than is necessary, to obey their superiors, and to pray for a war. All these things my friends accomplished, and of their own motion threw in some fighting-work for which the Army Regulations did not call. Their fate sent them to serve in India, which is not a golden country, though poets have sung otherwise. There men die with great swiftness, and those who live suffer many and curious things. I do not think that my friends concerned themselves much with the social or political aspects of the East. They attended a not unimportant war on the northern frontier, another one on our western boundary, and a third in Upper Burmah. Then their regiment sat still to recruit, and the boundless monotony of cantonment life was their portion. They

were drilled morning and evening on the same dusty parade-ground. They wandered up and down the same stretch of dusty white road, attended the same church and the same grog-shop, and slept in the same lime-washed barn of a barrack for two long years. There was Mulvaney, the father in the craft, who had served with various regiments, from Bermuda to Halifax, old in war, scarred, reckless, resourceful, and in his pious hours an unequaled soldier. To him turned for help and comfort six and a half feet of slow-moving, heavy-footed Yorkshireman, born on the wolds, bred in the dales, and educated chiefly among the carriers' carts at the back of York railway-station. His name was Learoyd, and his chief virtue an unmitigated patience which helped him to win fights. How Ortheris, a fox-terrier of a Cockney, ever came to be one of the trio, is a mystery which even to-day I can not explain. "There was always three av us," Mulvaney used to say. "An' by the grace av God, so long as our service lasts, three av us they'll always be. 'Tis betther so."

They desired no companionship beyond their own, and evil it was for any man of the regiment who attempted dispute with them. Physical argument was out of the question as regarded Mulvaney and the Yorkshireman; and assault on Ortheris meant a combined attack from these twain—a business which no five men were anxious to have on their hands. Therefore they flour-

ished, sharing their drinks, their tobacco, and their money, good luck and evil, battle and the chances of death, life and the chances of happiness from Calicut in southern, to Peshawur in northern India. Through no merit of my own it was my good fortune to be in a measure admitted to their friendship—frankly by Mulvaney from the beginning, sullenly and with reluctance by Leayroyd, and suspiciously by Ortheris, who held to it that no man not in the army could fraternize with a redcoat. "Like to like," said he. "I'm a bloomin' sodger—he's a bloomin' civilian. 'Taint natural—that's all."

But that was not all. They thawed progressively, and in the thawing told me more of their lives and adventures than I am likely to find room for here.

Omitting all else, this tale begins with the lamentable thirst that was at the beginning of First Causes. Never was such a thirst—Mulvaney told me so. They kicked against their compulsory virtue, but the attempt was only successful in the case of Ortheris. He, whose talents were many, went forth into the highways and stole a dog from a "civillian"—*videlicet*, some one, he knew not who, not in the army. Now that civilian was but newly connected by marriage with the colonel of the regiment, and outcry was made from quarters least anticipated by Ortheris, and, in the end, he was forced, lest a worse thing should happen, to dispose at ridiculously unre-

munerative rates of as promising a small terrier as ever graced one end of a leading-string. The purchase-money was barley sufficient for one small outbreak which led him to the guard-room. He escaped, however, with nothing worse than a severe reprimand, and a few hours of punishment drill. Not for nothing had he acquired the reputation of being "the best soldier of his inches" in the regiment. Mulvancy had taught personal cleanliness and efficiency as the first articles of his companions' creed. "A dhirty man," he was used to say, in the speech of his kind, "goēs to clink for weakness in the knees, an' is coort-martialed for a pair av socks missin'; but a clane man, such as is an ornament to his service—a man whose buttons are gold, whose coat is wax upon him, an' whose 'couterments are widout a speck—*that* man may, spakin' in reason, do fwhat he likes, an' dhrink from day to divil. That's the pride av bein' dacint."

We sat together, upon a day, in the shade of a ravine far from the barracks, where a water-course used to run in rainy weather. Behind us was the scrub jungle, in which jackals, peacocks, the gray wolves of the Northwestern Provinces, and occasionally a tiger estrayed from Central India, were supposed to dwell. In front lay the cantonment, glaring white under a glaring sun, and on either side ran the broad road that led to Delhi.

It was the scrub that suggested to my mind

the wisdom of Mulvaney taking a day's leave and going upon a shooting tour. The peacock is a holy bird throughout India, and whoso slays one is in danger of being mobbed by the nearest villagers; but on the last occasion that Mulvaney had gone forth he had contrived, without in the least offending local religious susceptibilities, to return with six beautiful peacock skins which he sold to profit. It seemed just possible then—

"But fwhat manner av use is ut to me goin' widout a dhrink? The ground's powdher-dry underfoot, an' ut gets unto the throat fit to kill," wailed Mulvaney, looking at me reproachfully. "An' a peacock is not a bird you can catch the tail av onless ye run. Can a man run on wather—an' jungle-wather, too?"

Ortheris had considered the question in all its bearings. He spoke, chewing his pipe-stem meditatively:

" 'Go forth, return in glory,
To Clusium's royal 'ome;
An' round these bloomin' temples ang
The bloomin' shields o' Rome.'

You'd better go. You ain't to shoot your self—not while there's a chanst of liquor. Me an' Learoyd 'll stay at 'ome an' keep shop—case o' anything turnin' up. But you go out with a gas-pipe gun an' ketch the little peacockses or some-thin'. You kin get one day's leave easy as winkin'. Go along an' get it, an' get peacockses or some-thin'."

"Jock," said Mulvaney, turning to Learoyd, who was half asleep under the shadow of the bank. He roused slowly.

"Sitha, Mulvaney, go," said he.

And Mulvaney went, cursing his allies with Irish fluency and barrack-room point.

"Take note," said he, when he had won his holiday and appeared dressed in his roughest clothes with the only other regimental fowling-piece in his hand—"take note, Jock, an' you, Orth'ris, I am goin' in the face av my own will—all for to please you. I misdoubt anythin' will come av permiscuous huntin' afther peacockses in a disolit lan'; an' I know that I will lie down an' die wid thirrst. Me catch peacockses for you, ye lazy scuts—an' be sacrificed by the peasan-thry."

He waved a huge paw and went away.

At twilight, long before the appointed hour, he returned empty-handed, much begrimed with dirt.

"Peacockses?" queried Ortheris, from the safe rest of a barrack-room table, whereon he was smoking cross-legged, Learoyd fast asleep on a bench.

"Jock," said Mulvaney, as he stirred up the sleeper. "Jock, can ye fight? Will ye fight?"

Very slowly the meaning of the words communicated itself to the half-roused man. He understood—and again—what might these things mean? Mulvaney was shaking him savagely. Meantime, the men in the room howled with de-

light. There was war in the confederacy at last—war and the breaking of bonds.

Barrack-room etiquette is stringent. On the direct challenge must follow the direct reply. This is more binding than the tie of tried friendship. Once again Mulvaney repeated the question. Learoyd answered by the only means in his power, and so swiftly, that the Irishman had barely time to avoid the blow. The laughter around increased. Learoyd looked bewilderedly at his friend—himself as greatly bewildered. Ortheris dropped from the table. His world was falling.

“Come outside,” said Mulvaney; and as the occupants of the barrack-room prepared joyously to follow, he turned and said furiously: “There will be no fight this night—unless any wan av you is wishful to assist. The man that does, follows on.”

No man moved. The three passed out into the moonlight, Learoyd fumbling with the buttons of his coat. The parade-ground was deserted except for the scurrying jackals. Mulvaney’s impetuous rush carried his companions far into the open ere Learoyd attempted to turn round and continue the discussion.

“Be still now. ’Twas my fault for beginnin’ things in the middle av an end, Jock. I should ha’ comminst wid an explanation; but Jock, dear, on your sowl, are ye fit, think you, for the finest fight that iver was—better than fightin’ me? Considher before ye answer.”

More than ever puzzled, Learoyd turned round two or three times, felt an arm, kicked tentatively, and answered: "Ah'm fit." He was accustomed to fight blindly at the bidding of the superior mind.

They sat them down, the men looking on from afar, and Mulvaney untangled himself in mighty words.

"Followin' your fools' scheme, I wint out into the thrackless desert beyond the barricks. An' there I met a pious Hindoo dhriving a bullock-kyart. I tuk ut for granted he wud be delighted for to convoy me a piece, an' I jumped in—"

"You long, lazy, black-haired swine," drawled Ortheris, who would have done the same thing under similar circumstances.

"'Twas the height av policy. That naygur man dhruv miles an' miles—as far as the new railway line they're buildin' now back av the Tavi River. "'Tis a kyart for dhirt only,' says he now an' again timorously, to g't me out av ut. 'Dhirt I am,' sez I, 'an' the dhryest that you iver kyarted. Dhrive on, me son, an' glory be w'id you.' At that I wint to slape, an' took no heed t'il he pulled up on the embankment av the line where the coolies were pilin' mud. There was a matther av two thousand coolies on that line—you remimber that. Prisintly a bell rang, an' they throops off to a big pay shed. 'Where's the white man in charge?' sez I to my kyart-driver. 'In the shed,' sez he, 'engaged on a riffle,' 'A fwat?' sez I. 'Riffle,' sez he. 'You take ticket. He takes money. You get nothin'.'

'Oho!' sez I, 'that's what the shuperior an' cultivated man calls a raffle, me misbeguided child av darkness an' sin. Lead on to that raffle, though fwhat the mischief 'tis doin' so far away from uts home—which is the charity-bazaar at Christmas, an' the colonel's wife grinnin' behind the tea-table—is more than I know.' Wid that I wint to the shed an' found 'twas pay-day among the coolies. Their wages was on a table forninst a big, fine, red buck av a man—sivun fut high, four fut wide, an' three fut thick, wid a fist on him like a corn-sack. He was payin' the coolies fair an' easy, but he wud ask each man if he wud raffle that month, an' each man sez, 'Yes, av course.' 'Thin he would deduct from their wages accordin'. Whin at that all the coolies cried aloud fwhat was mint gun-wads an' scattered ut among the coolies. They did not take much joy av that performance, an' small wondher. A man close to me picks up a black gun-wad, an' sings out, 'I have ut.' 'Good may ut do you,' sez I. The coolie went forward to this big, fine red man, who threw a cloth off of the most sumpshus, jooled, enameled, an' variously bediviled sedan-chair I iver saw."

"Sedan-chair! Put your 'ead in a bag. That was a palanquin. Don't yer know a palanquin when you see it?" said Ortheris, with great scorn.

"I chuse to call ut sedan-chair, an' chair ut shall be, little man," continued the Irishman. "'Twas a most amazin' chair—all lined wid pink silk an' fitted wid red silk curtains. 'Here ut is,'

sez the red man. 'Here ut is,' sez the coolie, an' he grinned weakly ways. 'Is ut any use to you?' sez the red man. 'No,' sez the coolie; 'I'd like to make a presint av ut to you.' 'I am graciously pleased to accept that same,' sez the red man; an' at that all the coolies cried aloud fwhat was mint for cheerful notes, an' wint back to their diggin'. lavin' mc alone in the shed. The red man saw me, an' his face grew blue on his big, fat neck. 'Fwhat d'you want here?' sez he. 'Standin'-room an' no more,' sez I, 'unless it may be fwhat ye niver had, an' that's manners, ye rafflin' ruffian,' for I was not goin' to have the service throd upon. 'Out of this,' sez he. 'I'm in charge av this section av construction.' 'I'm in charge av mesilf,' sez I, an' it's like I will stay awhile. D'ye raffle much in these parts?' 'Fwhat's that to you?' sez he. 'Nothin',' sez I, 'but a great dale to you, for begad I'm thinkin' you get the full half av your revenue from that sedan-chair. Is ut always raffled so?' I sez, an' wid that I wint to a coolie to ask questions. Bhoys, that man's name is Dearsley, an' he's been rafflin' that ould sedan-chair monthly this matter av nine months. Ivry coolie on the section takes a ticket—or he gives 'em the go—wanst a month on pay-day. Ivry coolie that wins ut gives ut back to him, for 'tis too big to carry away, an' he'd sack the man that thried to sell ut. That Dearsley has been makin' the rowlin' wealth av Roshus by nefarious rafflin'. Two thousand coolies defrauded wanst a month!"

"Dom t' coolies. Hast gotten t' cheer, man?" said Learoyd.

"Hould on. Havin' onearthed this amazin' an' stupenjuss fraud committed by the man Dearsley, I hild a council av war; he thryin' all the time to sejuce me into a fight wid opprobrious language. That sedan-chair niver belonged by right to any foreman av coolies. 'Tis a king's chair or a quane's. There's gold on ut an' silk an' all manner av trapesemints. Rhoys, 'tis not for me to countenance any sort av wrong-doin'—me bein' the ould man—but—any way he has had ut nine months, an' he dare not make throuble av ut was taken from him. Five miles away, or ut may be six——"

There was a long pause, and the jackals howled merrily. Learoyd bared one arm and contemplated it in the moonlight. Then he nodded partly to himself and partly to his friends. Ortheris wriggled with suppressed emotion.

"I thought ye wud see the reasonableness av ut," said Mulvaney. "I made bould to say as much to the man before. He was for a direct front attack—fut, horse, an' guns—an' all for nothin', seein' that I had no transport to convey the machine away. 'I will not argue wid you,' sez I, 'this day, but subsequently, Mister Dearsley, me rafflin' jool, we'll talk ut out lengthways. 'Tis no good policy to swindle the naygur av his hard-earned emolumints, an' by presint informashin'—'twas the kyart man that tould me—'ye've been

perpethrating that same for nine months. But I'm a just man,' sez I, 'an' overlookin' the pre-sumpshin that yondher settie wid the gilt top was not come by honust'—at that he turned sky-green, so I knew things was more thrue than tellable—'I'm willin' to compound the felony for this month's winnin's.' ”

‘Ah! Ilo!” from Learoyd and Ortheris.

“That man Dearsley’s rushin’ on his fate,” continued Mulvaney, solemnly wagging his head. “All hell had no name bad enough for me that tide. Faith, he called me a robber! Me! that was savin’ him from continuin’ in his evil ways widout a remonstrance—an’ to a man av conscience a remonstrance may change the chune av his life. ‘’Tis not for me to argue,’ sez I, ‘fwhatever ye are, Mister Dearsley, but by my hand I’ll take away the temptation for you that lies in that sedan-chair.’ ‘You will have to fight me for ut,’ sez he, ‘for well I know you will never ’ire make report to any one.’ ‘Fight I will,’ sez I, ‘but not this day, for I’m rejuiced for want av nourishment.’ ‘Ye’re an ould bould hand,’ sez he, sizin’ me up an’ down; ‘an’ a jool av a fight we will have. Eat now an’ dhrink, an’ go your way.’ Wid that he gave me some hump an’ whisky—good whisky—an’ we talked av this an’ that the while. ‘It goes hard on me now,’ sez I, wipin’ my mouth, ‘to confiscate that piece av furniture; but justice is justice.’ ‘Ye’ve not got ut yet,’ sez he; ‘there’s the fight between.’ ‘There is,’ sez I, ‘an’ a good fight. Ye shall have

the pick av the best quality in my regiment for the dinner you have given this day.' Thin I came hot-foot for you two. Hould your tongue, the both. 'Tis this way. To-morrow we three will go there an' he shall have his pick betune me an' Jock. Jock's a deceivin' fighter, for he is all fat to the eyes, an' he moves slow. Now I'm all beef to the look, an' I move quick. By my reckonin', the Dearsley man won't take me; so me an' Orth'ris 'll see fair play. Jock, I tell you, 'twill be big fightin'—whipped, wid the cream above the jam. Afther the business 'twill take a good three av us—Jock 'll be very hurt—to take away that sedan-chair."

"Palanquin." This from Ortheris.

"Fwhatever ut is, we must have ut. 'Tis the only sellin' piece av property widin reach that we can get so cheap. An' fwhat's a fight afther all? He has robbed the naygur man dishonust. We rob him honust."

"But wot'll we do with the bloomin' harticle when we've got it? Them palanquins are as big as 'ouses, an' uncommon 'ard to sell, as McCleary said when ye stole the sentry-box from the Curragh."

"Who's goin' to do t' fightin'?" said Learoyd, and Ortheris subsided. The three returned to barracks without a word. Mulvaney's last argument clinched the matter. This palanquin was property, vendible and to be attained in the least embarrassing fashion. It would eventually become beer. Great was Mulvaney.

Next afternoon a procession of three formed itself and disappeared into the scrub in the direction of the new railway line. Learoyd alone was without care, for Mulvaney dived darkly into the future and little Ortheris feared the unknown.

What befell at that interview in the lonely pay-shed by the side of the half-built embankment only a few hundred coolies know, and their tale is a confusing one, running thus:

"We were at work. Three men in red coats came. They saw the sahib—Dearsley Sahib. They made oration, and noticeably the small man among the red-coats. Dearsley Sahib also made oration, and used many very strong words. Upon this talk they departed together to an open space, and there the fat man in the red coat fought with Dearsley Sahib after the custom of white men—with his hands, making no noise, and never at all pulling Dearsley Sahib's hair. Such of us as were not afraid beheld these things for just so long a time as a man needs to cook the midday meal. The small man in the red coat had possessed himself of Dearsley Sahib's watch. No, he did not steal that watch. He held it in his hands, and at certain season made outcry, and the twain ceased their combat, which was like the combat of young bulls in spring. Both men were soon all red, but Dearsley Sahib was much more red than the other. Seeing this, and fearing for his life—because we greatly loved him—some fifty of us made shift to rush upon the red coats. But a certain man—

very black as to the hair, and in no way to be confused with the small man, or the fat man who fought—that man, we affirm, ran upon us, and of us he embraced some ten or fifty in both arms, and beat our heads together, so that our livers turned to water, and we ran away. It is not good to interfere in the fightings of white men. After that Dearsley Sahib fell and did not rise; these men jumped upon his stomach and despoiled him of all his money, and attempted to fire the pay-shed, and departed. Is it true that Dearsley Sahib makes no complaint of these latter things having been done? We were senseless with fear, and do not at all remember. There was no palanquin near the pay-shed. What do we know about palanquins. Is it true that Dearsley Sahib does not return to this place, on account of sickness, for ten days? This is the fault of those bad men in the red coats, who should be severely punished; for Dearsley Sahib is both our father and mother, and we love him much. Yet if Dearsley Sahib does not return to this place at all, we will speak the truth. There was a palanquin, for the upkeep of which we were forced to pay nine tenths of our monthly wage. On such mulctings Dearsley Sahib allowed us to make obeisance to him before the palanquin. What could we do? We were poor men. He took a full half of our wages. Will the government repay us those moneys? Those three men in red coats bore the palanquin upon their shoulders and departed. All the money

that Dearsley Sahib had taken from us was in the cushions of that palanquin. Therefore they stole it. Thousands of rupees were there—all our money. It was our bank-box, to fill which we cheerfully contributed to Dearsley Sahib three sevenths of our monthly wage. Why does the white man look upon us with the eye of disfavor? Before God, there was a palanquin, and now there is no palanquin; and if they send the police here to make inquisition, we can only say that there never has been any palanquin. Why should a palanquin be near these works? We are poor men, and we know nothing.”

Such is the simplest version of the simplest story connected with the descent upon Dearsley. From the lips of the coolies I received it. Dearsley himself was in no condition to say anything, and Mulvaney preserved a massive silence, broken only by the occasional licking of the lips. He had seen a fight so gorgeous that even his power of speech was taken from him. I respected that reserve until, three days after the affair, I discovered in a disused stable in my quarters a palanquin of unchastened splendor—evidently in past days the litter of a queen. The pole whereby it swung between the shoulders of the bearers was rich with the painted *papier-maché* of Cashmere. The shoulder-pads were of yellow silk. The panels of the litter itself were ablaze with the loves of all the gods and goddesses of the Hindoo Pantheon—lacquer on cedar. The cedar sliding doors were fitted

with hasps of translucent Jaipur enamel, and ran in grooves shod with silver. The cushions were of brocaded Delhi silk, and the curtains, which once hid any glimpse of the beauty of the king's palace, were stiff with gold. Closer investigation showed that the entire fabric was everywhere rubbed and discolored by time and wear; but even thus it was sufficiently gorgeous to deserve housing on the threshold of a royal zenana. I found no fault with it, except that it was in my stable. Then, trying to lift it by the silver-shod shoulder-pole, I laughed. The road from Dearsley's payshed to the cantonment was a narrow and uneven one, traversed by three very inexperienced palanquin-bearers, one of whom was sorely battered about the head, must have been a path of torment. Still I did not quite recognize the right of the three musketeers to turn me into a "fence."

"I'm askin' you to warehouse ut," said Mulvaney, when he was brought to consider the question. "There's no steal in ut. Dearsley tould us we cud have ut if we fought. Jock fought—an' oh, sorr, when the throuble was at uts finest an' Jock was bleedin' like a stuck pig, an little Orth'ris was shquealin' on one leg, chew in' big bites out av Dearsley's watch, I wud ha' given my place in the fight to have had you see wan round. He tuk Jock, as I suspicioned he would, an' Jock was deceptive. Nine roun's they were even matched, an' at the tenth— About that palanquin now. There's not the least trouble in the world, or we wud not

ha' brought ut here. You will onderstand that the queen—God bless her!—does not reckon for a privit soldier to kape elephints an' palanquins an' sich in barricks. Afther we had dhragged ut down from Dearsley's through that cruel scrub that n'r broke Orth'ris' heart, we set ut in the ravine for a night; an' a thief av a porcupine an' a civit-cat av a jackal roosted in ut, as well we knew in the mornin'. I put ut to you, sorr, is an elegant palanquin, fit for the princess, the natural abidin'-place av all the vermin in cantonmints? We brought ut to you, afther dhark, and put ut in your shtable. Do not let your conscience prick. Think av the rejoicin' men in the pay-shed yonder—lookin' at Dearsley wid his head tied up in a towel—an' well knowin' that they can dhraw their pay ivery month widout stoppages for riffles. Indirectly, sorr, you have rescued from an onprincipled son av a night-hawk the peasantry av a numerous village. An' besides, will I let that sedan-chair rot on our hands? Not I. 'Tis not every day a piece av pure joolry comes into the market. There's not a king widin these forty miles"—he waved his hand round the dusty horizon—"not a king wud not be glad to buy it. Some day meself, whin I have leisure, I'll take ut up along the road an' dispose av ut."

"How?" said I.

"Get into ut, av course, an' keep wan eye open through the curtain. Whin I see a likely man of the native persuation, I will descend blushin' from

my canopy, and say: 'Buy a palanquin, ye black scut?' I will have to hire four men to carry me first, though; and that's impossible till next pay-day."

Curiously enough, Learoyd, who had fought for the prize, and in the winning secured the highest pleasure life had to offer him, was altogether disposed to undervalue it, while Ortheris openly said it would be better to break the thing up. Dearsley, he argued, might be a many-sided man, capable, despite his magnificent fighting qualities, of setting in motion the machinery of the civil law, a thing much abhorred by the soldier. Under the circumstances their fun had come and passed; the next pay-day was close at hand, when there would be beer for all. Wherefore longer conserve the painted palanquin?

"A first-class rifle-shot an' a good little man av your inches you are," said Mulvaney. "But you niver had a head worth a soft-boiled egg. 'Tis me has to lie awake av nights schamin' an' plottin' for the three av us. Orth'ris, me son, 'tis no matther av a few gallons av beer—no, nor twenty gallons—but tubs an' vats an' firkins in that sedan-chair."

Meantime, the palanquin stayed in my stall, the key of which was in Mulvaney's hand.

Pay-day came, and with it beer. It was not in experience to hope that Mulvaney, dried by four weeks' drought, would avoid excess. Next morning he and the palanquin had disappeared.

He had taken the precaution of getting three days' leave "to see a friend on the railway," and the colonel, well knowing that the seasonal outburst was near, and hoping it would spend its force beyond the limits of his jurisdiction, cheerfully gave him all he demanded. At this point his history, as recorded in the mess-room, stopped.

Ortheris carried it not much further. "No, 'e wasn't drunk," said the little man, lovably, "the liquor was no more than feelin' its way round inside of 'im; but 'e went an' filled that 'ole bloomin' palanquin with bottles 'fore 'e went off. 'E's gone an' 'ired six men to carry 'im, an' I 'ad to 'elp 'im into 'is nupshal couch, 'cause 'e wouldn't 'ear reason. 'E's gone off in 'is shirt an' trouses, swearin' tremenjuss—gone down the road in the palanquin, wavin' 'is legs out o' windy."

"Yes," said I, "but where?"

"Now you arx me a question. 'E said 'e was going to sell that palanquin; but from observations what happened when I was stuffin' 'im through the door, I fancy 'e's gone to the new embankment to mock at Dearsley. Soon as Jock's off duty I'm going there to see if 'e's safe—not Mulvancy, but t'other man. My saints, but I pity 'im as 'elps Terence out o' the palanquin when 'e's once fair drunk!"

"He'll come back," I said.

"'Corse 'e will. On'y question is, what'll 'e be doin' on the road. Killing Dearsley, like as not. 'E shouldn't 'a gone without Jock or me."

Re-enforced by Learoyd, Ortheris sought the foreman of the coolie-gang. Dearsley's head was still embellished with towels. Mulvaney, drunk or sober, would have struck no man in that condition, and Dearsley indignantly denied that he would have taken advantage of the intoxicated brave.

"I had my pick o' you two," he explained to Learoyd, "and you got my palanquin—not before I'd made my profit on it. Why'd I do harm when everything's settled? Your man *did* come here—drunk as Davy's cow on a frosty night—came a-purpose to mock me—stuck his 'ead out of the door an' called me a crucified hodman. I made him drunker, an' sent him along. But I never touched him."

To these things, Learoyd, slow to perceive the evidences of sincerity, answered only: "If owt comes to Mulvaney long o' you, I'll gripple you, clouts or no clouts on your ugly head, an' I'll draw t' throat twisty-ways, man. See there now."

The embassy removed itself, and Dearsley, the battered, laughed alone over his supper that evening.

Three days passed—a fourth and a fifth. The week drew to a close, and Mulvaney did not return. He, his royal palanquin, and his six attendants, had vanished into air. A very large and very tipsy soldier, his feet sticking out of the litter of a reigning princess, is not a thing to travel along the ways without comment. Yet no man of all the country round had seen any such won-

der. He was, and he was not; and Learoyd suggested the immediate smashment as a sacrifice to his ghost. Ortheris insisted that all was well.

"When Mulvaney goes up the road," said he, "'e's like to go a very long ways up, especially when 'e's so blue drunk as 'e is now. But what gits me is 'is not bein' 'eard of pullin' wool of the niggers somewhere about. That don't look good. The drink must ha' died out in 'im by this, unless 'e's broke a bank, an' then— Why don't 'e come back? 'E didn't ought to ha' gone off without us."

Even Ortheris' heart sunk at the end of the seventh day, for half the regiment were out scouring the country-sides, and Learoyd had been forced to fight two men who hinted openly that Mulvaney had deserted. To do him justice, the colonel laughed at the notion, even when it was put forward by his much-trusted adjutant.

"Mulvaney would as soon think of deserting as you would," said he. "No; he's either fallen into a mischief among the villagers—and yet that isn't likely, for he'd blarney hims lf out of the pit; or else he is engaged on urgent private affairs—some stupendous devilment that we shall hear of at mess after it has been the round of the barrack-room. The worst of it is that I shall have to give him twenty-eight days' confinement at least for being absent without leave, just when I most want him to lick the new batch of recruits into shape. I never knew a man who could put polish on young

soldiers as quickly as Mulvaney can. How does he do it?"

"With blarney and the buckle-end of a belt, sir," said the adjutant. "He is worth a couple of non-commissioned officers when we are dealing with an Irish draft, and the London lads seem to adore him. The worst of it is that if he goes to the cells the other two are neither to hold nor to bind till he comes out again. I believe Ortheris preaches mutiny on those occasions, and I know that the mere presence of Learoyd mourning for Mulvaney kills all the cheerfulness of his room. The sergeants tell me that he allows no man to laugh when he feels unhappy. They are a queer gang."

"For all that, I wish we had a few more of them. I like a well-conducted regiment, but these pasty-faced, shifty-eyed, mealy-mouthed young slouchers from the depot worry me sometimes with their offensive virtue. They don't seem to have backbone enough to do anything but play cards and prowl round the married quarters. I believe I'd forgive that old villain on the spot, if he turned up with any sort of explanation that I could in decency accept."

"Not likely to be much difficulty about that, sir," said the adjutant. "Mulvaney's explanations are one degree less wonderful than his performances. They say that when he was in the Black Tyrone, before he came to us, he was discovered on the banks of the Liffey trying to sell his

colonel's charger to a Donegal dealer as a perfect lady's hack. Shakbolt commanded the Tyrone then."

"Shakbolt must have had apoplexy at the thought of his ramping war-horses answering to that description. He used to buy unbacked devils and tame them by starvation. What did Mulvaney say?"

"That he was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, anxious to 'sell the poor baste where he would get something to fill out his dimples.' Shakbolt laughed, but I fancy that was why Mulvaney exchanged to ours."

"I wish he were back," said the colonel; "for I like him, and believe he likes me."

That evening, to cheer our souls, Learoyd, Ortheris and I went into the waste to smoke out a porcupine. All the dogs attended, but even their clamor—and they began to discuss the shortcomings of porcupines before they left cantonments—could not take us out of ourselves. A large, low moon turned the tops of the plume grass to silver, and the stunted camel-thorn bushes and sour tamarisks into the likeness of trooping devils. The smell of the sun had not left the earth, and little aimless winds, blowing across the rose gardens to the southward, brought the scent of dried roses and water. Our fire once started, and the dogs craftily disposed to wait the dash of the porcupine, we climbed to the top of a rain-scarred hillock of earth, and looked across the scrub,

seamed with cattle-paths, white with the long grass, and dotted with spots of level pond-bottom, where the snipe would gather in winter.

"This," said Ortheris, with a sigh, as he took in the unkempt desolation of it all, "this is sanguinary. This is unusual sanguinary. Sort o' mad country. Like a grate when the fire's put out by the sun." He shaded his eyes against the moonlight. "An' there's a loony dancin' in the middle of it all. Quite right. I'd dance, too, if I wasn't so down-heart."

There pranced a portent in the face of the moon—a huge and ragged spirit of the waste, that flapped its wings from afar. It had risen out of the earth; it was coming toward us, and its outline was never twice the same. The toga, tablecloth, or dressing-gown, whatever the creature wore, took a hundred shapes. Once it stopped on a neighboring mound and flung all its legs and arms to the winds.

"My, but that scarecrow 'as got 'em bad!" said Ortheris. "Seems like if 'e comes any further we'll 'ave to argify with 'im."

Learoyd raised himself from the dirt as a bull clears his flanks of the wallow. And as a bull belows, so he, after a short minute at gaze, gave tongue to the stars.

"Mulvaney! Mulvaney! A hoo!"

Then we yelled all together, and the figure dipped into the hollow till, with a crash of rending grass, the lost one strode up to the light of the

fire, and disappeared to the waist in a wave of joyous dogs. Then Learoyd and Ortheris gave greeting bass and falsetto.

"You damned fool!" said they, and severally punched him with their fists.

"Go easy!" he answered, wrapping a huge arm around each. "I would have you to know that I am a god, to be treated as such—though, by my faith, I fancy I've got to go to the guard-room just like a privit soldier."

The latter part of the sentence destroyed the suspicions raised by the former. Any one would have been justified in regarding Mulvaney as mad. He was hatless and shoeless, and his shirt and trousers were dropping off him. But he wore one wondrous garment—a gigantic cloak that fell from collar-bone to heels—of pale pink silk, wrought all over, in cunningest needlework of hands long since dead, with the loves of the Hindoo gods. The monstrous figures leaped in and out of the light of the fire as he settled the folds round him.

Ortheris handled the stuff respectfully for a moment while I was trying to remember where I had seen it before.

Then he screamed: "What 'ave you done with the palanquin? You're wearin' the linin'."

"I am," said the Irishman, "by the same token the 'broidery is scrapin' me hide off. I've lived in this sumpshus counterpane for four days. Me son, I begin to ondherstand why the naygur is

no use. Widout me boots, an' me trousers like an open-work stocking on a gyurl's leg at a dance, I began to feel like a naygur—all timorous. Give me a pipe an' I'll tell on."

He lighted a pipe, resumed his grip of his two friends, and rocked to and fro in a gale of laughter.

"Mulvaney," said Ortheris, sternly, "'tain't no time for laughin'. You've given Jock an' me more trouble than you're worth. You 'ave been absent without leave, and you'll go into the cells for that; an' you 'ave come back disgustingly dressed, an' most improper, in the linin' o' that bloomin' palanquin. Instid of which you laugh. An' *we* thought you was dead all the time."

"Bhoys," said the culprit, still shaking gently, "whin I've done my tale you may cry if you like, an' little Orth'ris here can thrample my insides out. Ha' done an' listen. My performinces have been stupenjus; my luck has been the blessed luck of the British army—an' there's no better than that. I went out drunk an' drinking in the palanquin, and I have come back a pink god. Did any of you go to Dearsley afther my time was up? He was at the bottom of ut all."

"Ah said so," murmured Learoyd. "Tomorrow ah'll smash t' face in upon his head."

"Ye will not. Dearsley's a joor av a man. Afther Orth'ris had put me into the palanquin an' the six bearer-men were gruntin' down the road, I tuk thought to mock Dearsley for that fight. So

I tould thim: 'Go to the embankment,' and there, bein' most amazin' full, shtuck my head out av the concern an' passed compliments wid Dearsley. I must ha' miscalled him outrageous, for whin I am that way the power of the tongue comes on me. I can bare remimber tellin' him that his mouth opened endways like the mouth of a skate, which was throe afther Learoyd had handled ut; an' I clear remimber his taking no manner nor matter of offense, but givin' me a big dhrink of beer. 'Twas the beer that did the thrick, for I crawled back into the palanquin, steppin' on me right ear wid me left foot, an' thin I slept like the dead. Wanst I half roused, an' begad the noise in my head was tremenjus—roarin' an' poundin' an' rattlin' such as was quite new to me. 'Mother av mercy,' thinks I, 'phwat a concertina I will have on my shoulders whin I wake!' An' wid that I curls myself up to sleep before ut should get hould on me. Bhoys, that noise was not dhrink, 'twas the rattle av a train!"

There followed an impressive pause.

"Yes, he had put me on a thrain—put me, palanquin an' all, six black assassins av his own coolies that was in his nefarious confidence, on the flat av a ballast-truck, and we were rowlin' and bowlin' along to Benares. Glory be that I did not wake up then an' introjuce myself to the coolies. As I was sayin', I slept for the better part av a day an' a night. But remimber you, that that man Dearsley had packed me off on one av his material

thrains to Benares, all for to make me overstay my leave an' get me into the cells."

The explanation was an eminently rational one. Benares was at least ten hours by rail from the cantonments, and nothing in the world could have saved Mulvaney from arrest as a deserter had he appeared there in the apparel of his orgies. Dearsley had not forgotten to take revenge. Learoyd, drawing back a little, began to place soft blows over selected portions of Mulvaney's body. His thoughts were away on the embankment, and they meditated evil for Dearsley. Mulvaney continued: "Whin I was full awake, the palanquin was set down in a street, I suspicioned, for I could hear people passin' and talkin'. But I knew well I was far from home. There is a queer smell upon our cantonments—smell av dried earth and brick-kilns wid whiffs av a cavalry stable-litter. This place smelt marigold flowers an' bad water, an' wanst somethin' alive came an' blew heavy with his muzzle at the chink of the shutter. 'It's in a village I am,' thinks I to myself, 'an' the parochial buffalo is investigatin' the palanquin.' But anyways I had no desire to move. Only lie still whin you're in foreign parts, an' the standin' luck av the British army will carry ye through. That is an epigram. I made ut.

"Thin a lot av whisperin' devils surrounded the palanquin. 'Take ut up,' says wan man. 'But who'll pay us?' says another. 'The Maharanee's minister, av course,' sez the man. 'Oho!' sez I to

myself ; 'I'm a quane in me own right, wid a minister to pay me expenses. I'll be an emperor if I lie still long enough. But this is no village I've struck.' I lay quiet, but I gummed me right eye to a crack av the shutters, an' I saw that the whole street was crammed wid palanquins an' horses an' a sprinklin' av naked priests, all yellow powder an' tigers' tails. But I may tell you, Orth'ris, an' you, Learoyd, that av all the palanquins ours was the most imperial an' magnificent. Now, a palanquin means a native lady all the world over, except whin a soldier av the quane happens to be takin' a ride. 'Women an' priest!' sez I. 'Your father's son is in the right pew this time, Terence. There will be proceedin's.' Six black devils in pink muslin tuk up the palanquin, an' oh! but the rowlin' an' the rockin' made me sick. Thin we got fair jammed among the palanquins—not more than fifty av them—an' we grated an' bumped like Queenstown potato-sacks in a runnin' tide. I cud hear the women giglin' and squirmin' in their palanquins, but mine was the royal equipage. They made way for ut, an', begad, the pink muslin men o' mine were howlin', 'Room for the Maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun.' Do you know av the lady, sorr?"

"Yes," said I. "She is a very estimable old queen of the Central India States, and they say she is fat. How on earth could she go to Benares without all the city knowing her palanquin?"

"'Twas the eternal foolishness av the naygur

men. They saw the palanquin lying loneful an' forlornsome, an' the beauty of ut, after Dearsley's men had dhropped ut an' gone away, an' they gave ut the best name that occurred to thim. Quite right too. For aught we know, the old lady was travelin' *incog*.—like me. I'm glad to hear she's fat. I was no light-weight myself, an' my men were mortal anxious to dhrop me under a great big archway promiscuously ornamented wid the most improper carvin's an' cuttin's I iver saw. Begad! they made me blush—like a maharanee."

"The temple of the Prithi-Devi," I murmured, remembering the monstrous horrors of that sculptured archway at Benares.

"Pretty Devilskins, savin' your presence, sorr. There was nothin' pretty about ut, except me! 'Twas all half dhark, an' whin the coolies left they shut a big black gate behind av us, an' half a company av fat yellow priests began pully-haulin' the palanquins into dharker place yet—a big stone hall full av pillars an' gods an' incense an' all manner av similar thruck. The gate disconcerted me, for I perceived I wud have to go forward to get out, my retreat bein' cut off. By the same token, a good priest makes a bad palanquin-coolie. Begad! they nearly turned me inside out dragging the palanquin to the temple. Now the disposishin av the forces inside was this way. The Maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun—that was me—lay by the favor of Providence on the far left flank behind the dhark av a pillar carved with

elephants' heads. The remainder av the palanquins was in a big half circle facing into the biggest, fattest, and most amazin' she-god that iver I dreamed av. Her head ran up into the black above us, an' her feet stuck out in the light av a little fire av melted butter that a priest was feedin' out av a butter-dish. Thin a man began to sing an' play on somethin', back in the dhark, an' 'twas a queer song. Ut made my hair lift on the back av my neck. Thin the doors av all the palanquins slid back, an' the women bundled out. I saw what I'll never see again. 'Twas more glorious than transformations at a pantomime, for they was in pink, an' blue, an' silver, an' red, an' grass-green, wid diamonds, an' imeralds, an' great red rubies. I never saw the like, an' I never will again."

"Seeing that in all probability you were watching the wives and daughters of most of the kings of India, the chances are that you won't," I said, for it was dawning upon me that Mulvaney had stumbled upon a big queen's praying at Benares.

"I niver will," he said, mournfully. "That sight doesn't come twice to any man. It made me ashamed to watch. A fat priest knocked at my door. I didn't think he'd have the insolence to disturb the Maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun, so I lay still. 'The old cow's asleep,' sez he to another. 'Let her be,' sez that. 'Twill be long before she has a calf!' I might ha' known before he spoke

that all a woman prays for in Injia—an' for the matter o' that in England too—is childher. That made me more sorry I'd come, me bein', as you well know, a childless man.

"They prayed, an' the butter-fires blazed up an' the incense turned everything blue, an' between that an' the fires the women looked as tho' they were all ablaze an' twinklin'. They took hold of the she-god's knees, they cried out, an' they threw themselves about, an' that world-without-end-amen music was dhrivin' thim mad. Mother av Hiven! how they cried, an' the ould she-god grinnin' above them all so scornful. The dhrink was dyin' out in me fast, an' I was thinkin' harder than the thoughts wud go through my head—thinkin' how to get out, an' all manner of nonsense as well. The women were rockin' in rows, their di'mond belts clickin', an' the tears runnin' out betune their hands, an' the lights were goin' lower and dharker. Thin there was a blaze like lightnin' from the roof, an' that showed me the inside av the palanquin, an' at the end where my foot was stood the livin' spit an' image o' myself worked on the linin'. This man here, it was."

He hunted in the folds of his pink cloak, ran a hand under one, and thrust into the fire-light a foot-long embroidered presentment of the great god Krishna playing on a flute. The heavy jowl, the staring eyes, and the blue-black mustache of

the god made up a far-off resemblance to Mulvaney.

"The blaze was gone in a wink, but the whole schame came to me thin. I believe I was mad, too. I slid the off-shutter open an' rowled out into the dhark behind the elephant-head pillar, tucked up my trousies to my knee, slipped off my boots, and took a general hould av all the pink linin' av the palanquin. Glory be, ut ripped out like a woman's driss when you thread on ut at a sargent's ball, an' a bottle came with ut. I tuk the bottle, an' the next minut I was out av the dhark av the pillar, the pink linin' wrapped round me most graceful, the music thunderin' like kettle-drums, an' a cowl'd draft blowin' round my bare legs. By this hand that did ut, I was Krishna tootlin' on the flute—the god that the rig'mental chaplain talks about. A sweet sight I must ha' looked. I knew my eyes were big and my face was wax-white, an' at the worst I must ha' looked like a ghost. But they took me for the livin' god. The music stopped, and the women were dead dumb, an' I crooked my legs like a shepherd on a china basin, an' I did the ghost-waggle with my feet as I had done at the rig'mental theater many times, an' slid across the temple in front av the she-god, tootlin' on the beer-bottle."

"Wot did you toot?" demanded Ortheris.

"Me? Oh!" Mulvancy sprung up, suiting the action to the word, and sliding gravely in front of us, a dilapidated deity in the half light. "I sung:

“‘Only say
You’ll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
Don’t say nay,
Charmin’ Juley Callaghan.’

“I didn’t know my own voice when I sung. An’ oh! ’twas pitiful to see the women. The darlin’s were down on their faces. Whin I passed the last wan I could see her poor little fingers workin’ one in another as if she wanted to touch my feet. So I threw the tail of his pink overcoat over her head for the greater honor, an’ slid into the dhark on the other side of the temple, and fetched up in the arms av a big fat priest. All I wanted was to get away clear. So I tuk him by his greasy throat an’ shut the speech out av him. ‘Out!’ sez I. ‘Which way, ye fat heathen?’ ‘Oh!’ sez he. ‘Man,’ sez I. ‘White man, soldier man, common soldier man. Where is the back door?’ ‘This way,’ sez my fat friend, duckin’ behind a big bull-god an’ divin’ into a passage. Thin I remimbered that I must ha’ made the miraculous reputation of that temple for the next fifty years. ‘Not so fast,’ I sez, an’ I held out both my hands wid a wink. That ould thief smiled like a father. I took him by the back av the neck in case he should be wishful to put a knife into me unbeknownst, an’ I ran him up an’ down the passage twice to collect his sensibilities. ‘Be quiet,’ sez he, in English. ‘Now you talk sense,’ I sez. ‘Fhwat’ll you give me for the use of that most iligant palanquin I have no time to take away?’ ‘Don’t tell,’ sez he. ‘Is ut

like?" sez I. "But ye might give me my railway fare. I'm far from my home, an' I've done you a service." Bhoys, 'tis a good thing to be a priest. The ould man niver throubled himself to draw from a bank. As I will prove to you subsequint, he philandered all round the slack av his clothes an' began dribblin' ten-rupee notes, old gold mohurs, and rupees into my hand till I could hould no more."

"You lie!" said Ortheris. "You're mad or sunstrook. A native don't give coin unless you cut it out av 'im. 'Tain't nature."

"Then my lie an' my sunstroke is concealed under that lump av sod yonder," retorted Mulvaney, unruffled, nodding across the scrub. "An' there's a dale more in nature than your squidgy little legs have iver taken you to, Orth'ris, me son. Four hundred and thirty-four rupees by my reckonin', an' a big fat gold necklace that I took from him as a remimbrancer."

"An' 'e give it to you for love?" said Ortheris.

"We were alone in that passage. Maybe I was a trifle too pressin', but considher twat I had done for the good av the temple and the iverlastin' joy av those women. 'Twas cheap at the price. I would ha' taken more if I could ha' found it. I turned the ould man upside down at the last, but he was milked dhry. Thin he opened a door in another passage, an' I found myself up to my knees in Benares river-water, an' bad smellin' ut is. More by token I had come out on the river

line close to the burnin'-ghat and contagious to a cracklin' corpse. This was in the heart av the night, for I had been four hours in the temple. There was a crowd av boats tied up, so I tuk wan an' wint across the river. Thin I came home, lyin' up by day."

"How on earth did you manage?" I said.

"How did Sir Frederick Roberts get from Cabul to Candahar? He marched, an' he niver told how near he was to breakin' down. That's why he is phwat he is. An' now"—Mulvaney yawned portentously—"now I will go and give myself up for absince widout leave. It's eight-an'-twenty days an' the rough end of the colonel's tongue in orderly-room, any way you look at ut. But 'tis cheap at the price."

"Mulvaney," said I, softly, "if there happens to be any sort of excuse that the colonel can in any way accept, I have a notion that you'll get nothing more than the dressing down. The new recruits are in, and—"

"Not a word more, sorr. Is ut excuses the ould man wants? 'Tis not my way, but he shall have thim." And he flapped his way to cantonments, singing lustily:

"So they sent a corp'ril's file,
And they put me in the guyard room,
For conduct unbecomin' of a soldier."

Therewith he surrendered himself to the joyful and almost weeping guard, and was made much of by his fellows. But to the colonel he

said that he had been smitten with sunstroke and had lain insensible on a villager's cot for untold hours, and between laughter and good-will the affair was smoothed over, so that he could next day teach the new recruits how to "fear God, honor the queen shoot straight, and keep clean."



"She held a dozen men at heel,"

—Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House, p 196.

POEMS

RECESSIONAL

(A Victorian Ode)

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our natives melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—

Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS

WILL you conquer my heart with your beauty;
My soul going out from afar?
Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty
And cautious *shikar*?

Have I met you and passed you already, unknow-
ing, unthinking and blind?
Shall I meet you next session at Simla, O
Sweetest and best of your kind?

Does the P. and O. bear you to me-ward, or,
clad in short frocks in the West,
Are you growing the charms that shall capture
and torture the heart in my breast?

Will you stay in the Plains till September—
my passion as warm as the day?
Will you bring me to book on the Mountains,
or where the thermantidotes play?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid
the mean lesser lights I pursue,
And the charm of your presence shall lure me
from love of the gay “thirteen-two;”

When the peg and the pig-skin shall please
not; when I buy me Calcutta-built clothes;
When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses; for-
swearing the swearing of oaths;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I
turn 'mid the gibes of my friends;
When the days of my freedom are numbered,
and the life of the bachelor ends.

Ah Goddess! child, spinster, or widow—as of
old on Mars Hill when they raised
To the God that they knew not an altar—so
I, a young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet if
half that men tell me be true,
You will come in the future, and therefore
these verses are written to you.

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL VIN

[ALLOWING for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir A——told the nation some time ago, when the Government struck from our incomes two per cent.]

Now the New Year, reviving last Year's Debt,
The thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net;

So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue
Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their Dues—
Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,

Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal—
Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse!

Pay—and I promise by the Dust of Spring,
Retrenchment. If my promises can bring
Comfort, Ye have Them now a thousand-
fold—

By Allah! I will promise *Anything!*

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?

And then, and then, We wandered to the
Hills,
And so the Little Less became Much More.

Whether at Boileaugunge or Babylon,
I know not how the wretched Thing is done,

The Items of Receipt grow surely small;
The Items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or
Two?
Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they
please,
Or Statemen call me foolish—Heed not you.

Behold, I promise—Anything You will.
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till—
Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth, but fill.

For I sinned and fell, where lies the Gain
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your
Pain
To know the tangled Threads of Revenue,
I ravel deeper in a hop.'ess Skein?

“Who hath not Prudence”—what was it I said,
Of Her who paints her Eyes and tries Her
Head,
And gibes and mocks the People in the
Street,
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless
Bread?

Accursed is She of Eve's daughters—She
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End shall be

Destruction . . . Brethren, of your Bounty
grant
Some portion of your daily Bread to *Me*.

LA NUIT BLANCHE

A much-discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,
The very clever folk I sing to
Will most indubitably cling to
Their pet delusion, just the same.

I HAD seen, as dawn was breaking
And I staggered to my rest,
Tari Devi softly shaking
From the Cart Road to the crest.
I had seen the spurs of Jakko
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall;
Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard gray leeches sing,

And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried,
And they said I had the "jims" on,
And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bedroom—
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse—
Though I said: "To give my head room
You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,
Though I told the grave M. D.
That the treatment really needed
Was a dip in open sea
That was lapping just before me,
Smooth as silver, white as snow,
And it took three men to throw me
When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the Heavens
Fizz like '81 champagne—
Fly to sixes and to sevens,
Wheel and thunder back again;
And when all was peace and order
Save one planet nailed askew,
Much I wept because my warder
Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,
When the Earth and Skies were dumb,
Pealed an awful voice dictating
An interminable sum,
Changing to a tangled story—
“What she said you said I said—”
Till the Moon arose in glory,
And found her . . . in my head;

Then a face came, blind and weeping,
And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,
And It muttered I was keeping
Back the moonlight from the skies;
So I patted It for pity,
But it whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge black Devil City
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of Earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness
Rose one little, little star,
And it chuckled at my illness,
And it mocked me from afar;

And its brethren came and eyed me,
Called the Universe to aid,
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,
'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,
And I knew my pains were ended,
And I turned and tried to pray;
But my speech was shattered wholly,
And I wept as children weep,
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

MY RIVAL

I go to concert, party, ball—
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall
And strive to look at ease
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before Her shrine;
And worst of all, I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose.

But She is white where white should be,
 And red where red should shine.
 The blush that flies at seventeen
 Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek:
 I wish that I could sing
 All sorts of funny little songs,
 Not quite the proper thing.
 I'm very *gauche* and very shy,
 Her jokes aren't in my line;
 And, worst of all, I'm seventeen
 While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go
 Each pink and white and neat,
 She's older than their mothers, but
 They grovel at Her feet.
 They walk beside Her '*rickshaw* wheels—
 None ever walk by mine;
 And that's because I'm seventeen
 And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,
 (She calls them "boys" and "mashers")
 I trot along the Mall alone;
 My prettiest frocks and sashes
 Don't help to fill my program-card,
 And vainly I repine
 From ten to two A.M. Ah me!
 Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"
And "sweet retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know,
She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men,
"Cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen,
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow
And end Her dancing days,
She can't go on forever so
At concerts, balls, and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine;
Just think, that She'll be eighty-one
When I am forty-nine.

THE LOVERS' LITANY

EYES of gray—a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—
"Love likes ours can never die!"

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.

Cross that rules the Southern Sky!
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany—
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of brown—a dusky plain
Spit and parched with heat of June,
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.

Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lover's Litany:—
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills.
Dies and echoes round Benmore

"Mabel," "Officers," "Good-by,"
Glamour, wine, and witchery—
On my soul's sincerity,
"Love like ours can never die!"

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state,
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.

Yet, despite this evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-Forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—
"Love like ours can never die!"

A BALLAD OF BURIAL

("Saint Praxed's ever was the Church for peace")

If down here I chance to die,
Solemnly I beg you take
All that is left of "I"
To the Hills for old sake's sake
Pack me very thoroughly
In the ice that used to slake
Pegs I drank when I was dry—
This observe for old sake's sake.

To the railway station hie,
There a single ticket take
For Umbrella—goods-train—I
Shall not mind delay or shake
I shall rest contentedly
Spite of clamor coolies make;
Thus in state and dignity
Send me up for old sake's sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,
Book a Kalka van "for four."

Few, I think, will care to make
Journeys with me any more
As they used to do of yore.
I shall need a "special" break—
Things I never took before—
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that—arrangements make.
No hotel will take me in,
And a bullock's back would break
'Neath the teak and leaden skin.
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,
Or, did I a back-seat take,
In a tonga I might spin,—
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that—your work is done.
Recollect a Padre must
Mourn the dear departed one—
Throw the ashes and the dust.
Don't go down at once. I trust
You will find excuse to "snake
Three day's casual on the bust,"
Get your fun for old sake's sake.

I could never stand the Plains.
Think of blazing June and May,
Think of those September rains
Yearly till the Judgment Day!
I should never rest in peace,
I should sweat and lie awake.

Rail me then, on my decease,
To the Hills for old sake's sake.

DIVIDED DESTINIES

It was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced upon
a pine,
And much I wondered how he lived, and where
the beast might dine,
And many, many other things, till, o'er my morn-
ing smoke,
I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamt that *Ban-
dar* spoke.

He said: "O man of many clothes! Sad crawler
on the Hills!
Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor Ran-
ken's monthly bills;
I take no heed to trousers or the coats that you
call dress;
Nor am I plagued with little cards for little drinks
at Mess.

"I steal the bunnia's grain at morn, at noon and
eventide,
(For he is fat and I am spare), I roam the moun-
tain side,
I follow no man's carriage, and no, never in my
life

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Have I flirted at Peliti's with another *Bandar's* wife.

"O man of futile fopperies—unnecessary wraps;
I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no tall-wheeled
traps;

I buy me not twelve-button gloves, 'short-sixes'
eke, or rings,
Nor do I waste at Hamilton's my wealth on
'Pretty things.'

"I quarrel with my wife at home, we never fight
abroad;

But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am her only
lord.

I never heard of fever—dumps nor debts depress
my soul;

And I pity and despise you!" Here he pouched
my breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy, and his face was very
red,

And ever and anon he scratched with energy his
head.

His manners were not always nice, but how my
spirit cried

To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the moun-
tain side!

So I answered: "Gentle *Bandar*, an inscrutable
Decree

Makes thee a gleesome fleasome Thou, and me a
wretched Me.

Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home
amid the pine;

Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change his
lot with thine."

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY

ARGUMENT.—The Indian Government, being minded to discover the economic condition of their lands, sent a Committee to inquire into it; and saw that it was good.

SCENE.—*The wooded heights of Simla. The Incarnation of the Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to pianoforte accompaniment:—*

"How sweet is the shep'ard's sweet life!

From the dawn to the even he strays—
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

(*Andagio dim.*) Filled with praise!"

(*Largendo con. sp.*)

Now this is the position,
Go make an inquisition
Into their real condition
As swiftly as ye may.

(p.) Ay, paint our swarthy billions
 The richest of vermilions
 Ere two well-led cotillions
 Have danced themselves away.

TURKISH PATROL, as able and intelligent Investigators wind down the Himalayas:—

What is the state of the Nation? What is its
 occupation?

Hi! get along, get along, get along—lend us the
 information!

(*Dim.*) Census the *byle* and the *yabu*—capture a
 first-class Babu,

Set him to cut Gazetteers—Gazetteers . . .

(*ff.*) What is the state of the Nation, etc.,
 etc.

*INTERLUDE, from Nowhere in particular to
 stringed and Oriental instruments.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—
 The earth is iron, and the skies are brass—
 And faith with fervor of the flaming air
 The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village trees—
 The young wheat withers ere it reach a span.
 And belts of blinding sand show cruelly
 Where once the river ran.

Pray, brother, pray, but to no earthly King—

Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,
Look westward—if they please, the Gods shall
Bring

Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud-
bank?

Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?
On our own field and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die!

SEMI-CHORUS.

By the plumed heads of Kings
Waving high,
Where the tall corn springs
O'er the dead.

If they rust or rot we die,
If they ripen we are fed.
Very mighty is the power of our King!

*Triumphal return to Simla of the Investigators,
attired after the manner of Dionysius, leading
a pet tiger-cub in wreaths of rhubarb leaves,
symbolical of India under medical treatment.
They sing:—*

We have seen, we have written—behold it, the
proof of our manifold toil!

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In their hosts they assembled and told it—the tale of the sons of the soil.

We have said of the Sickness, “Where is it?”—and of Death, “It is far from our ken;”

We have paid a particular visit to the affluent children of men.

We have trodden the mart and the well-curb—
we have stooped to the bield and the byre:
And the King may the forces of Hell curb, for the
People have all they desire!

Castanets and Step-dance:

Oh, the *dom* and the *mag* and the *thakur* and the *thag*,

And the *nat* and the *brinjarce*,

And the *bunna* and the *ryot* are as happy and
as quiet

And as plump as they can be!

Yes, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-fronted
hut,

And the bounding *basugar*,

By the favor of the King, are as fat as any-
thing,

They are—they are—they are!

RECITATIVE, *Government of India, with white
satin wings and electroplated harp:—*

How beautiful upon the mountains—in peace re-
clining,

Thus to be assured that our people are unanimously dining.

And though there are places not so blessed as others in natural advantages, which, after all, was only to be expected.

Proud and glad are we to congratulate you upon the work you have thus ably effected,

Cres. How be-ewtiful upon the mountains!

HIRED BAND, *brasses only, full chorus:—*

God bless the Squire

And all his rich relations

Who teach us poor people

We eat our proper rations—

We cat our proper rations,

In spite of inundations,

Malarial exhalations,

And casual starvations.

We have, we have, they say we have—

We have our proper rations!

(*Cornet.*)

Which nobody can deny!

If he does he tells a lie—

We are all as willing as Barkis—

We all of us loves the Markiss—

We all of us stuffs our ca-ar-kis—

With food until we die! (*Da capo.*)

CHORUS OF THE CRYSTALLIZED FACTS

Before the beginning of years
There came to the rule of the State
Men with a pair of shears,
Men with an Estimate—
Starchey with Muir for leaven,
Lytton with locks that fell,
Ripon fooling with Heaven,
And Temple riding like H-ll!
And the bigots took in hand
Cess and the falling of rain,
And the measure of sifted sand
The dealer puts in the grain—
Imports by land and sea,
To uttermost decimal worth,
And registration—free—
In the houses of death and of birth;
And fashioned with pens and paper,
And fashioned in black and white,
With Life for flickering taper
And Death for a blazing light—
With the Armed and the Civil Power,
That his strength might endure for a span,
From Adam's Bridge to Peshawur,
The Much Administered man.

In the towns of the North and the East,
They gathered as unto rule,
They bade him starve the priest
And send his children to school.

Railways and roads they wrought,
For the needs of the soil within;
A time to squabble in court,
A time to bear and to grin.
And gave him peace in his ways,
Jails—and Police to fight,
Justice at length of days,
And Right—and Might in the Right.
His speech is of mortgaged bedding,
On his kine he borrows yet,
At his heart is his daughter's wedding,
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.
He eats and hath indigestion,
He toils and he may not stop;
His life is a long-drawn question
Between a crop and a crop.

THE MAKE'S NEST

JANE Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse
Was good beyond all earthly need;
But, on the other hand, her spouse
Was very, very bad indeed.
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,
And raced—but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept
The little fact a secret, and,

Though o'er his minor sins she wept,
Jane Austen did not understand
That Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—
Absorbed one half her husband's pay.

She was so good, she made him worse;
(Some women are like this, I think;)
He taught her parrot how to curse,
Her Assam monkey how to drink.
He vexed her righteous soul until
She went up, and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,
Which turned a good wife to a better.
A telegraphic peon, one day,
Brought her—now, had it been a letter
For Belial Machiavelli, I
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

But 'twas a telegram instead,
Marked "urgent," and her duty plain
To open it. Jane Austen read:—
"Your Lilly's got a cough again.
Can't understand why she is kept
At your expense." Jane Austen wept.

It was a misdirected wire.
Her husband was at Shaitanpore.
She spread her anger, hot as fire,
Through six thin foreign sheets or more,

Sent off that letter, wrote another
To her solicitor—and mother.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw
Her error and, I trust, his own,
Wired to the minion of the Law,
And traveled wifeward—not alone.
For Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene—a weep or two—
With many kisses. Austen Jane
Rode Lilly all the season through,
And never opened wires again.
She races now with Belial. This
Is very sad but so it is.

POSSIBILITIES

Ay, lay him 'neath the Simla pine—
A fortnight fully to be missed,
Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,
A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men
Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.
His fortune is the Great Perhaps
And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,
Our mundane revel on the height,
Shall watch each flashing 'rickshaw-light
Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball
With lighted rooms and braying band,
And he shall hear and understand
"*Dream Faces*" better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapors flee
Across Sanjaolie after rain,
His soul may climb the hill again
To each old field of victory.

Unseen, who women held so dear,
The strong man's yearning to his kind
Shall shake at most the window-blind,
Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.

In his own place of power unknown,
His light o' Love another's flame,
His dearest pony galloped lame,
And he an alien and alone.

Yet may he meet with many a friend—
Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen
Among us when "*God save the Queen*"
Shows even "extras" have an end.

And, when we leave the heated room,
And, when at four the lights expire,
The crew shall gather round the fire
And mock our laughter in the gloom.

Talk as we talk, and they ere death—
First wanly, dance in ghostly wise,
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,
And vanish at the morning's breath.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is
saffron-yellow—
As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling
to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is born.
Oh, the white dust on the highway! Oh the
stenches in the byway!
Oh, the clammy fog that hovers over earth!
And at Home they're making merry 'neath the
white and scarlet berry—
What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue
and staring—
As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,

And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is
past all hope or caring,

To the ghât below the curling wreaths of smoke.

Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a
brother lowly

Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps, your
voice!

With our hymn-books and our psalters we
appeal to other altars,

And to-day we bid “good Christian men
rejoice!”

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot
above us—

As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking
wan.

They will drink our healths at dinner—those who
tell us how they love us,

And forget us till another year be gone!

Oh the toil that knows no breaking!

Oh the *Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!

Oh the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!

Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it

Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,

And to-day we know the fulness of our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly
together—

As the sun is sinking slowly over Home;
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in a
lifelong tether

That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment—she in
ancient, tattered raiment—

India, she the grim Stepmother of our kind.
If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's
shrine we enter,

The door is shut—we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the owls be-
gin their chorus—

As the conches from the temple scream and
bray.

With the fruitless years behind us, and the hope-
less years before us,

Let us honor, O my brothers, Christmas Day!

Call a truce, then, to our labors—let us feast
with friends and neighbors,

And be merry as the custom of our caste;
For if “faint and forced the laughter,” and
And if sadness follow after,

We are richer by one mocking Christ-
mas past.

PAGETT, M. P.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.

PAGETT, M. P., was a liar, and a fluent liar there-
with,—
He spoke of the heat of India as the “Asian Solar
Myth;”
Came on a four months’ visit, to “study the
East,” in November,
And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to
stay till September.

March came in with the *köil*. Pagett was cool
and gay,
Called me a “bloated Brahmin,” talked of my
“princely pay.”
March went out with the roses. “Where is your
heat?” said he.
“Coming,” said I to Pagett. “Skittles!” said
Pagett, M. P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly-
heat,—
Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found
him a treat.
He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I
grieve to say,
Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal
way.

May set in with a dust-storm,—Pagett went down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.

Imprimis—ten days' "liver"—due to his drinking beer;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota Bursat*—

Lowered his portly person—made him yearn to depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated," or "overpaid,"

But seemed to think it a wonder that any one stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill with fear,

'Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned his home with tears;

But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court at noon,

(I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett went off in a swoon.

That was an end to the business; Pagett, the
 perjured, fled
 With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar
 Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but
 the mirth died out on my lips
 As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write
 of their "Eastern trips,"
 And the sneers of the traveled idiots who duly
 misgovern the land,
 And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one
 into my hand.



THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

*(Lady Dufferin's Fund for Medical Aid to the
 Women of India.)*

How shall we know the worship we would do her?
 The walls are high, and she is very far.
 How shall the women's message reach unto her
 Above the tumult of the packed bazar?
 Free wind of March, against the lattice blow-
 ing,

Bear thou our thanks, lest she depart unknowning.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city
To whatsoever fair place she hath her home in,
Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity.
Out of our shadow pass, and seek her singing—
“I have no gift but Love alone for bringing.”

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
But old in grief, and very wise in tears;
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her
That she forget us not in after years;
For we have seen the light, and it were grievous
To dim that dawning if our lady leave us.

By life that ebb'd with none to stanch the failing,
By Love's sad harvest garner'd in the spring,
When Love in ignorance wept unavailing
O'er young buds dead before their blossoming;
By all the gray owl watched, the pale moon viewed,
In past grim years, declare our gratitude!

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,
By gifts that found no favor in their sight,
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,
By nameless horrors of the stifling night;

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By ills foredone, by peace her toils discover,
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven above
her!

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled his
sword;
If she have given back our sick again,
And to the breast the weakling lips restored.
Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be
nought.

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee
speed,
In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,
Who have been helped by her in their need.
All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the
wheat
Shall be a tassled floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take no rest!
Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea
Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,
Of those in darkness by her hand set free,
Then very softly to her presence move,
And whisper: "Lady, lo, they know and
love!"

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL

ONE moment bid the horses wait,
Since Tiffin is not laid till three,
Below the upward path and straight
You climbed a year ago with me.
Love came upon us suddenly
And loosed—an idle hour to kill—
A headless, armless armory
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah, Heaven! we would wait and wait
Through Time and to Eternity!
Ah, Heaven! we could conquer Fate
With more than Godlike constancy!
I cut the date upon a tree—
Here stand the clumsy figures still:—
“10-7-85, A.D.”
Damp with the mist on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,
And until Death fidelity?
Whose horse is waiting at your gate?
Whose *'rickshaw*-wheels ride over me?
No Saint's, I swear; and—let me see
To-night what names your program fill—
We drift asunder merrily,
As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

L'ENVOI

Princess, behold our ancient state
 Has clean departed; and we see
 'Twas idleness we took for Fate
 That bound light bonds on you and me.
 Amen! Here ends the comedy
 Where it began in all good will;
 Since Love and Leave together flee
 As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS

Too late, alas! the song
 To remedy the wrong;—
 The room are taken from us, swept and garnished for
 their fate.
 But these tear-besprinkled pages
 Shall attest to future ages
 That we cried against the crime of it—too late, alas!
 too late!

“What have we ever done to bear this grudge?”
 Was there no room save only in Benmore
 For docket, *duftar*, and for office drudge,
 That you usurp out smoothest dancing floor?
 Must babus do their work on polished teak?
 Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill?
 Was there no other cheaper house to seek?
 You might have left them all at Strawberry
 Hill.

We never harmed you! Innocent our guise,
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;
And we revolved to divers melodies,
And we were happy but a year ago.
To-night, the moon that watched our lightsome
wiles—

That beamed upon us through the deodars—
Is wan with gazing on official files,
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights—
Nay! by the witchery of flying feet—
Nay! by the glamour of fordone delights—
By all things merry, musical, and meet—
By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes—
By wailing waltz—by reckless gallop's strain—
By dim verandas and by soft replies,
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

Or—hearken to the curse we lay on you—
The ghost of waltzes shall perplex your brain,
And murmurs of past merriment pursue
Your wildered clerks that they indite in vain;
And, when you count your poor Provincial mil-
lions,

The only figures that your pen shall frame
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions
Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea! "*See Saw*" shall upset your estimates,
"*Dream Faces*" shall your heavy heads bemuse.

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Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates
Our temple; fit for higher, worthier use.
And all the long verandas, eloquent
With echoes of a score of Simla years,
Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment—
Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand,
So shall you toil, and shall accomplish nought,
And ever in your ears a phantom Band
Shall blare away the staid official thought.
Wherefore—and ere this awful curse be spoken,
Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,
And give ere dancing cease and hearts be
broken—
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING- HOUSE

That night, when through the mooring-chains
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,
To blunder down by Garden Reach
And rot at Kedgerie,
The tale the Hughli told the shoal
The lean shoal told to me.

'Twas Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
Where sailor-men reside,
And there were men of all the ports

From Mississipp to Clyde,
And regally they spat and smoked,
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea
That gave them scanty bread,
They lied about the Earth beneath,
The Heavens overhead,
For they had looked too often on
Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,
Of shame and lust and fraud,
They backed their toughest statements with
The Brimstone of the Lord,
And crackling oaths went to and fro
Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
Who carried on his hairy chest
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,
And Pamba the Malay,
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,
And Luz from Vigo Bay,
And Honest Jack who sold them slops
And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,
A lean Bostonian he—
Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,
Yank, Dane, and Portugee,
At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks
Collinga knew her fame,
From Tarnau in Galicia
To Jaun Bazar she came,
To eat the bread of infamy
And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel—
Rich spoil of war was hers,
In hose and gown and ring and chain,
From twenty mariners,
And, by Port Law, that week, men called
Her Salem Hardieker's

But seamen learnt—what landsmen know—
That neither gifts nor gain
Can hold a winking Light o'Love
Or Fancy's flight restrain,
When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes
On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,
From Howrah to the Bay,
And he may die before the dawn

Who liquored out the day,
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
And laughter shook the chest beneath
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker,
You was his girl, I know.
I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,
Und round the Skaw we go,
South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,
To Besser in Saro."

When love rejected turns to hate,
All ill betide the man.
"You speak to Salem Hardieker"—
She spoke as woman can.
A scream—a sob—"He called me—names!"
And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,
A shriek upon the stairs,
A dance of shadows on the wall,
A knife-thrust unawares—
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
Across the broken chairs.

* * * * *

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands
 The weary head fell low :—
 "I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight
 For Besser in Saro:
 Und there Ultruda comes to me
 At Easter, und I go.

"South, down the Cattegat— What's here?
 There—are—no—lights—to—guide!"
 The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,
 And Anne of Austria cried
 In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
 When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
 Bull-throated, bare of arm,
 But Anne of Austria looted first
 The maid Ultruda's charm—
 The little silver crucifix
 That keeps a man from harm.

—

"AS THE BELL CLINKS"

As I left the Halls at Lumley, rose the vision of
 a comedy
 Maid last season worshiped dumbly, watched
 with fervor from afar;

And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid would
greet me kindly.

That was all—the rest was settled by the clink-
ing tonga-bar.

Yea, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga
coupling-bar.

For my misty meditation, at the second changing-
station,

Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the tune-
less jar

Of a Wagner *obbligato*, *scherzo*, double-hand
staccato,

Played on either pony's saddle by the clacking
tonga-bar—

Played with human speech, I fancied, by the jig-
ging, jolting bar.

“She was sweet,” thought I, “last season, but
’twere surely wild incason

Such tiny hope to freeze on as was offered by my
Star,

When she whispered, something sadly:—“I—we
feel your going badly!”

“*And you let the chance escape you?*” rapped the
rattling tonga-bar.

“*What a chance and what an idiot!*” clicked the
vicious tonga-bar.

Heart of man—oh, heart of putty! Had I gone
by Kakahutti,

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On the old Hill-road and rutty, I had 'scaped that fatal car.

But his fortune each must bide by, so I watched the milestones slide by,

To "*You call on Her to-morrow!*"—fugue with cymbals by the bar—

"*You must call on Her to-morrow!*"—post horn galloped by the bar.

Yet a further stage my goal on—we were whirling down to Solon,

With a double lurch and roll on, best foot foremost, *ganz und gar*—

"She was *very* sweet," I hinted. "If a kiss had been imprinted—?"

"*'Would ha' saved a world of trouble!*" clashed the busy tonga-bar.

"*'Been accepted or rejected!*" banged and clanged the tonga-bar.

Then a notion wild and daring, 'spite the income tax's paring,

And a hasty thought of sharing—less than many incomes are,

Made me put a question private, you can guess what I would drive at.

"*You must work the sum to prove it,*" clanked the careless tonga-bar.

"*Simple Rule of Two will prove it,*" lilted back the tonga-bar.

It was under Khyraghaut I mused:—"Suppose
the maid be haughty—

(There are lovers rich—and forty)—wait some
wealthy Avatar?

Answer, monitor untiring, 'twixt the ponies twain
perspiring!"

"Faint heart never won fair lady," creaked the
straining tonga-bar.

"Can I tell you ere you ask Her?" pounded slow
the tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the lights of
Simla burning,

Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by
far.

As below the Mall we jingled, through my very
heart it tingled—

Did the iterated order of the threshing tonga-
bar—

"Try your luck—you can't do better!" twanged
the loosened tonga-bar.

AN OLD SONG

So long as 'neath the Kalka hills

The tonga-horn shall ring,

So long as down the Solon dip

The hard-held ponies swing,

So long as Tara Devi sees

The lights o' Sinla town.

So long as Pleasure calls us up,
 And duty drives us down,
*If you love me as I love you,
 What pair so happy as we two?*

So long as Aces take the King,
 Or backers take the bet,
 So long as debt leads men to wed,
 Or marriage leads to debt,
 So long as little luncheons, Love,
 And scandal hold their vogue,
 While there is sport at Annandale
 Or whisky at Jutogh,
*If you love me as I love you,
 What knife can cut our love in two?*

So long as down the rocking floor
 The raving polka spins,
 So long as Kitchen Lancers spur
 The maddened violins,
 So long as through the whirling smoke
 We hear the oft-told tale:—
 "Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,"
 And *Whats her name* for sale?
*If you love me as I love you,
 We'll play the game and win it, too.*

So long as Lust or Lucre tempt
 Straight riders from the course,
 So long as with each drink we pour

Black brewage of Remorse,
So long as those unloaded guns
We keep beside the bed
Blow off, by obvious accident,
The lucky owner's head,
*If you love me as I love you,
What can Life kill or Death undo?*

So long as Death 'twixt dance and dance
Chills best and bravest blood,
And drops the reckless rider down
The rotten, rain-soaked *khud*,
So long as rumors from the North
Make loving wives afraid,
So long as Burma takes the boy
And typhoid kills the maid,
*If you love me as I love you,
What knife can cut our love in two?*

By all that lights our daily life
Or works our lifelong woe,
From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs
And those grim glades below,
Where, heedless of the flying hoof
And clamor overhead,
Sleep, with the gray langur for guard,
Our very scornful Dead,
*If you love me as I love you,
All Earth is servant to us two?*

By Docket, Billetdoux, and File,
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,
By Corset, Plume, and Spur,
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,
By Women, Work, and Bills,
By all the life that fizzes in
The everlasting Hills,
*If you love me as I love you,
What pair so happy as we two?*

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ

I

IF IT be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed
serai,
Does not the Young Man try Its temper and pace
ere he buy?
If She be pleasant to look on, what does the Young
Man say?
“Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to me
to-day!”

II

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted Jehan-
num
If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty per
cent per annum.

III

Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the heart is
vexed,
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in
the pain of the next.

IV

The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and
a new piano's tune—
Which of the three will you trust at the end of an
Indian June?

V

Who are the rulers of Ind—to whom shall we
bow the knee?
Make your peace with the women, and men will
make you L. G.

VI

Does the woodpecker flit round the young *ferash*?
Does grass clothe a new-built wall?
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in
her thrall?

VII

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it all
for thee?

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The black-buck is stalked through the bullock, and
Man through jealousy.

VIII

Seek not for favor of women. So shall you find
it indeed.

Does not the boar break cover just when you're
lighting a weed?

IX

If He play, being young and unskilful, for shekels
of silver and gold,

Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The
kid was ordained to be sold.

X

With a "weed" among men or horses verily this
is the best,

That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly—
but give him no rest.

XI

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the
manners and carriage;

But the colt who is wise will abstain from the ter-
rible thorn-bit of Marriage.

XII

As the thriftless gold of the *babul*, so is the gold
that we spend
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbor's wife, or the
horse that we buy from a friend.

XIII

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet
simple and tame
To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling
or racing that same.

XIV

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant
Her smile when ye meet.
It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile thus
on the waves at their feet.
In public Her face is averted, with anger She
nameth thy name.
It is well. Was there ever a loser content with
the loss of a game?

xv

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips are
sealed,
And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom
is the secret revealed.

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If She have written a letter, delay not an instant,
but burn it.

Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her mate
shall return it!

If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the
blackest can clear,

Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to
hear.

XVI

My son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid
thee give o'er,

Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—get out!
She has been there before.

They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the
nose who are lacking in lore.

XVII

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-
slide is scarred on the course.

Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth
forever Remorse.

XVIII

‘By all I am misunderstood!’ if the Matron shall
say, or the Maid:—

‘Alas! I do not understand,’ my son, be thou no
wise afraid.

In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of the
Fowler displayed.

XIX

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy
knees in my pain,
Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day
or one hour—refrain.
Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou
cravest another man's chain?

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD

THERE's a widow in sleepy Chester,
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.

A SNIDER squibbed in the jungle,
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Jemadar Hira Lal,

Took command of the party,
Twenty rifles in all,
Marched them down to the river
As the day was beginning to fall.

Then buried the boy by the river,
A blanket over his face—
They wept for their dead Lieutenant,
The men of an alien race—
They made a *samád*h in his honor,
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,
They swore by the salt they ate,
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib
Should go to his God in state;
With fifty file of Burman
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris
Marched till the break of day,
Till they came to the rebel village,
The village of Pabengmay—
A *jingal* covered the clearing,
Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Bidding them load with ball,
Halted a dozen rifles
Under the village wall;

Sent out a flanking-party
With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris
Shouted and smote and slew,
Turning the grinning *jingal*
On to the howling crew.
The Jemadar's flanking-party
Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,
Long was the list of slain,
Five score heads were taken,
Five score heads and twain;
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back to their grave again,

Each man bearing a basket
Red as his palms that day,
Red as the blazing village—
The village of Pabengmay.
And the "*drip-drip-drip*" from the baskets
Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies
High as a tall man's chin,
Head upon head distorted,
Set in a sightless grin,
Anger and pain and terror
Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri
Put the head of the Boh
On the top of the mound of triumph,
The head of his son below,
With the sword and the peacock-banner
That the world might behold and know.

Thus the *samád*h was perfect,
Thus was the lesson plain
Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—
The price of a white man slain;
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,
A hush fell over the shore,
And the Bohs that were brave departed,
And Sniders squibbed no more;
For the Burmans said that a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads five score.

There's a widow in sleepy Chester,
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.

THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS

BENEATH the deep veranda's shade,
 When bats begin to fly,
I sit me down and watch—alas!—
 Another evening die.
Blood-red behind the sere *ferash*
 She rises through the haze.
Sainted Diana! can that be
 The moon of Other Days?

Ah! shade of little Kitty Smith,
 Sweet Saint of Kensington!
Say, was it ever thus at home
 The Moon of August shone,
When arm in arm we wandered long
 Through Putney's evening haze,
And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath
 The Moon of Other Days?

But Wandle's stream is Suttlej now,
 And Putney's evening haze
The dust that half a hundred kine
 Before my window raise.
Unkempt, unclean, athwart the mist
 The seething city looms,
In place of Putney's golden gorse
 The sickly *babul* blooms.

Glare down, old Hecate, through the dust.
And bid the pie-dog yell,
Draw from the drain its typhoid-germ,
From each bazaar its smell;
Yea, suck the fever from the tank
And sap my strength therewith:
Thank Heaven, you show a smiling face
To little Kitty Smith!

THE OVERLAND MAIL

(Foot-Service to the Hills)

IN the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.
The woods are astir at the close of the day—
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dust gathers in,
He turns to the foot-path that heads up the
hill—
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post-Office
bill:—
“Despatched on this date, as received by the
rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road? He must
climb by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry "Halt"? What are tem-
pests to him?

The Service admits not a "but" or an "if."
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear
without fail,

In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose, from rose-oak to fir,

From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to
spur,

Fly the soft sandaled feet, strains the brawny
brown chest.

From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road—

A jingle of bells in the foot-path below—

There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—

The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow.

For the great Sun himself must attend to the
hail:—

"In the name of the Empress, the Overland
Mail!"

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID

(*June 21st, 1887.*)

By the well, where the bullocks go
Silent and blind and slow—
By the field where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears
The voice of the wind of an hour,
The sound of the Great Queen's voice:—
"My God hath given me years,
Hath granted dominion and power :
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice."

And the Plowman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod ;
For he saith: "The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God.
"He sent the Mahratta spear
As He sendeth the rain,
And the *Mlech*, in the fated year,
Broke the spear in twain,
And was broken in turn. Who knows
How our Lords make strife?
It is good that the young wheat grows,
For the bread is Life."

Then, far and near, as the twilight drew,
Hissed up to the scornful dark

Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,
That rose and faded, and rose anew,

That the Land might wonder and mark.
"To-day is a day of days," they said,
"Make merry, O People, all!"
And the Plowman listened and bowed his head:—
"To-day and to-morrow God's will," he said,
As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

"He sendeth us years that are good,
As He sendeth the dearth.
He giveth to each man his food,
Or Her food to the Earth.
Our Kings and our Queens are afar—
On their peoples be peace—
God bringeth the rain to the Bar,
That our cattle increase."

And the Plowman set¹led the share
More deep in the sun-dried clod:—
"Mogul, Mahratta, and *Mlech* from the North,
And White Queen over the Sers—
God raiseth them up and driveth them forth
As the dust of the plowshare flies in the breeze;
But the wheat and the cattle are all in my care,
And the rest is the will of God."

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE

"TO-TSCHIN-SHU is condemned to death. How can he drink tea with the Executioner?"—*Japanese Proverb.*

THE eldest son bestrides him,
And the pretty daughter rides him,
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;
And there wakens in my bosom
An emotion chill and gruesome
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,
But a hideously suggestive
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;
And the cadence of his hoof-beats
To my mind, this grim reproof beats:—
"Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming. Who's
the next?"

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,
I have watched the strongest go—men
Of pith and might and muscle—at your heels,
Down the plantain-bordered highway,
(Heaven send it ne'er be my way!)
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, somber beast and dreary,
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,

Smith, 'the pride of all his friends and half the
Force?

You were at that last dread *dak*
We must cover at a walk,
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,
And your curious way of going,
And that business-like black crimping of your
tail,
E'en with Beauty on your back, Sir,
Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the glass,
Follow after with the others,
Where some dusky heathen smothers
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,
See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse,
See old age at last o'erpower you,
And the Station Pack devour you,
I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

But to insult, gibe, and quest, I've
Still the hideously suggestive

Trot that hammers out the grim and warning
text,
And I hear it hard behind me,
In what place soe'er I find me:—
"Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who's the
next?"

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE

THIS fell when dinner-time was done—
'Twixt the first an' the second rub—
That oor mon Jock cam' hame again
To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,
An' syne we thocht him fou,
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,
An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,
That held the spade its Ace—
"God save the lad! Whence comes the lick
That wimples on his face?"

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,
An' ower the card-brim wunk:—
"I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,
May be that I am drunk."

“There’s whusky brewed in Galashiels,
An’ L. L. L. forbye;
But never liquor lit the low
That keeks fra’ oot your eye.

“There’s a thrid o’ hair on your dress-coat
breast,
Aboon the heart a wee?”
“Oh, that is fra’ the lang-haired Skye
That slobbers ower me.”

“Oh! lang-haired Skyes are lovin’ beasts,
An’ terrier dogs are fair,
But never yet was terrier born
Wi’ ell-lang gowden hair!

“There’s a smirch o’ pouter on your breast,
Below the left lappel?”
“Oh! that is fra’ my auld cigar,
Whenas the stump-nd fell.”

“Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi course,
For ye are short o’ cash,
An’ best Havanas couldna leave
Sae white an’ pure an ash.

“This nicht ye stopped a story braid,
An’ stopped it wi’ a curse—
Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel,
An’ capped it wi’ a worse!

“Oh! we’re no fou! Oh! we’re no fou!
But plainly we can ken

Ye're fallin', fallin', fra' the band
O' cantie single men!"
An' it fell when *sirris*-shaws were sere,
An' the nichts were lang and mirk,
In braw new breeks, wi' a gowden ring,
Oor Jockie gaed to the Kirk.

THE VAMPIRE

(As suggested by the Painting by Philip Burne-Jones)

A FOOL there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),

But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)

Which she might have seen when she threw him
aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand.
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

(Lord Dufferin to Lord Lansdowne)

So here's your Empire. No more wine, then?
Good.
We'll clear the Aides and *khitmatgars* away.
(You'll know that fat old fellow with the knife—

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He keeps the Name Book, talks in English, too,
And almost thinks himself the Government.)

O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're
so young.

Forty from sixty—twenty years of work
And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*
You want to know, you want to see, to touch,
And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.

I wonder can I help you. Let me try.

You saw—what did you see from Bombay east?
Enough to frighten any one but me?

Neat that! It frightened Me in Eighty-Four!
You shouldn't take a man from Canada

And bid him smoke in powder-magazines;

Nor with a Reputation such as—Bah!

That Ghost has haunted me for twenty years,

My Reputation now full blown—Your fault—

Yours, with your stories of the strife at Home.

Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is led—

One reads so much, one hears so little here.

Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back

To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome,

Or Books—the refuge of the destitute.

When you . . . that brings me back to India.

See!

Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served my turn.

You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,

And if you did it isn't worth the toil.

Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;

Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply

By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East,

And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike
At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,
(It's chalk on granite), then thank God no flame
Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.
I'm clear—my mark is made. Three months
of drought

Had ruined much. It rained and washed away
The specks that might have gathered on my
Name.

I took a country twice the size of France, ,
And shuttered up one doorway in the North.
I stand by those. You'll find that both will pay,
I pledged my Name on both—they're yours to-
night.

Hold to them—they hold fame enough for two.
I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.
Men there—*not* German traders—Cr-sthw-te
knows—

You'll find it in my papers. For the North
Guns always—quietly—but always guns.
You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try to
rule,

And prize their Reputations. Have you met
A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,
And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?
He's gone to England. R-p-*er* knew his grip
And kicked. A Council always has its H—pes.
They look for nothing from the West but Death
Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground.
They fight

Until the middle classes take them back,
One of ten millions plus a C. S. I.
Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?
Not altogether—earnest, narrow men,
But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,
And end by writing letters to the *Times*.
(Shall I write letters, answering H-nt-r—fawn
With R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!)
They have their Reputations. Look to one—
I work with him—the smallest of them all,
White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging
horse
Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,
And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the throne,
But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy;
He has his Reputation—wants the Lords
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,
He values very much the hand that falls
Upon his shoulder at the Council table—
Hates cats and knows his business: *which is*
yours.

Your business! Twice a hundred million souls.
Your business! I could tell you what I did
Some knights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth
A Kingdom's ransom. When A big ship drives,
God knows to what new reef the man at the wheel
Prays with the passengers. They lose their lives,
Or rescued go their way; but he's no man
To take his trick at the wheel again—that's worse
Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra mule
(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall,

And I was—some fool's wife had ducked and bowed

To show the others I would stop and speak.

Then the mule fell—three galls, a hand-breadth each,

Behind the withers. Mrs. Whatsisname

Lcers at the mule and me by turns, thweet thou!

“How could they make him carry such a load!”

I saw—it isn't often I dream dreams—

More than the mule that minute—smoke and flame

From Simla to the haze below. That's weak.

You're younger. You'll dream dreams before you've done.

You've youth, that's one—good workman—that means two

Fair chances in your favor. Fate's the third.

I know what I did. Do you ask me, “Preach”?

I answer by my past or else go back

To platitudes of rule— or take you thus

In confidence and say:—“You know the trick:

You've governed Canada. You know. *You* know!”

And all the while commend you to Fate's hand
(Here at the top one loses sight o' God),

Commend you, then, to something more than you—

The Other People's blunders and . . . that's all.

I'd agonize to serve you if I could.

It's incommunicable, like the cast

That drops the tackle with the gut adry.

Too much—too little—there's your salmon lost!
And so I tell you nothing—wish you luck,
And wonder—how I wonder!—for your sake
And triumph for my own. You're young, you're
young,

You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.
I'm old. I followed Power to the last,
Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.
It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain,
Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all.
I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.
I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that live!
A country twice the size of France—the North
Safeguarded. That's my record: sink the rest
And better if you can. The Rains may serve,
Rupees may rise—three pence will give you
Fame—

It's rash to hope for sixpence—If they rise
Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt-tax.

Oh!

I told you what the Congress meant or thought?
I'll answer nothing. Half a year will prove
The full extent of time and thought you'll spare
To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*
How little Begums see the light—deduce
Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.
It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.
I told the Turk he was a gentleman.
I told the Russian that his Tartar veins
Bled pure Parisian ichor; and he purred.
The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.

You're young—you'll swear too ere you've
reached the end.

The end! God help you, if there be a God.
(There must be one to startle Gl—dst—ne's soul
In that new land where all the wires are cut,
And Cr—ss snores anthems on the asphodel.)
God help you! And I'd help you if I could,
But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was
crude.

Sound claret after olives—yours and mine;
But Medoc slips into vin ordinaire.
(I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health.)
Raise it to Flock. You'll never catch my style.
And, after all, the middle-classes grip
The middle-class—for Brompton talk Earl's
Court.

Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the *Times*—
A quarter-column of eye-searing print,
A leader once a quarter—then a war;
A Strand abellow through the fog: "Defeat!"
" 'Orrible slaughter!" While you lie awake
And wonder. Oh, you'll wonder ere you're free!
I wonder now. The four years slide away
So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.
R—y, C—lv—n, L—l, R—b—rts, B—ck, the rest,
Princes and Powers of Darkness, troops and
trains,

(I *cannot* sleep in trains), land piled on land,
Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,
White snows that mocked me, palaces—with
draughts,

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And W-stl-nd with the drafts he couldn't pay
Poor W-ls- reading his obituary
Before he died, and H-pe, the man with bones,
And A-tc-hs-n a dripping mackintosh
At council in the Rains, his grating "Sirrr"
Half drowned by H-nt-r's silky:—"Bát my
lahd."

Hunterian always: M-rsh-l spinning plates
Or standing on his head; the Rent Bill's roar,
A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,
And Smiths thrice happy if I call them Jones,
(I can't remember half their names) or reined
My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.
More trains, more troops, more dust, and then
all's done.

Four years, and I forget. If I forget
How will *they* bear me in their minds? The
North

Safeguarded—nearly (R-b-rts knows the rest),
A country twice the size of France annexed.
That stays at least. The rest may pass—may
pass—

Your heritage—and I can teach you nought.
"High trust," "vast honor," "interests twice as
vast,"

"Due reverence to your Council"—keep to those.
I envy you the twenty years you've gained,
But not the five to follow. What's that! One?
Two!—surely not so late. Good-night. *Don't*
dream.

THE END